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415 **Himes** (Joshua V.) Millenial Harp [*Hymns, with music*], designed for Meetings on the Second Coming of Christ, 3 parts *and* Supplement, in 1 vol, sm. 8vo, *roan*, 2s *Boston*, 1846

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MILLENNIAL HARP.

DESIGNED FOR

MEETINGS

ON THE

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

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JUL 31 1936
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Improved Edition.

THREE PARTS IN ONE VOLUME.

PART I.

BY JOSHUA V. HIMES.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED AT 9 MILK STREET.
1846.

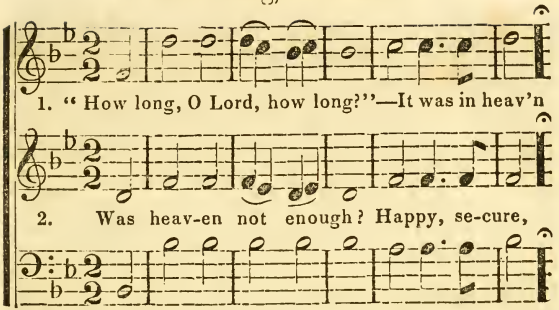
PREFACE.

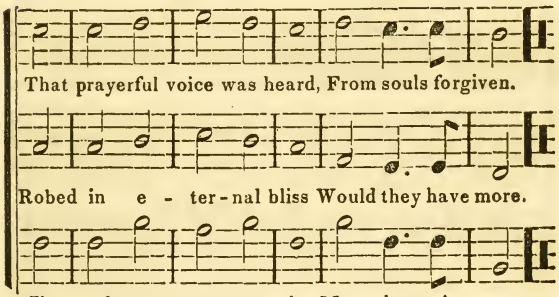
The Harp, in its present form, embraces nearly all the hymns contained in our well-known works,—the "Millennial Harp," "Musings," and "Melodies,"—(those only having been omitted which are rarely, if ever, sung,) and is designed to furnish a more complete and convenient selection, to be used in our Advent meetings. The hurry with which the above-named works were got through the press, necessarily made them, in many respects, defective; though, with all their defects, they have been the means of accomplishing a vast amount of good, by conveying the truth to the mind of those who were in the dark, and awakening the careless; by inspiring new hope in the fainting soul, quickening the languid, and giving utterance to the burning desires and sublime expectations of those who are longing for the appearing of Jesus Christ.

We are aware of the difficulty of suiting the taste of all classes in musical and devotional compositions; the greatest possible diversity for this purpose, which is consistent with the nature of the work in which we are engaged, must therefore be allowed. Some of our hymns, which might be objected to by the more grave and intellectual, and to which we ourselves have never felt any great partiality, have been the means of reaching, for good, the hearts of those who, probably, would not otherwise have been affected; and, as our object, like that of the Apostle, is to *save men*, we should not hesitate to use all means lawful, that may promise to "save some."

The general expression of approbation which our former works have called forth, assures us that this effort to improve our *Advent Harp* will be appreciated by all the true friends of the Advent cause.

Boston, October 23, 1843.




That prayerful voice was heard, From souls forgiven.
Robed in e - ter-nal bliss Would they have more.
The souls ex - pec-tant wait More hap- pi - ness.

4

They wait, even in heaven,
Impatiently,
To see this troubled world
At peace with thee.

5

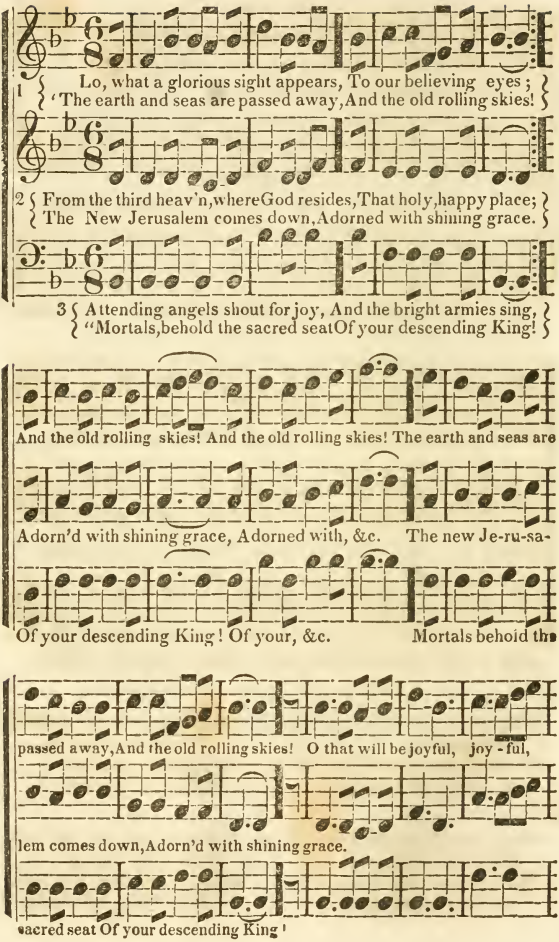
They would behold their King,
Once crucified,
Mistrusted still, disowned,
And still denied,—

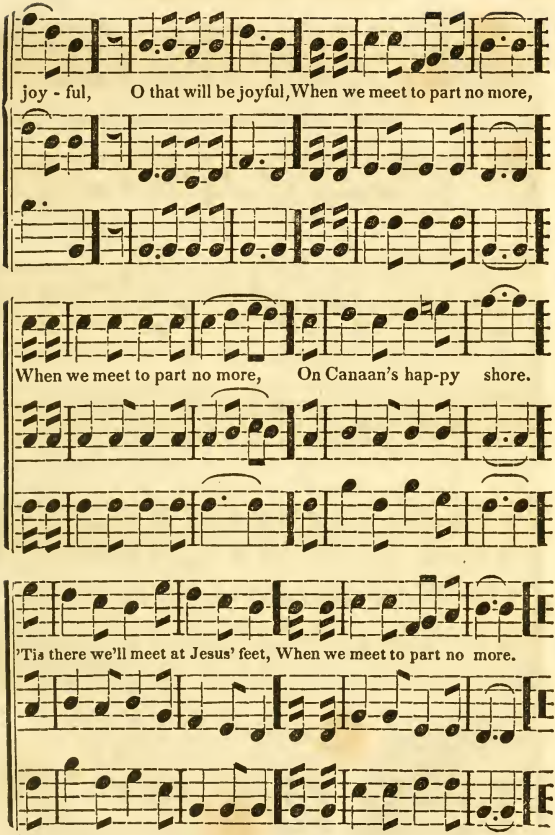
6

Jesus! they would behold
Thy work complete,
And misery and sin
Beneath thy feet.

7

And may not we, too, join
In heaven's song?
Should we alone not ask,
" How long, how long?"

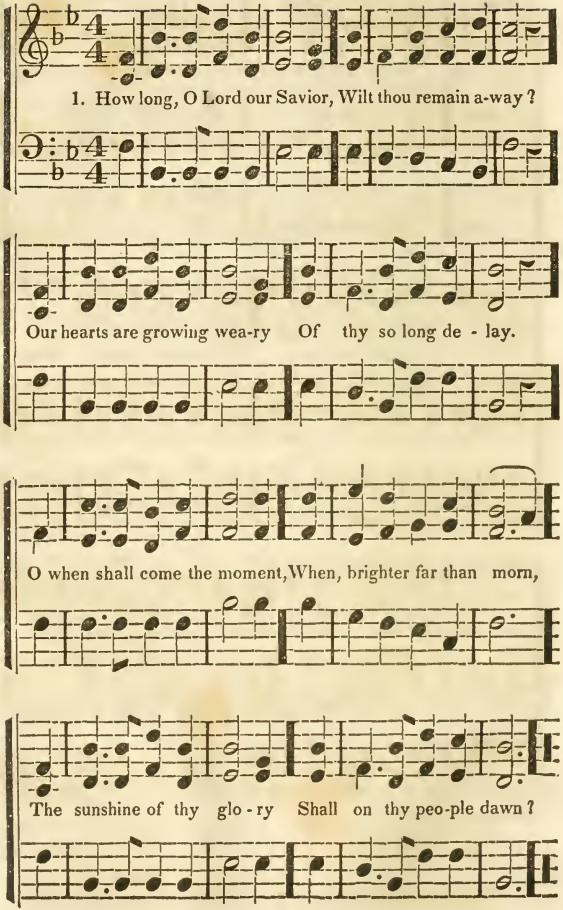

1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears, To our believing eyes;
The earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies!
2 From the third heav'n, where God resides, That holy, happy place;
The New Jerusalem comes down, Adorned with shining grace.
3 Attending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat Of your descending King!
And the old rolling skies! And the old rolling skies! The earth and seas are
Adorn'd with shining grace, Adorned with, &c. The new Je-ru-sa-
Of your descending King! Of your, &c. Mortals behold the
passed away, And the old rolling skies! O that will be joyful, joy-ful,
lem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace.
sacred seat Of your descending King!


joy - ful, O that will be joyful, When we meet to part no more,
When we meet to part no more, On Canaan's hap-py shore.
'Tis there we'll meet at Jesus' feet, When we meet to part no more.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men are the objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How bright the vision! O, how long
Shall this glad hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!


1. How long, O Lord our Savior, Wilt thou remain a-way?
Our hearts are growing wea-ry Of thy so long de - lay.
O when shall come the moment, When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glo - ry Shall on thy peo-ple dawn?

1 How long, O Lord our Savior,
Wilt thou remain away ?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay.
O when shall come the moment
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn ?

2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave ?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe.
Immers'd in sloth and folly,
Thy servants Lord, we see ;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

3 How long, O heav'nly Bride-groom,
How long wilt thou delay ?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay !
Thy very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

4 O wake thy slumbering virgins ;
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all thy saints repeat it,
" The Bridegroom draweth nigh !"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

Hymn for 1843.

2d Peter, iii. 1., 11, 12, 13, 14.

1 The clouds at length are break-ing;
The dawn will soon appear,
And " Signs" there's no mistaking,
Proclaim Messiah NEAR.
Awake, awake from sleeping,
Attend the " midnight cry,"
Ye saints, refrain from weeping,
Your GREAT DELIVERER'S NIGH.

2 The morning light is beaming ;
The " day-star" shines on high,
Christ's Heralds are proclaiming
His coming in the sky ;
And earth's eventful story
A few short months will tell,
The righteous rise to glory ;
The wicked sink to hell.

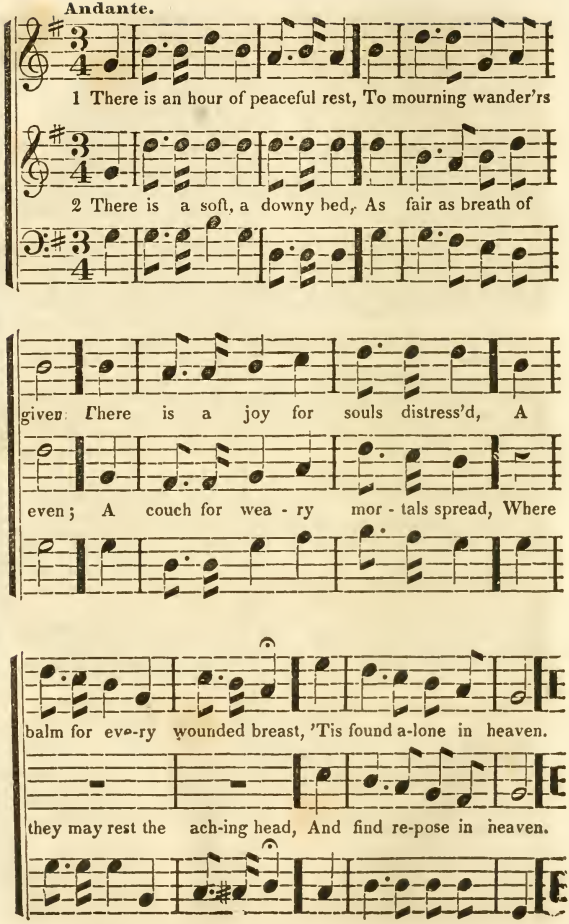
3 If earth and all her treasure,
Are doom'd to fire and flame ;
Her Royal pomp, and pleasure
Are but an *empty name !*
Her Kings—her Crowns—her glory
Her Armies—Fleets—and pride,
May bubble forth her story
While floating down the tide.

4 The Ocean, Oh ! the ocean,
To which *her* grandeurs tend
Now foams in dreadful motion,
Her boast and pomp to end.
See, see, the flames ascending,
The seas, themselves explode ;
The clouds,—the skies, are rending
With cries of—'God'—'Oh! God'!!

5 Oh ! hear the sad petition,
" Rocks crush us into dust ;"
Oh ! pity our condition—
Or *damned* we surely must :
We thought that we were wiser
Than '*Pastors*'—'*Saints*,' and all
Yet Sinner—Sceptic—miser—
Must suffer once for all.

6 Ye mortals take the warning,
Ten thousand calls invite ;
Should you neglect THE MORN-ING
Then comes the *doleful night.*
Now mercy's hand extended,
The vilest wretch would save ;
But Oh ! if *this* be ended
You're lost beyond the grave.

7 Great Author of compassion,
Redeemer—Saviour—friend—
Oh ! send to every nation
The knowledge of its end ;
Fly ! fly on ' wings of morning,
Ye who the TRUTH can tell,
And sound the awful warning,
To rescue souls from *hell.*


Andante.
1 There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wander'rs
2 There is a soft, a downy bed, As fair as breath of
given: There is a joy for souls distress'd, A
even; A couch for wea - ry mor - tals spread, Where
balm for eve-ry wounded breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heaven.
they may rest the ach-ing head, And find re-pose in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:—
Beyond the dark, the narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Human Frailty.

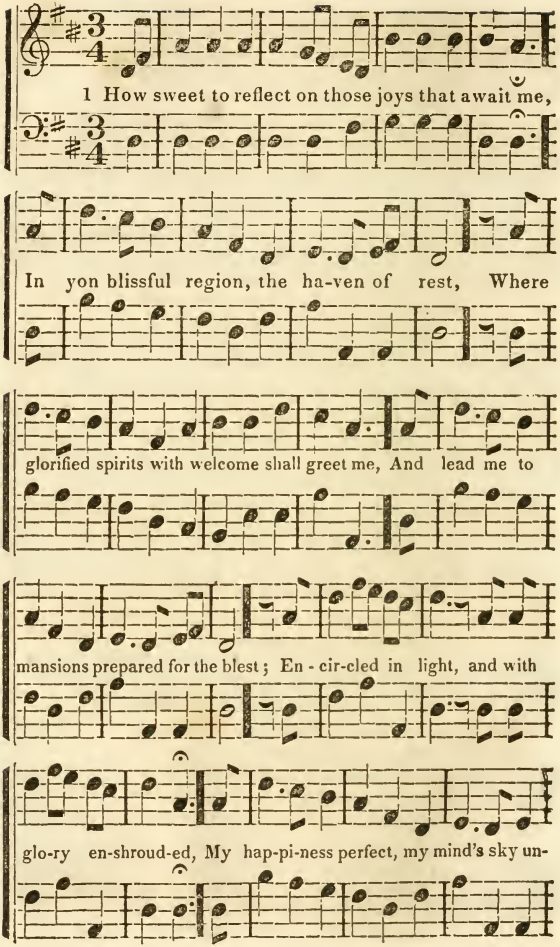
1 This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's probation given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true as heaven.

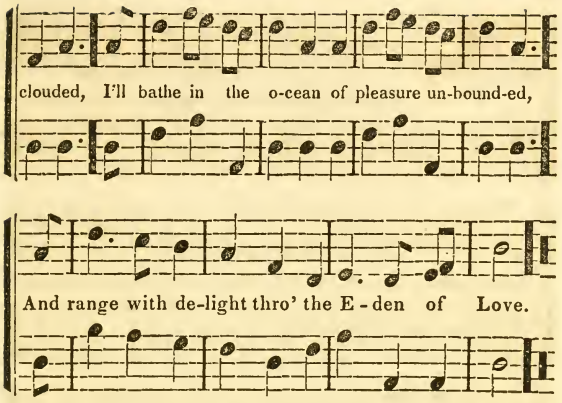
2 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray
Serve but to light us on the way;
There's nothing bright as heaven.

3 And where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven?
For sorrow's sigh, and trouble's tear,
Have never found a refuge here;
There's nothing kind as heaven.

4 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven:
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace;
There's nothing good as heaven.

5 From those who walk in wisdom's way,
Corroding fears are driven;
They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.


1 How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the ha-ven of rest, Where
glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to
mansions prepared for the blest; En - cir-cled in light, and with
glo-ry en-shroud-ed, My hap-pi-ness perfect, my mind's sky un-

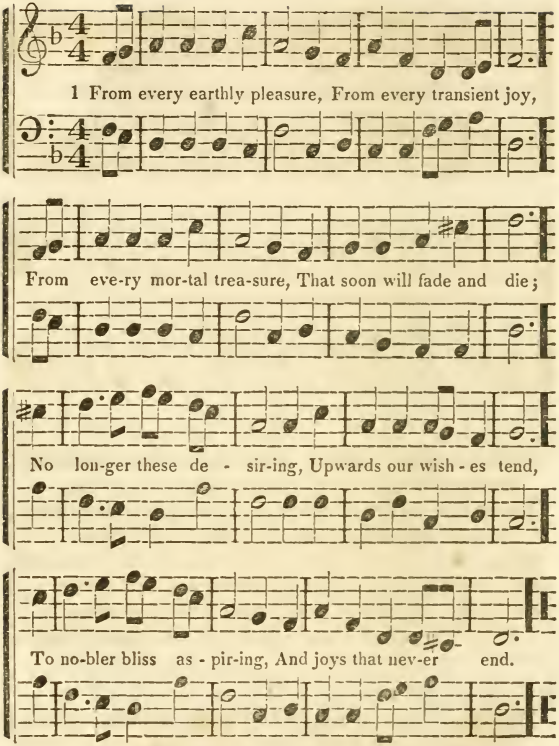


2

While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo thro' heaven,
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of Love.

3

Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love:"
Though 'prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation:
My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.


1 From every earthly pleasure, From every transient joy,
From eve-ry mor-tal trea-sure, That soon will fade and die;
No lon-ger these de - sir-ing, Upwards our wish - es tend,
To no-bler bliss as - pir-ing, And joys that nev-er end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
That leaves our breast to-day
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away,
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true, we are but strangers,
We sojourn here below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

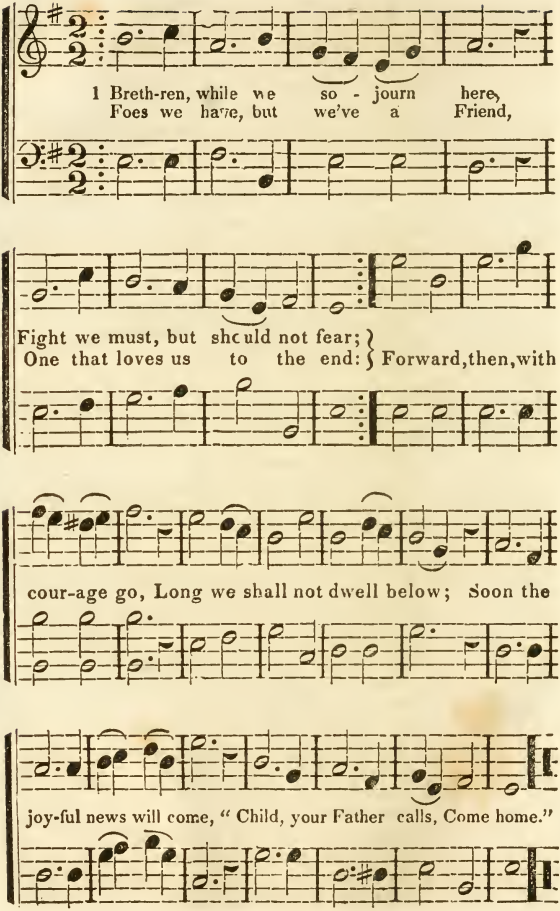
The Great Physician.

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul;
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin mine eyes had seal'd,
Then bade me look unto him;
I look'd—and I was heal'd.


1 Breth-ren, while we so - journ here,
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
One that loves us to the end: Forward, then, with
cour-age go, Long we shall not dwell below; Soon the
joy-ful news will come, "Child, your Father calls, Come home."

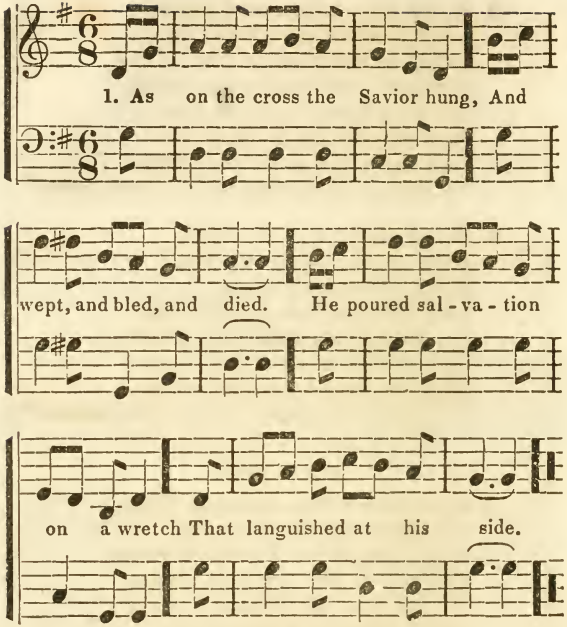
2 In the way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft misled our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your father calls, Come home."

Joy in Hope.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you undismay'd GO ON.



2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed;

3 'Jesus thou Son and heir of heaven,
'Thou spotless Lamb of God,
'I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
'And weltering in thy blood.

4 'Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
'In triumph thou shalt rise,
'Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.'

5 'Amid the glories of that world,
'Dear Savior, think on me;
'And in the vict'ries of thy death,
'May a sharer be.'

6 His prayer the dying Jesus heard
And instantly replied,
'To-day thy parting soul shall be
'With me in paradise.'

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Jesus die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

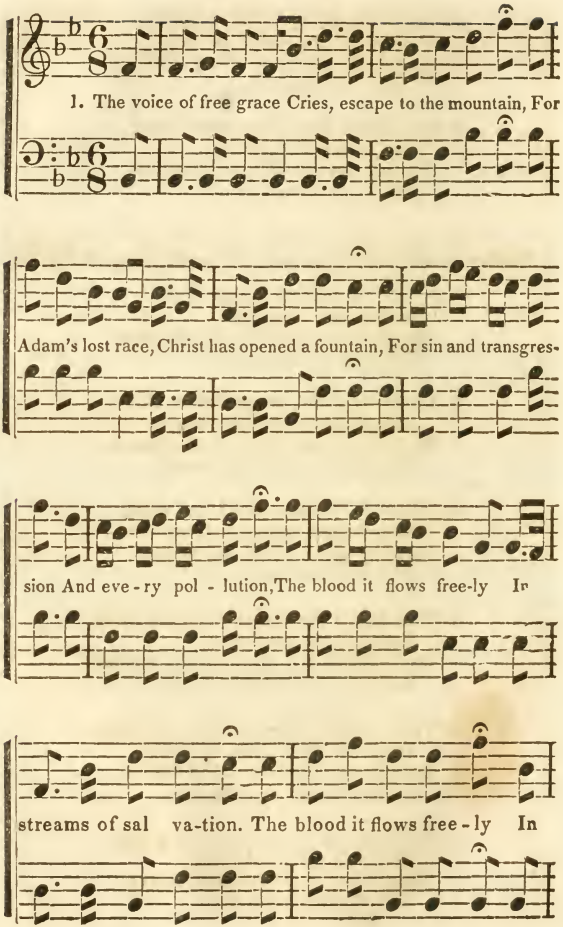
2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath of men,
The glorious Suff'rer stood!

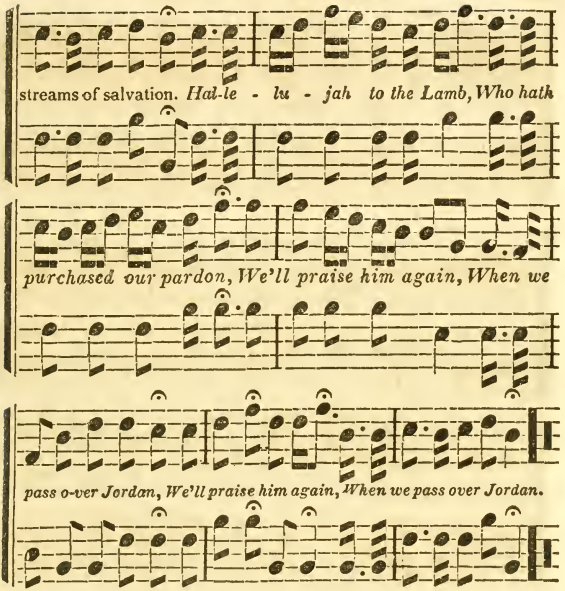
3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the glorious Savior died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.


1. The voice of free grace Cries, escape to the mountain, For
Adam's lost race, Christ has opened a fountain, For sin and transgres-
sion And eve-ry pol - lution, The blood it flows free-ly In
streams of sal va-tion. The blood it flows free - ly In

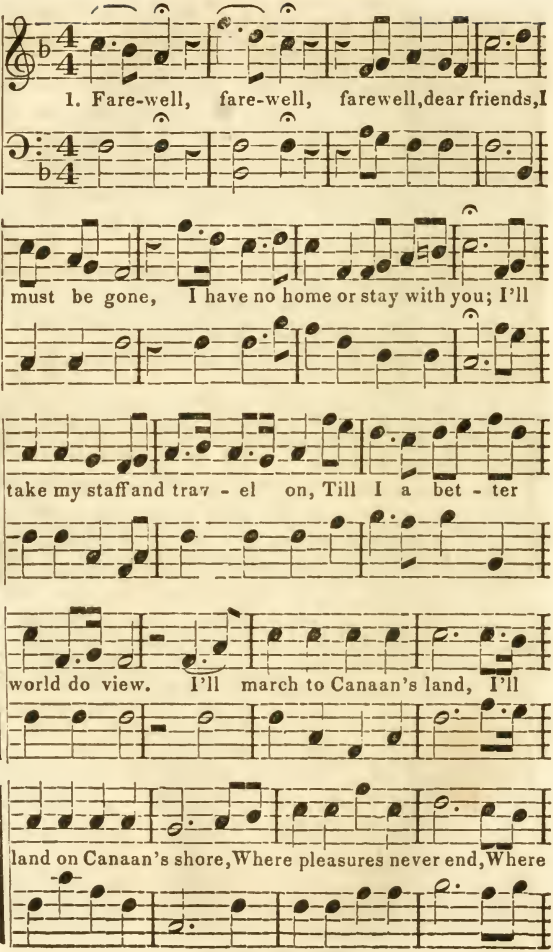
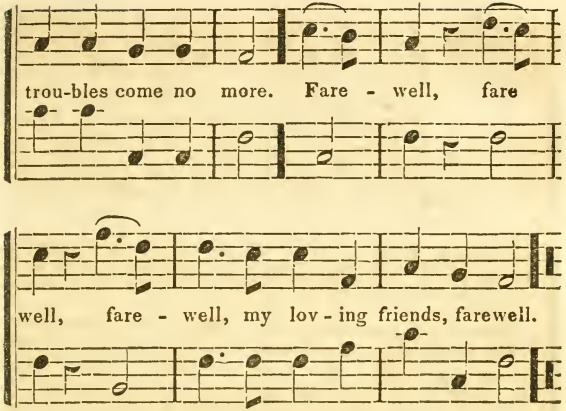

streams of salvation. Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Who hath
purchased our pardon, We'll praise him again, When we
pass o-ver Jordan, We'll praise him again, When we pass over Jordan.

2 This fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows
In plenteous redemption:
Tho' your sins they were raised
As high as a mountain,
The blood it flows freely
From Jesus, the fountain.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 O Jesus! ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell
Thou wilt make us victorious,
Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
Ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand
Having gain'd the blest shore
With our harps in our hands
We will praise him evermore,
We will range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c.

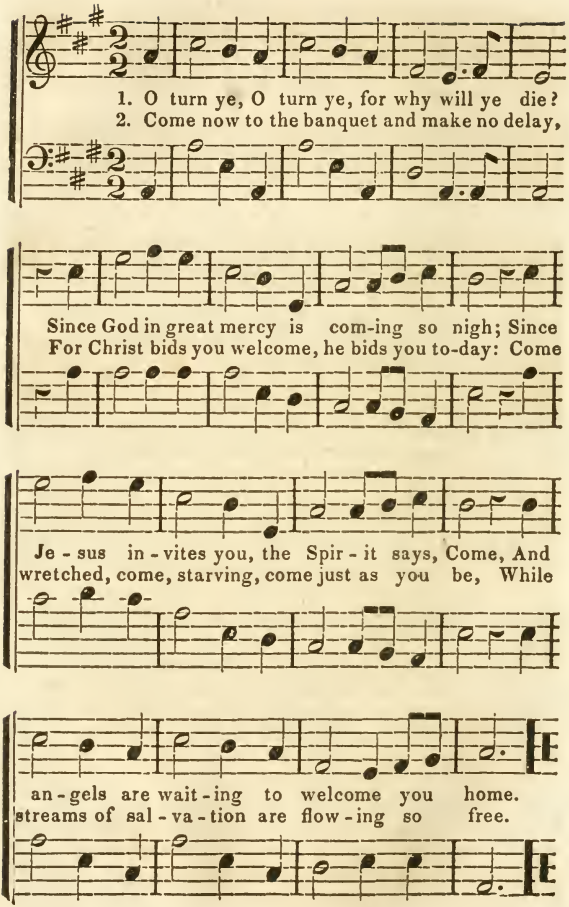
Pilgrim's Farewell.


1. Fare-well, fare-well, farewell, dear friends, I
must be gone, I have no home or stay with you; I'll
take my staff and trav - el on, Till I a bet - ter
world do view. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll
land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, Where

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c.

2 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown will soon be given.
I'll march, &c.
Fight on, &c.

5 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn, and find salvation near.
I'll march, &c.
O turn, &c.

Expostulation. 11s.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
2. Come now to the banquet and make no delay,
Since God in great mercy is com-ing so nigh; Since
For Christ bids you welcome, he bids you to-day: Come
Je-sus in-vites you, the Spir-it says, Come, And
wretched, come, starving, come just as you be, While
an-gels are wait-ing to welcome you home.
streams of sal-va-tion are flow-ing so free.

"O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die."

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

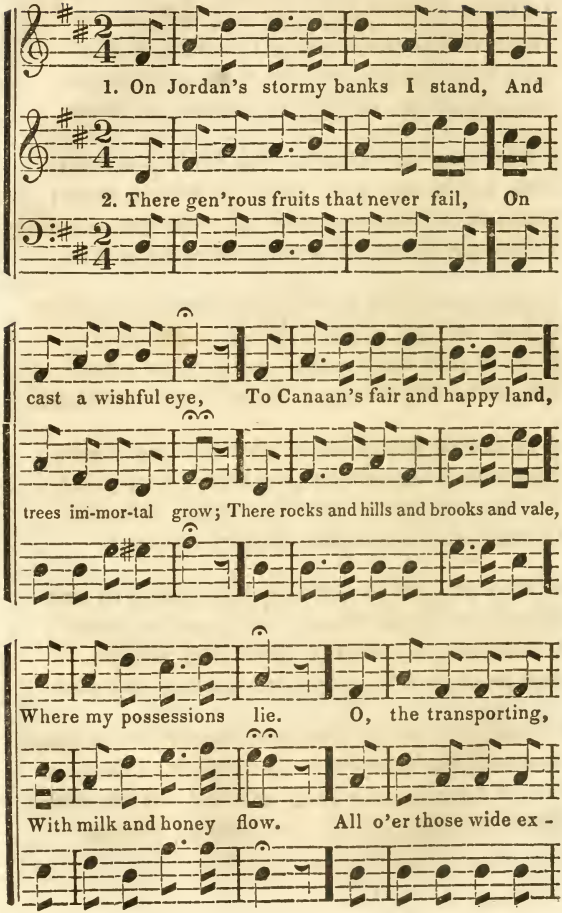
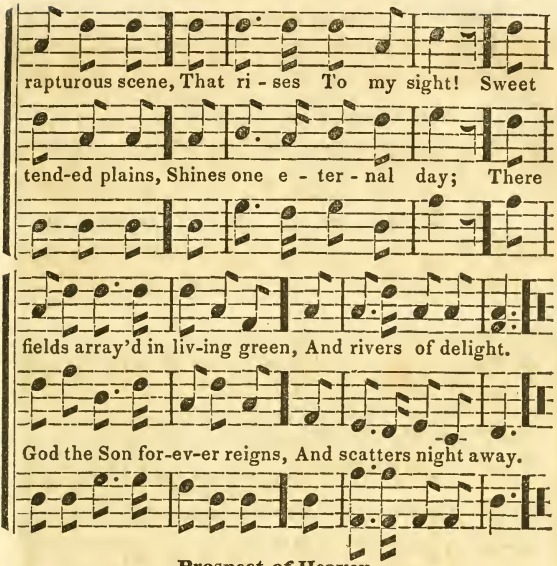
3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come;
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

Jordan's stormy Banks.

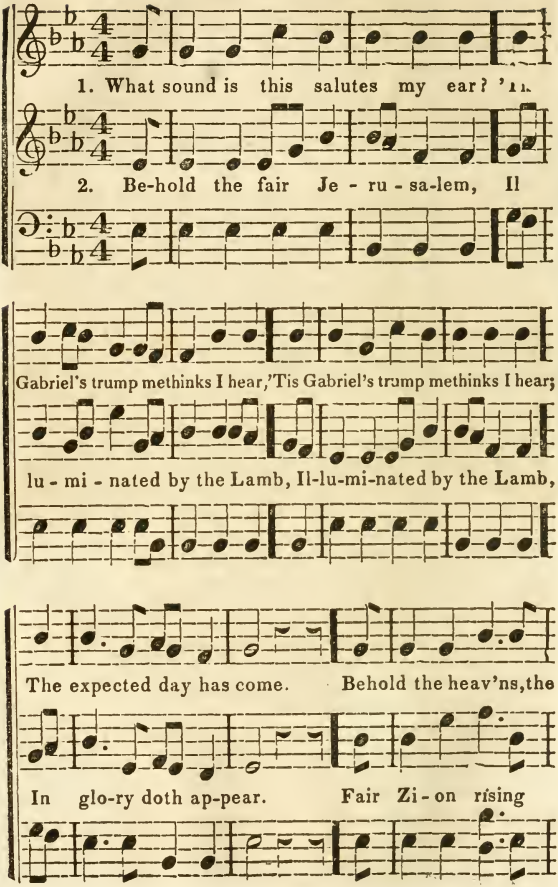
From the Wesleyan Harp.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And
2. There gen'rous fruits that never fail, On
cast a wishful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land,
trees im-mor-tal grow; There rocks and hills and brooks and vale,
Where my possessions lie. O, the transporting,
With milk and honey flow. All o'er those wide ex -

rapturous scene, That ri - ses To my sight! Sweet
tend-ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day; There
fields array'd in liv-ing green, And rivers of delight.
God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scatters night away.

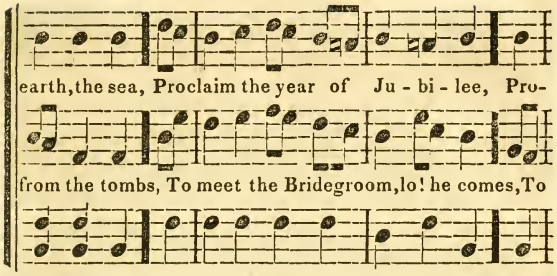
Prospect of Heaven.

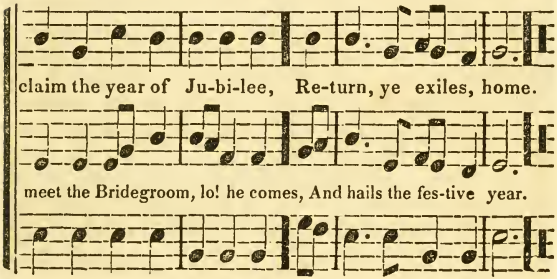
3 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

What sound is this.

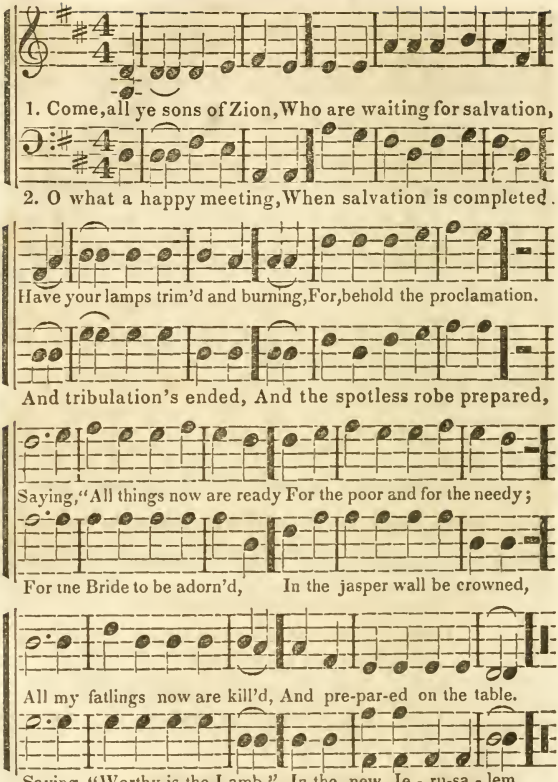
From the Wesleyan Harp.

1. What sound is this salutes my ear? 'Tis
2. Be-hold the fair Je - ru - sa-lem, Il
Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear;
lu - mi - nated by the Lamb, Il-lu-mi-nated by the Lamb,
The expected day has come. Behold the heav'ns,the
In glo-ry doth ap-pear. Fair Zi - on rising



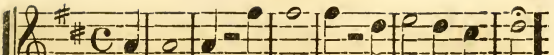


3 My soul is striving to be there;
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road.
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things;
O that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.

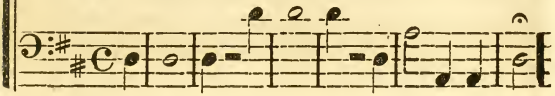
4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly,
I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
Angelic joys to prove!
Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.


1. Come, all ye sons of Zion, Who are waiting for salvation,
2. O what a happy meeting, When salvation is completed.
Have your lamps trim'd and burning, For, behold the proclamation.
And tribulation's ended, And the spotless robe prepared,
Saying, "All things now are ready For the poor and for the needy;
For the Bride to be adorn'd, In the jasper wall be crowned,
All my fatlings now are kill'd, And pre-par-ed on the table.
Saying, "Worthy is the Lamb," In the new Je - ru-sa - lem.

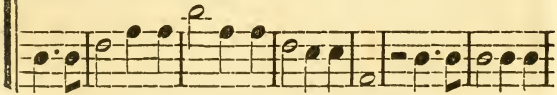
4 O sinners, don't be be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting;
Come and join the happy army,
And there's nothing that will harm you.
If you follow Christ the Savior,
And break off your bad behavior,
And repent and be converted,
You may sing his praises too.

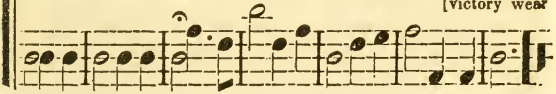


1. The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
2. The glo-ry, the glory around him are pour'd,



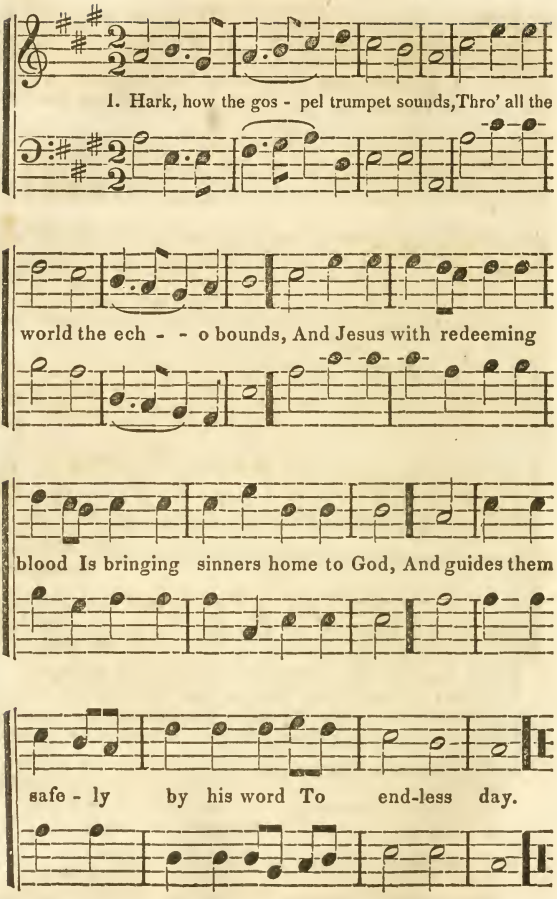
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire; Lo, self-moving it
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord; And the glorified



drives on its pathway of cloud, And the heav'ns with the burden of God-
[head are bow'd
saints and the martyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of
[victory wear

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white vested elders are met,
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above;
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a ransom in heaven.


1. Hark, how the gos - pel trumpet sounds, Thro' all the
world the ech - - o bounds, And Jesus with redeeming
blood Is bringing sinners home to God, And guides them
safe - ly by his word To end-less day.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1

Hark, how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, with redeeming blood
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2

Hail, all victorious conquering Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored;
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
In endless day.

3

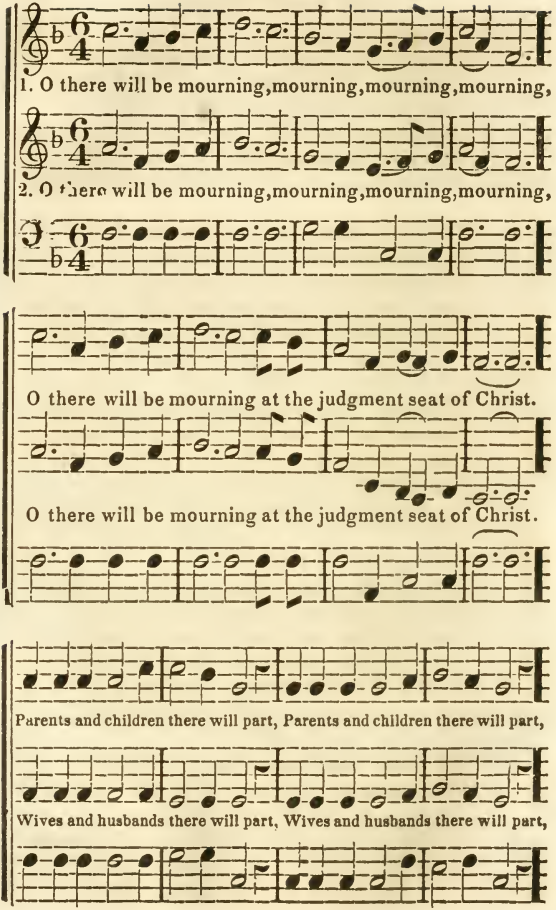
Fight on ye conquering saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear,
In endless day.

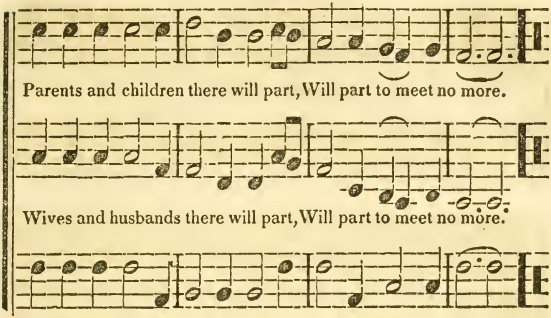
4

Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through his word,
And sail by faith upon that flood
To endless day.

5

There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move;
And that shall be the theme above,
In endless day.


1. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
2. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.
O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.
Parents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part, Wives and husbands there will part,


Parents and children there will part, Will part to meet no more.
Wives and husbands there will part, Will part to meet no more.

3

O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part, &c.

4

O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Friends and neighbors there will part, &c.

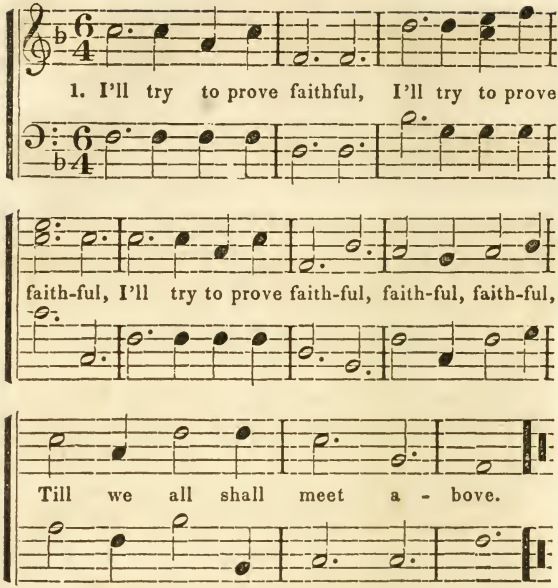
5

O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part, &c.

6

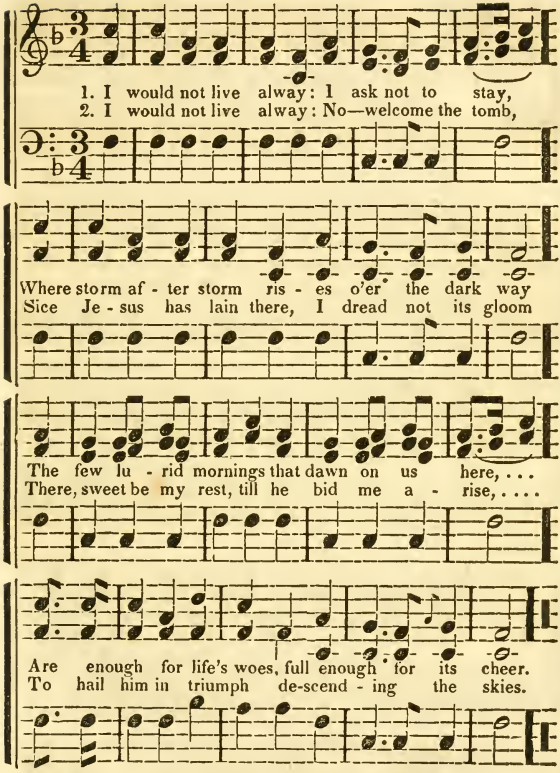
O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

7

O there will be shouting, shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

1. I'll try to prove faithful, I'll try to prove
faith-ful, I'll try to prove faith-ful, faith-ful, faith-ful,
Till we all shall meet a - bove.

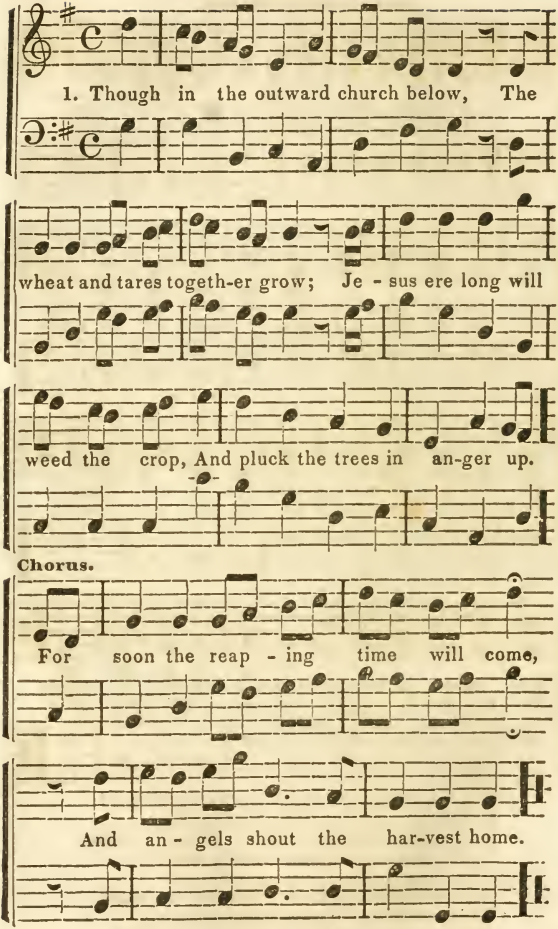
1 I'll try to prove faithful, &c.
2 O, let us prove faithful, &c.
3 We mean to be faithful, &c.
4 There'll be no more sinning, &c.
When we all shall meet above.
5 There'll be no more sorrow, &c.
When we all shall meet above.
6 Then we shall see Jesus, &c.
When we all shall meet above.
7 There we shall sing praises, &c.
When we all shall meet above

I would not live alway. 35

From the Modern Psalmist.

1. I would not live alway: I ask not to stay,
2. I would not live alway: No—welcome the tomb,
Where storm af - ter storm ris - es o'er the dark way
Sice Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its gloom
The few lu - rid mornings that dawn on us here, . . .
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise, ...
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
To hail him in triumph de-scend - ing the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns;

4 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren, transported to greet?
Where anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.


1. Though in the outward church below, The
wheat and tares togeth-er grow; Je - sus ere long will
weed the crop, And pluck the trees in an-ger up.
Chorus.
For soon the reap - ing time will come,
And an - gels shout the har-vest home.

Harvest Home.

1 Though in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew
How much among the wheat they grew?
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

3 No! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace,
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat,
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

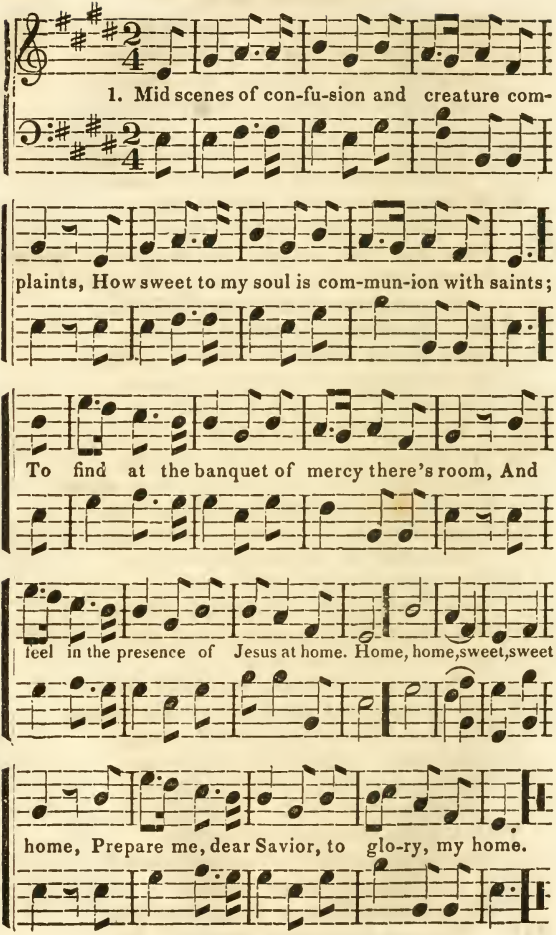
5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends:
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

7 Oh! awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

[4] *For soon the reaping time will, &c.*

Saint's Sweet Home.


1. Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature com-
plaints, How sweet to my soul is com-mun-ion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And
feel in the presence of Jesus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet
home, Prepare me, dear Savior, to glo-ry, my home.

Saint's Sweet Home.

2

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

3

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Tho' now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

4

While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

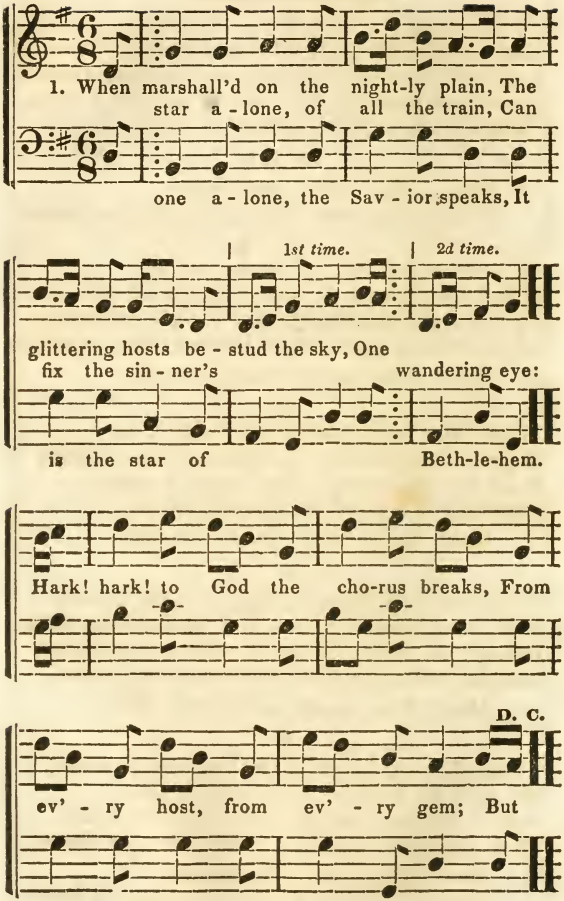
5

Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

6

I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at Home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my home

1. When marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The
star a - lone, of all the train, Can
one a - lone, the Sav - ior speaks, It
1st time.
2d time.
glittering hosts be - stud the sky, One
fix the sin - ner's wandering eye:
is the star of Beth-le-hem.
Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks, From
D. C.
ev' - ry host, from ev' - ry gem; But

Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck—I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

The Christian and the Cross.

2 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now adored;
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.

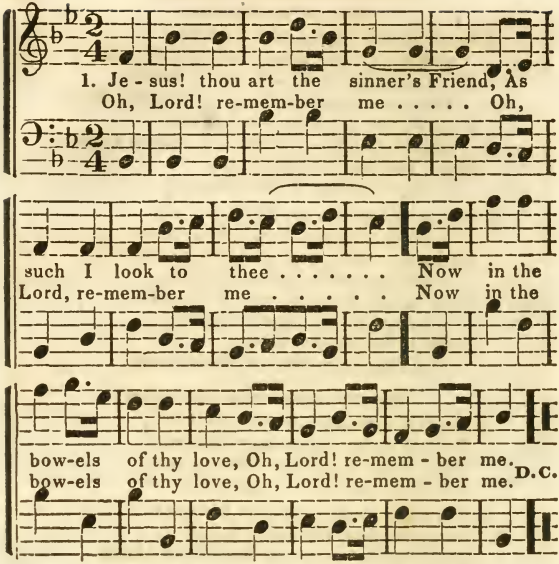
2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause,
The way he's gone, is lined with blood,
O may I tread the steps he trod.

3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear,
With those who his disciples were:
Christian, sweet name! its worth I view,
O may I wear the nature too.

4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
For which I count all things but dross;
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.

5 I'm not ashamed to be despised,
By those who ne'er religion prized:
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that men can say or do.

6 This world's vain honors will I shun,
The narrow way to life I'll run;
That this at last my boast may be,
My Savior's not ashamed of me.

Lord! remember me.

1. Je - sus! thou art the sinner's Friend, As
Oh, Lord! re-mem-ber me . . . . . Oh,
such I look to thee . . . . . Now in the
Lord, re-mem-ber me . . . . . Now in the
bow-els of thy love, Oh, Lord! re-mem - ber me.
bow-els of thy love, Oh, Lord! re-mem - ber me.
D.C.

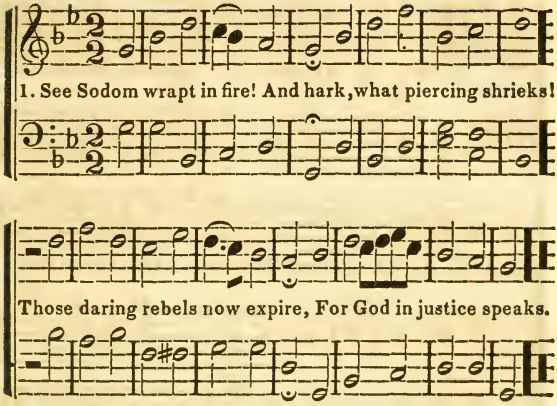
2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free:
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

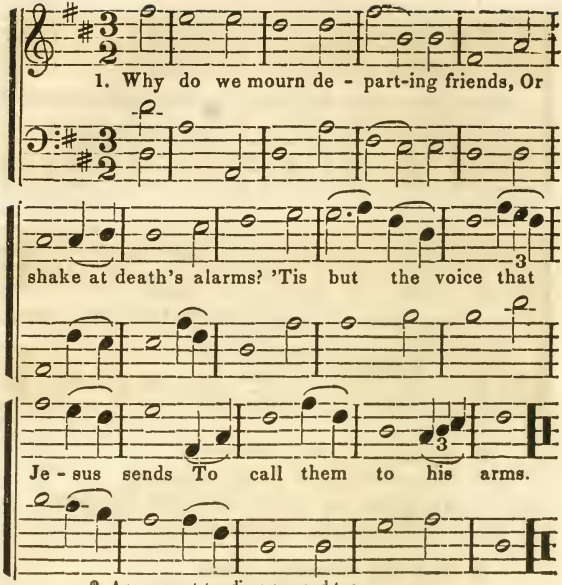


2 O sinner, mark thy fate!
Soon will the Judge appear;
And then thy cries will come too late;
Too late for God to hear.

3 Thy day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,
Thy cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.

4 Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glittering sword;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.

5 One only hope I see;
Oh, sinner, seize it now,—
The blood that Jesus shed for thee!
No other hope hast thou.



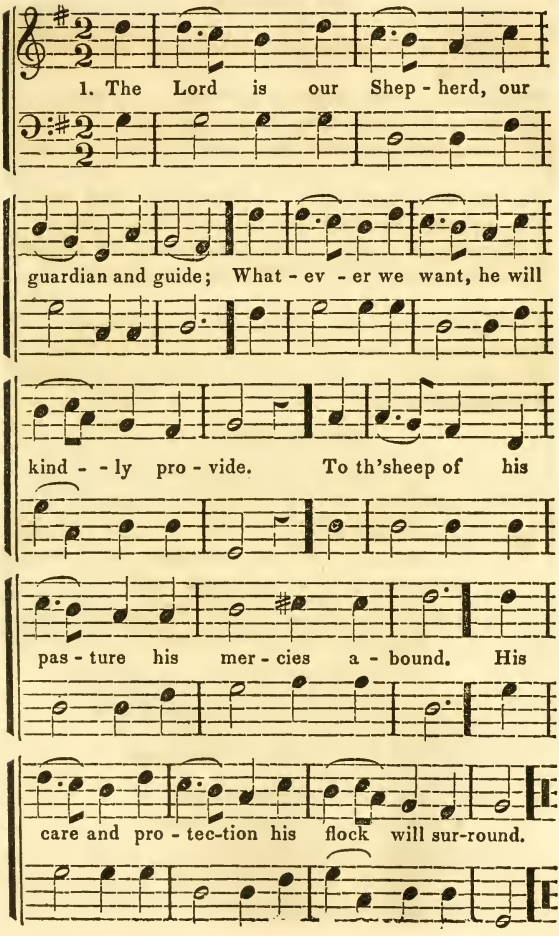
2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head.

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground·
Ye saints ascend the skies.


1. The Lord is our Shep - herd, our
guardian and guide; What - ev - er we want, he will
kind - - ly pro - vide. To th'sheep of his
pas - ture his mer - cies a - bound. His
care and pro - tec-tion his flock will sur-round.

Our Shepherd.

2

The Lord is our Shepherd; what then shall we fear,
What danger can frighten us while he is near?
Not when the time calls us to walk thro' the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail

3

Tho' afraid of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4

The Lord is become our salvation and song,
His blessings have follow'd us all our life long;
His name will we praise while we have any breath
Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death

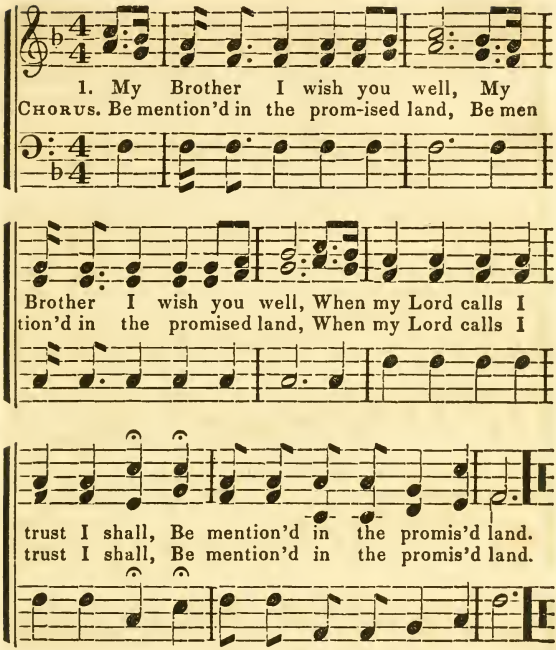
Zion Prosperous.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend,
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end!
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.


1. My Brother I wish you well, My
Chorus. Be mention'd in the prom-ised land, Be men
Brother I wish you well, When my Lord calls I
tion'd in the promised land, When my Lord calls I
trust I shall, Be mention'd in the promis'd land.
trust I shall, Be mention'd in the promis'd land.

2 My sister I wish you well, &c.

3 My father I wish you well, &c.

4 My mother I wish you well, &c.

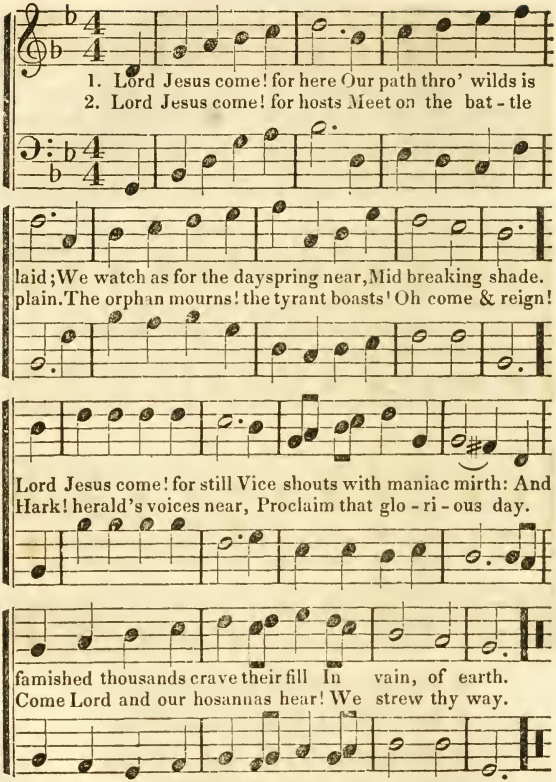
5 My neighbors I wish you well, &c.

6 My pastor I wish you well, &c.

7 Young converts I wish you well, &c.

8 Poor sinner I wish you well, &c.

Lord Jesus, come.


1. Lord Jesus come! for here Our path thro' wilds is
2. Lord Jesus come! for hosts Meet on the bat - tle
laid; We watch as for the dayspring near, Mid breaking shade.
plain. The orphan mourns! the tyrant boasts! Oh come & reign!
Lord Jesus come! for still Vice shouts with maniac mirth: And
Hark! herald's voices near, Proclaim that glo - ri - ous day.
famished thousands crave their fill In vain, of earth.
Come Lord and our hosannas hear! We strew thy way.

3 Come, reign on David's throne,
Nor vacant let it be;
Oh claim the kingdom for thine own,
In Jubilee.
Leave not thy poor flock lone,
Here in the wilderness;
Oh claim the kingdom for thine own,
In righteousness.

"This do in remembrance of Me."

1 Breaking bread in love together,
As our Master bid us do,
We have joy and profit, whether
Men approve the deed or no;
Sweet the seasons,
When our Saviour meets us so.

2 Love is cherished and augmented,
While we keep our Saviour's laws;
And His people are contented
To forego the world's applause;
Should they suffer,
Pain is sweet in such a cause.

3 Saviour, hear Thy people praying,
Hear us from Thy throne of grace;
O be here, Thy love displaying,
Let Thy people see Thy face;
'T is Thy presence
Renders sacred every place.

4 Let us here have sweet communion
With each other and with Thee;
Truth the sacred bond of union,
Truth that makes Thy people free;
Heaven in prospect,
Heaven where saints Thy glory see.

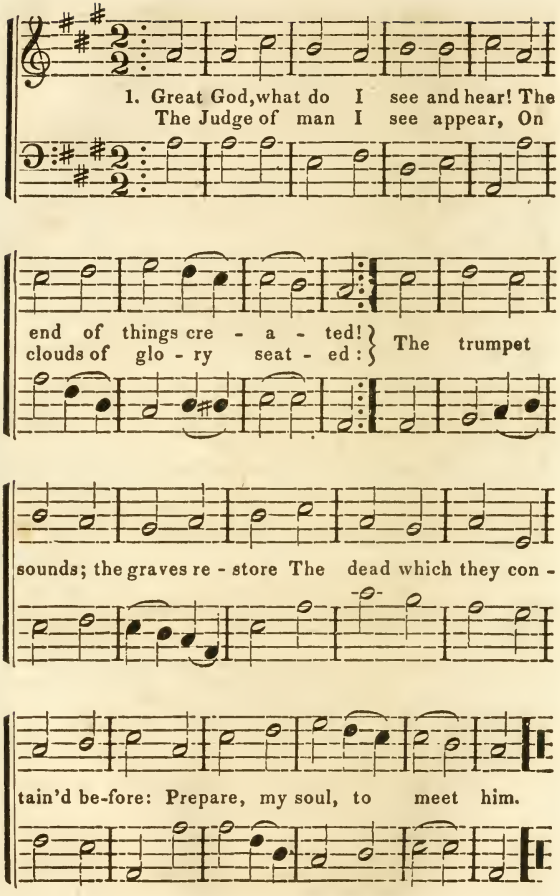
Union in and with Christ.

1 With Jesus in our midst
We gather round the board;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

2 Our sins were laid on Him
When bruised on Calvary;
With Christ we died and rose again,
And sit with Him on high.

3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.

4 Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish every pain.


1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted!
The Judge of man I see appear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed:
The trumpet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con - tain'd be-fore: Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

Judgment.

1

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

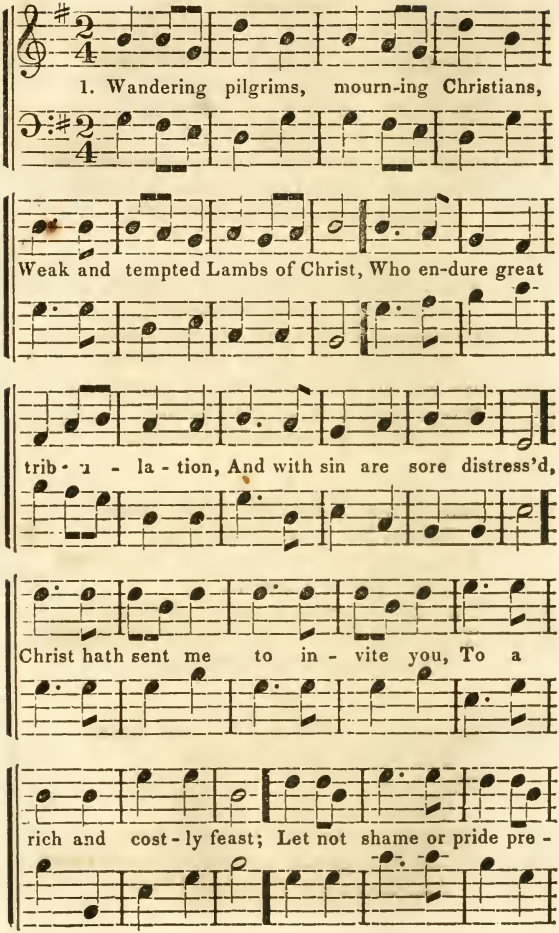
2

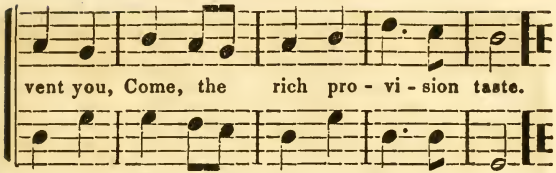
The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding
No gloomy fears their souls dismay
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3

But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away
And thus prepare to meet him.

1. Wandering pilgrims, mourn-ing Christians,
Weak and tempted Lambs of Christ, Who en-dure great
trib - u - la - tion, And with sin are sore distress'd,
Christ hath sent me to in - vite you, To a
rich and cost - ly feast; Let not shame or pride pre -

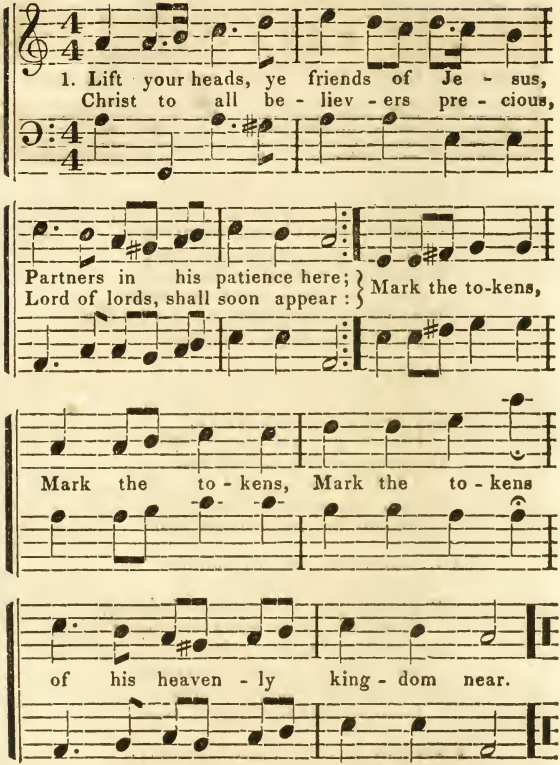


2 If you have a heart lamenting
And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,
He will give you gospel grace:
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him here below;
With your troubles now draw near him,
He the blessing will bestow.

3 If, like poor Bartimeus blinded,
You bewail the want of sight,
Cry to Jesus, son of David,
He will give you gospel light:
If no one appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk:
Jesus ready waits to heal you,
He will bid you rise and walk.

4 If, like Peter, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief;
Wait with patient, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief.
Are you weary, heavy laden?
He will give you sweet repose;
Bear his light and easy burden,
He shall conquer all your foes.

5 He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied:
Canaan, Canaan, lies before you,
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.
Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guide you thro' the gloom,
Down he'll send an heavenly convoy,
To convey you to his home.


1. Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus,
Christ to all be - liev - ers pre - cious,
Partners in his patience here;
Lord of lords, shall soon appear :
Mark the to-kens,
Mark the to - kens, Mark the to - kens
of his heaven - ly king - dom near.

2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom!
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.

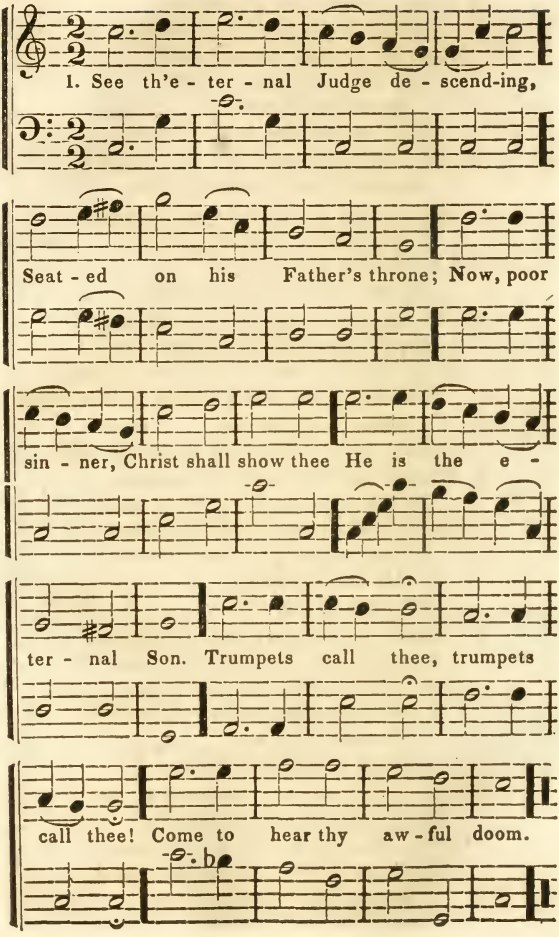
3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming Revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting light.

5 See the stars from heaven falling!
Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rock and mountains, from his eye!

6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks received for *me!*
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out—"'Tis He!"

7 "Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given;
We his open face shall see:
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be,
Love shall crown us
Kings thro' all eternity

1. See th'e - ter - nal Judge de - scend-ing,
Seat - ed on his Father's throne; Now, poor
sin - ner, Christ shall show thee He is the e -
ter - nal Son. Trumpets call thee, trumpets
call thee! Come to hear thy aw - ful doom.

The Judgment.

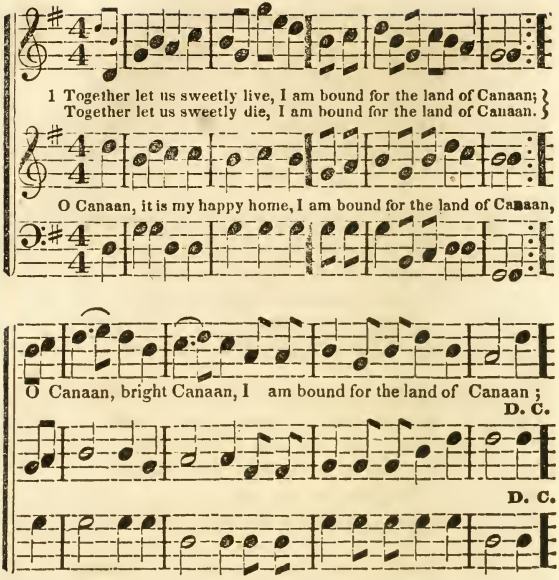
2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting,
At the thoughts of future pain;
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he cries and weeps in vain:
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder stands the glorious Savior,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move!
Doomed justly,
For I have against him strove.

4 "All his warnings I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul;
If some vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke the whole:
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll!

5 "Yonder stand my godly neighbors,
Who were once despised by me;
They are clad in dazzling splendor,
Waiting my sad fate to see—
Farewell, neighbors;
Dismal gulf! I'm bound for thee!

6 Now, despisers, look and wonder,
Hope and sinners here must part;
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart"
Lost forever!
How it quails the sinner's heart!


1 Together let us sweetly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Together let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
D. C.
D. C.

2

If you get there before I do, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
Look out for me, I'm coming too, I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

3

I have some friends before me gone, I am bound, &c
And I'm resolved to travel on, I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

4

Our songs of praise shall fill the skies, I am bound, &c.
While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound, &c
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

5

Then come with me, beloved friend, I am bound, &c
The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

The Pilgrim's Lot.

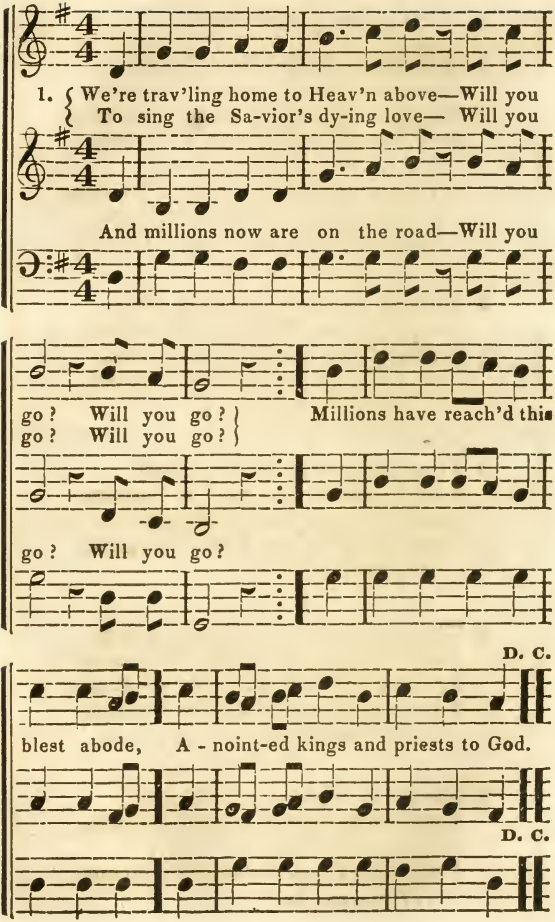
1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan! bright Canaan!
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 Nothing on earth I call my own,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

3 I trample on the whole delight,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
And seek a city out of sight,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

4 There is my house and portion fair,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
My treasure and my heart are there,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

5 For me my elder brethren stay,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
And angels beckon me away,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.


1. We're trav'ling home to Heav'n above—Will you
To sing the Sa-vior's dy-ing love— Will you
And millions now are on the road—Will you
go? Will you go?
go? Will you go?
Millions have reach'd this
go? Will you go?
D. C.
blest abode, A - noint-ed kings and priests to God.
D. C.

2

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,—Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,—Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,—Will you go?

3

We're going to join the Heavenly Choir,—Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,—Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,—Will you go?

4

Ye weary, heavy laden, come, —Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room.—Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,—Come believe!

5

The way to Heaven is free for all—Will you go?
For Jew and Gentile—great and small,—Will you go?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory, make a start,—Come away!

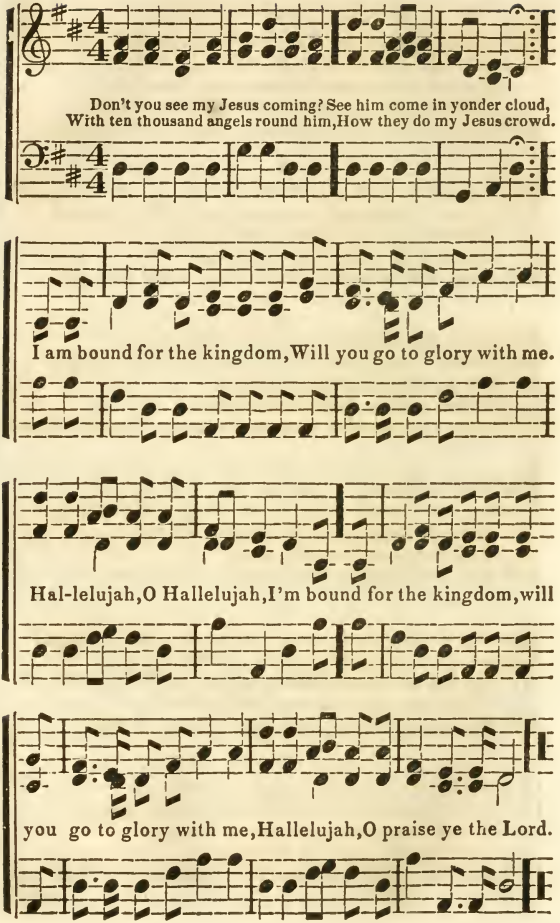
6

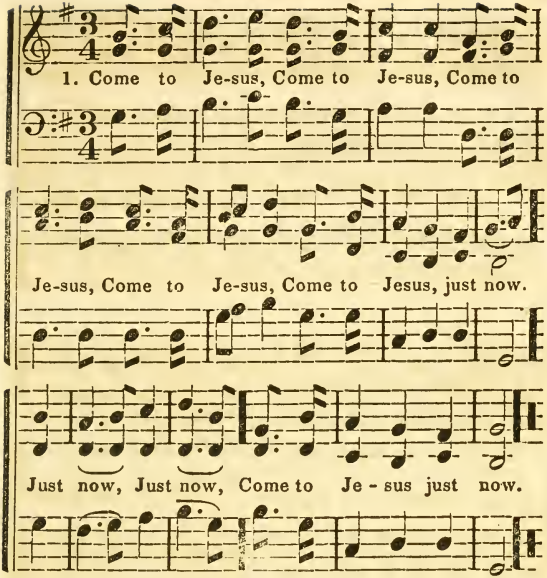
The way to Heaven is strait and plain,—Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,—Will you go?
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
And thou shalt my salvation see,—Come to me!

7

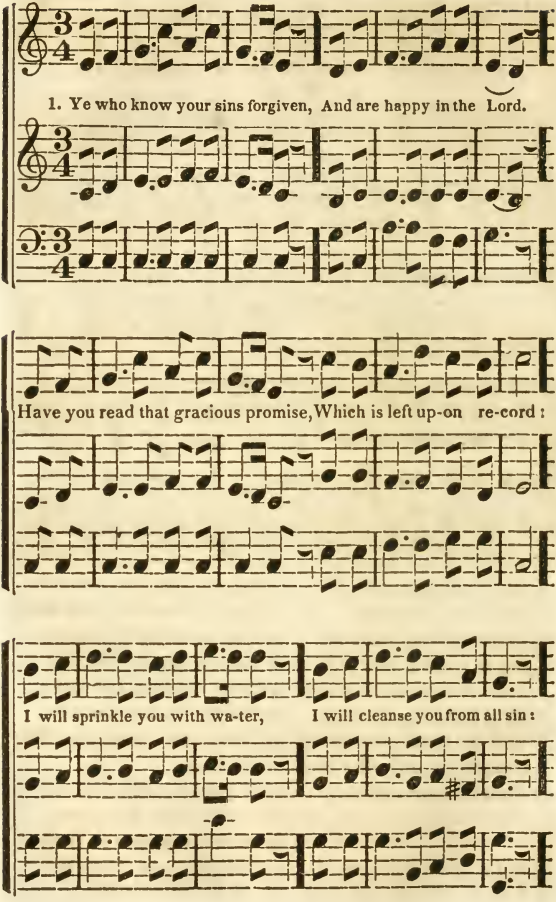
O, could I hear some sinner say,—I will go?
I'll start this moment, clear the way,—Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,—Let me go! Fare you well.

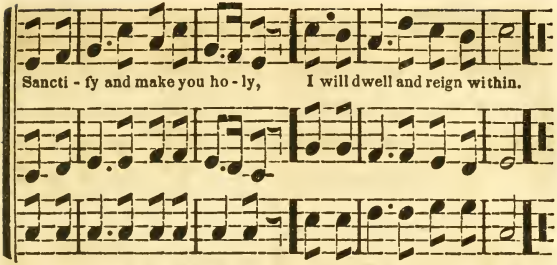
Don't you see my Jesus coming.


Don't you see my Jesus coming? See him come in yonder cloud,
With ten thousand angels round him, How they do my Jesus crowd.
I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me.
Hal-lelujah, O Hallelujah, I'm bound for the kingdom, will
you go to glory with me, Hallelujah, O praise ye the Lord.



2 He is willing, Just now.
3 He is able, Just now.
4 He is pleading, Just now.
5 God is waiting, Just now.
6 Come, poor sinner, Just now.
7 He is knocking, Just now.
8 Will you linger, Just now?
9 Can you hate him, Just now?
10 Time is flying, Just now.
11 Christ may leave you, Just now.
12 Get religion, Just now.
13 Love the Savior, Just now.
14 Do not slight him, Just now.
15 Come ye wounded, Just now.
16 Pray on brethren, Just now.
17 Pray on sisters, Just now.
18 Satan trembles, Just now.
19 Heaven rejoices, Just now.
20 Come, my neighbors, Just now.
21 If you hate him, Just now,
22 You'll repent it, So soon.
23 O, the Judgment, So soon.
24 Hell or heaven, So soon.
25 All is over, So soon.


1. Ye who know your sins forgiven, And are happy in the Lord.
Have you read that gracious promise, Which is left up-on re-cord:
I will sprinkle you with wa-ter, I will cleanse you from all sin:



2

Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffer'd, groan'd, and died,
On the cross the healing fountain,
Gushed from his wounded side.

3

If you have obtained this treasure,
Search and you shall surely find
All the Christian marks and graces,
Planted, growing, in your mind.
Perfect faith, and perfect patience,
Perfect lowliness, and then
Perfect hope, and perfect meekness,
Perfect love for God and man.

4

But be sure to gain the witness,
Which abides both day and night;
This your God has plainly promis'd,
This is like a stream of light.
While you keep the blessed witness,
All is clear and calm within;
God himself assures you by it
That your heart is cleansed from sin.

5

Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure,
Jesus, only Jesus know.
Spread, O spread the holy fire,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of his Son.

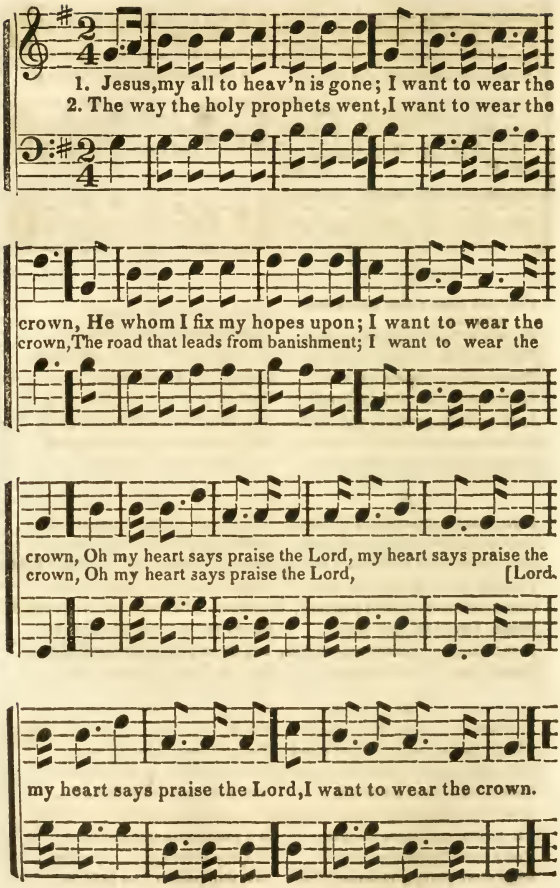
6

Witnesses might be produced,
Of this glorious work of love,
Paul and James, and John and Peter
Long before they went above.
Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands,
Have, and do, and will appear;
Let me ask the solemn question,
Has the Lord a witness here.

7

Wake up brother, wake up sister,
Seek, O seek this holy state;
None but holy ones can enter
Thro' the pure celestial gate.
Can you bear the tho't of losing
All the joys that are above?
No, my brother, no, my sister,
God will perfect you in love.

I want to wear the crown.


1. Jesus, my all to heav'n is gone; I want to wear the
2. The way the holy prophets went, I want to wear the
crown, He whom I fix my hopes upon; I want to wear the
crown, The road that leads from banishment; I want to wear the
crown, Oh my heart says praise the Lord, my heart says praise the
crown, Oh my heart says praise the Lord, [Lord.
my heart says praise the Lord, I want to wear the crown.

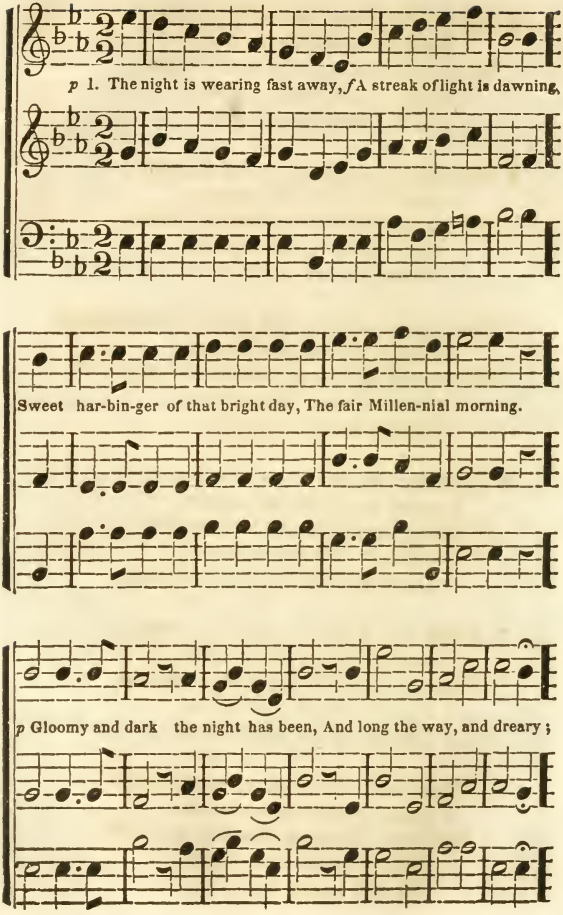
3 His track I see, and I'll pursue,
I want to wear the crown,
The narrow way, till him I view,
I want to wear the crown;
Oh my heart says, &c.

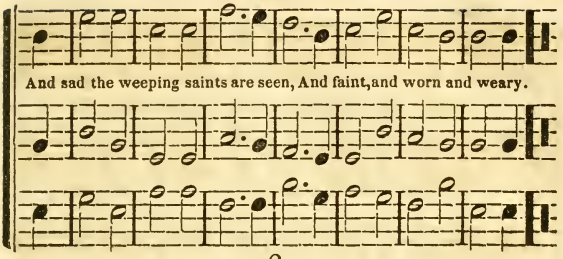
4 The King's highway of holiness,
I want to wear the crown,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
I want to wear the crown.
Oh my heart says, &c.

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
I want to wear the crown,
Shalt take me to thee whose I am;
I want to wear the crown,
Oh my heart says, &c.

6 Nothing but sin have I to give,
I want to wear the crown,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
I want to wear the crown,
Oh my heart says praise, &c.

7 Then will I tell to sinners round,
I want to wear the crown,
What a dear Savior I have found,
I want to wear the crown,
Oh my heart says, &c.

8 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
I want to wear the crown,
And say, 'Behold the way to God!'
I want to wear the crown,
Oh my heart says, &c.

p 1. The night is wearing fast away, f A streak of light is dawning,
Sweet har-bin-ger of that bright day, The fair Millen-nial morning.
p Gloomy and dark the night has been, And long the way, and dreary ;



2

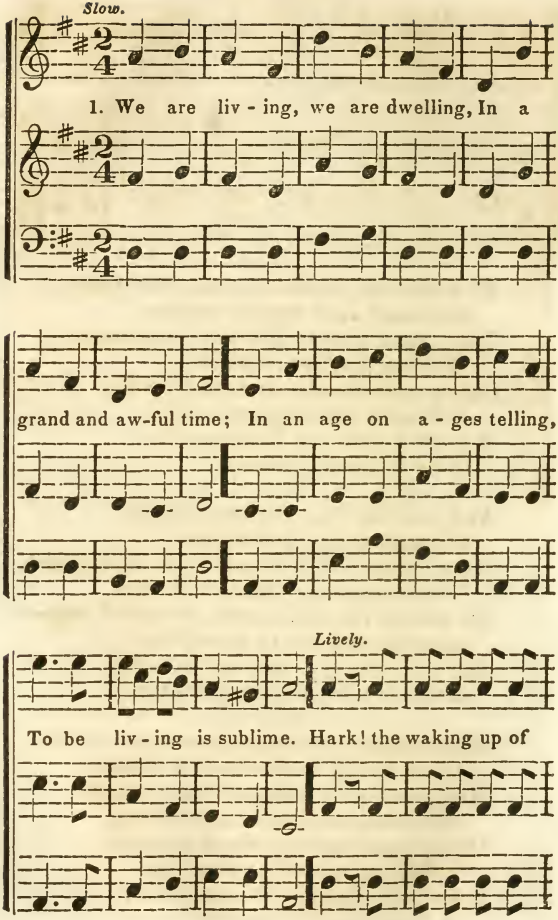
Ye mourning pilgrims, cease your tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow;
The light of that bright morn appears,—
The long sabbatic morrow.
Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendor streaming!
It is the bright and Morning-Star,
In living lustre beaming!

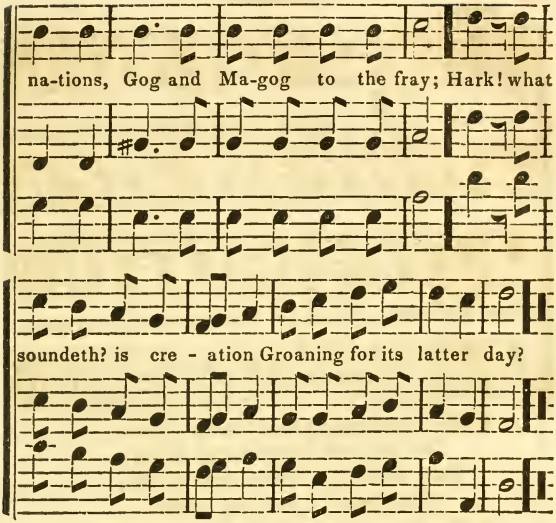
3

And see that star-like host around
Of angel bands, attending;
Hark! hark! the trumpet's glad'ning sound,
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.
He comes, the Bridegroom promised long—
Go forth with joy to meet him;
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet him.

4

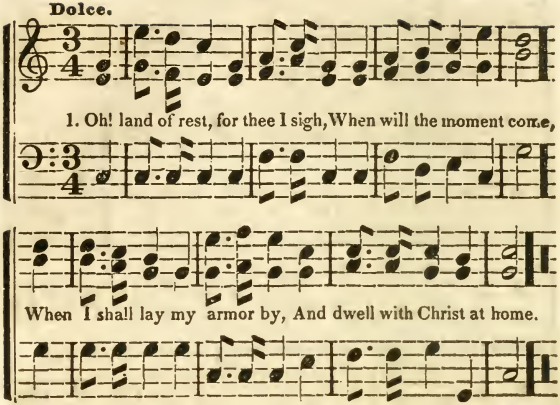
Adorn thyself, the feast prepare,
While bridal strains are swelling;
He comes, with thee all joys to share,
And make this earth his dwelling.
Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendor streaming!
It is the bright and Morning-Star,
In living lustre beaming!


Slow.
1. We are liv - ing, we are dwelling, In a
grand and aw-ful time; In an age on a - ges telling,
Lively.
To be liv - ing is sublime. Hark! the waking up of



2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages— ell for God!



2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I would at once have quit this place,
Where foes in fury roam,
But ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

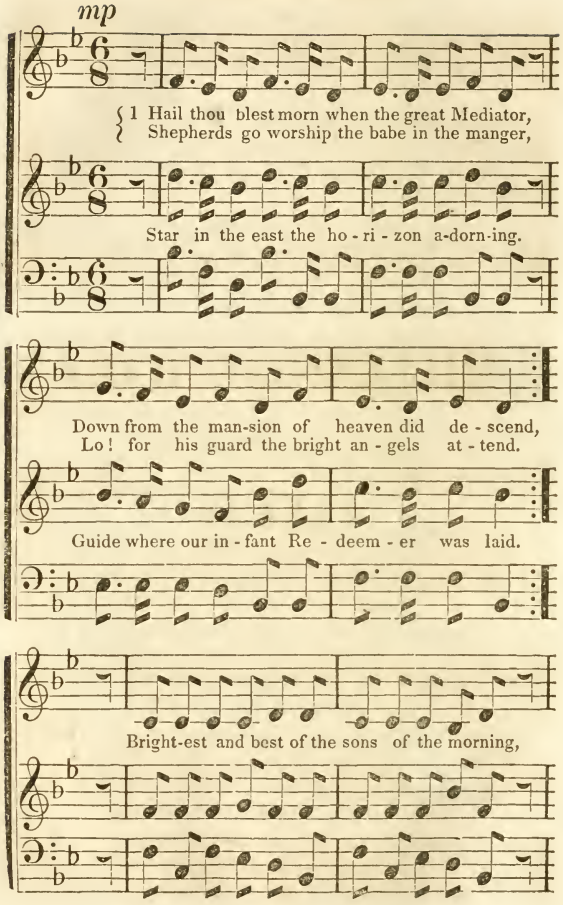
5 When by afflictions sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sigh for home.

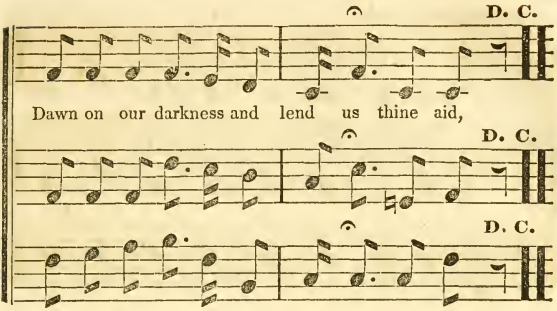
6 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom;
I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

MILLENNIAL HARP.

PART II.

Blissful Region.


mp
1 Hail thou blest morn when the great Mediator,
Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,
Star in the east the ho - ri - zon a-dorn-ing.
Down from the man-sion of heaven did de - scend,
Lo! for his guard the bright an - gels at - tend.
Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er was laid.
Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning,



2

Cold on his cradle the dew drops were shining,
Low lay his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour and all.
Say shall we yield him a costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine;
Gems from the mountain, or pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine.

3

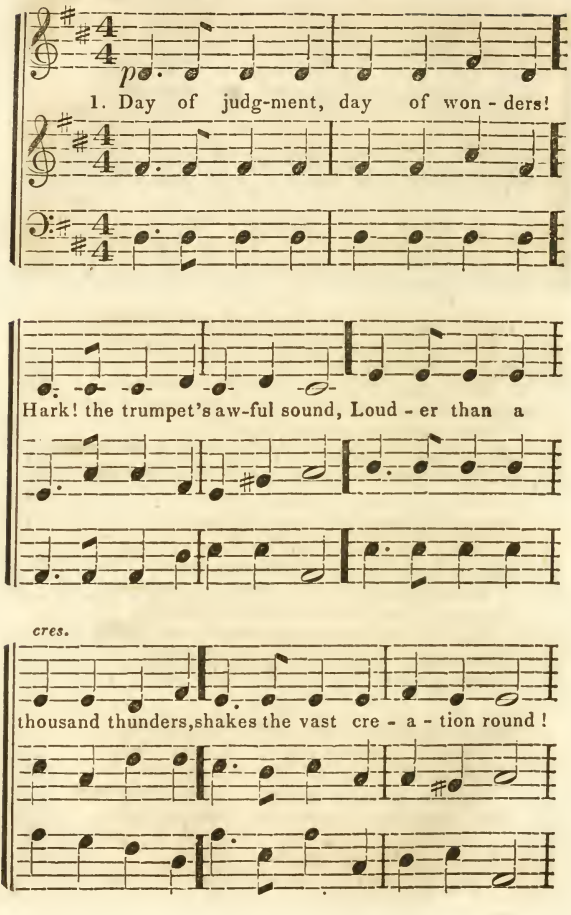
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Low at his feet, we in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation;
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

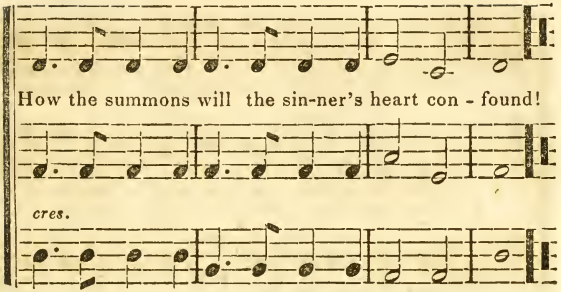
4

He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
Faithful supporter whose love cannot fail,
Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation,
Light to direct us through death's gloomy vale.
Star of the morning, thy brightness declining,
Shortly must fade when the sun doth arise,
Beaming refulgent, his glory eternal;
Shines on the children of love in the skies.

Day of Wonders.

Slow and solemn.


p
1. Day of judg-ment, day of won - ders!
Hark! the trumpet's aw-ful sound, Loud - er than a
cres.
thousand thunders, shakes the vast cre - a - tion round!



2

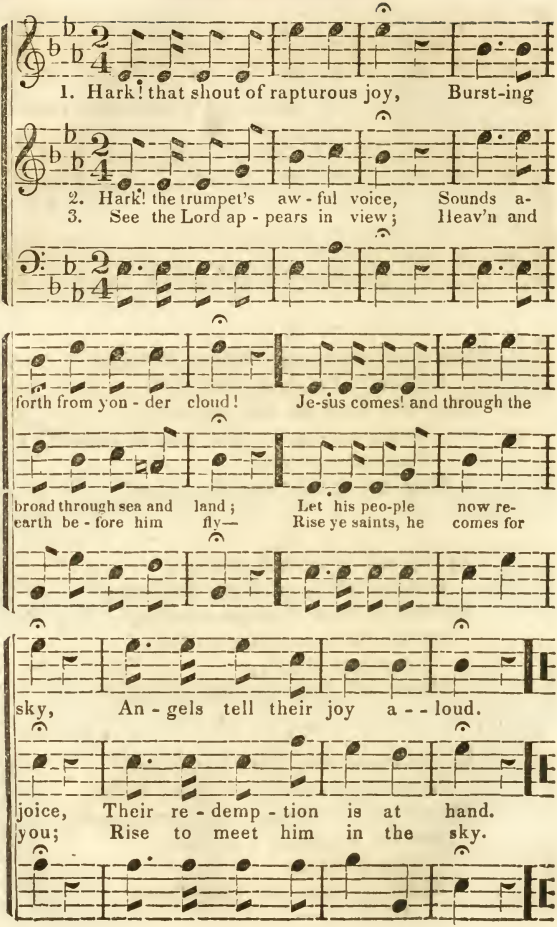
See the judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say "This God is mine!"
Gracious Savior,
Own me in that day for thine!

3

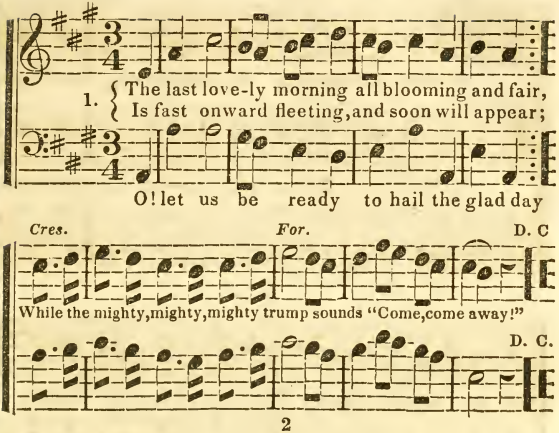
At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks prepare to flee.
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4

But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow,
You forever,
Shall my love and glory know.

Rapturous Joy.

1. Hark! that shout of rapturous joy, Burst-ing
2. Hark! the trumpet's aw - ful voice, Sounds a-
3. See the Lord ap - pears in view; Heav'n and
forth from yon - der cloud! Je-sus comes! and through the
broad through sea and land; Let his peo-ple now re-
earth be - fore him fly— Rise ye saints, he comes for
sky, An - gels tell their joy a - - loud.
joice, Their re - demp - tion is at hand.
you; Rise to meet him in the sky.

Allegretto.


1. The last love-ly morning all blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting, and soon will appear;
O! let us be ready to hail the glad day
Cres.
For.
D. C
While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds "Come, come away!"
D. C.

2

And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone;
While the mighty, &c.

3

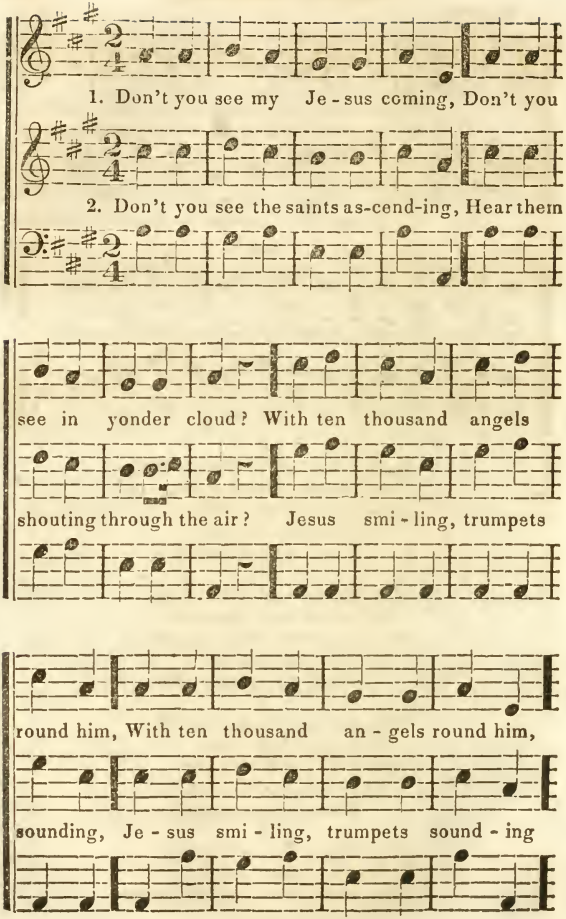
The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.
While the mighty, &c.

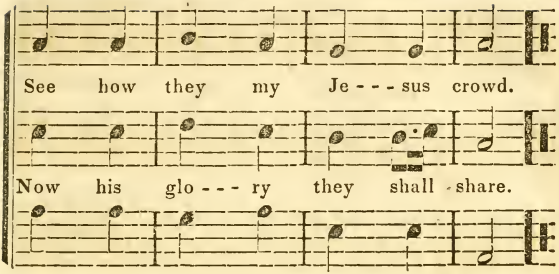
4

The graves will be open'd,
The dead will arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies.
While the mighty, &c.

5

The saints then immortal,
In glory shall reign!
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain.
While the mighty, &c.


1. Don't you see my Je - sus coming, Don't you
2. Don't you see the saints as-cend-ing, Hear them
see in yonder cloud? With ten thousand angels
shouting through the air? Jesus smi - ling, trumpets
round him, With ten thousand an - gels round him,
sounding, Je - sus smi - ling, trumpets sound - ing



3

Don't you see the heavens open,
And the saints in glory there?
Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
Glory, glory, glory here!

4

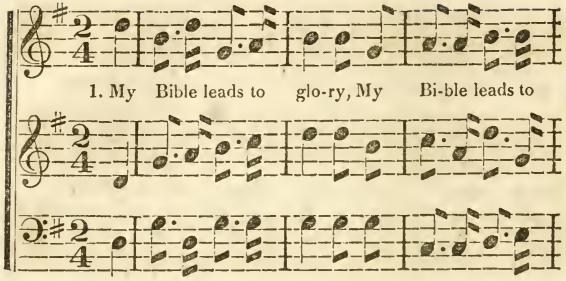
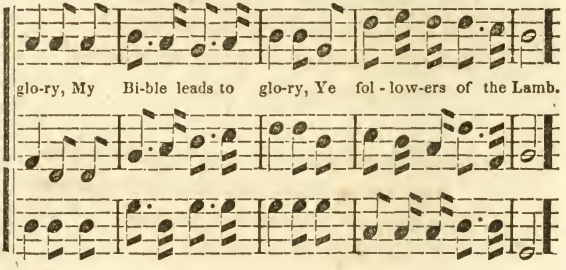
Come backsliders tho' you've pierc'd him,
And have caused his church to mourn;
You may yet regain free pardon,
If you will to him return.

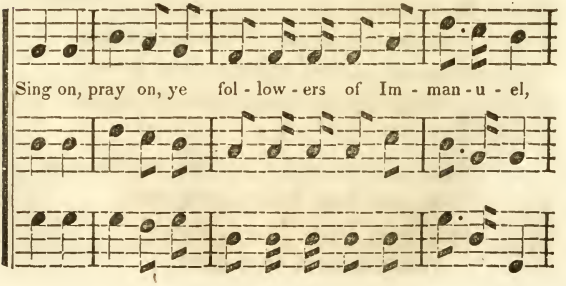
5

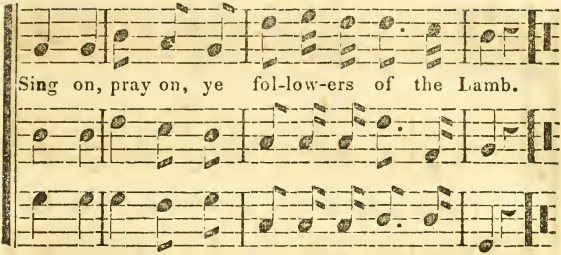
Now behold each loving spirit
Shout the praise of his dear name,
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
While his presence feeds the flame.

6

There we'll range the fields of pleasure,
By our dear Redeemer's side,
Shouting, glory, glory, glory!
While eternal ages glide.

Bible leads to glory.

Chorus.





2 Religion makes me happy,
Religion makes me happy,
Religion makes me happy,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

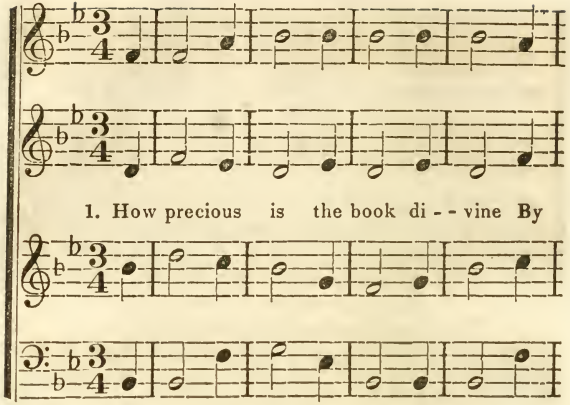
3 I'm on my way to glory,
I'm on my way to glory,
I'm on my way to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

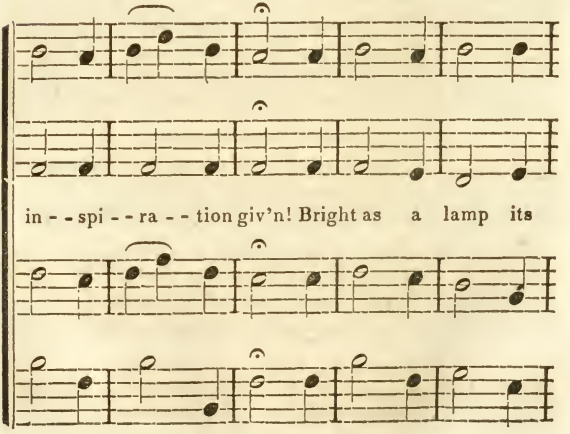
4 I'm fighting for a kingdom,
I'm fighting for a kingdom,
I'm fighting for a kingdom,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

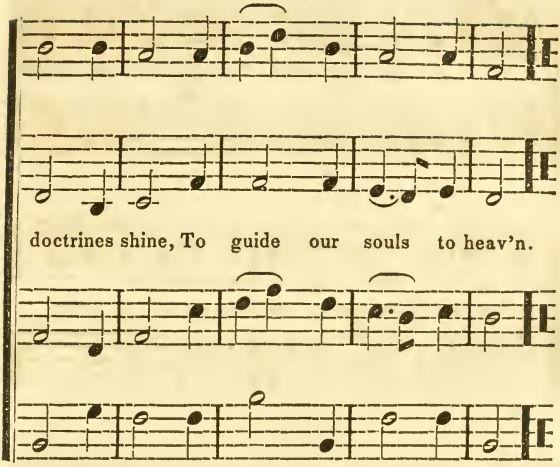
5 King Jesus is my captain,
King Jesus is my captain,
King Jesus is my captain,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

6 We'll have a shout in glory,
We'll have a shout in glory,
We'll have a shout in glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

7 There we shall live forever,
There we shall live forever,
There we shall live forever,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.


1. How precious is the book di - - vine By


in - - spi - - ra - - tion giv'n! Bright as a lamp its

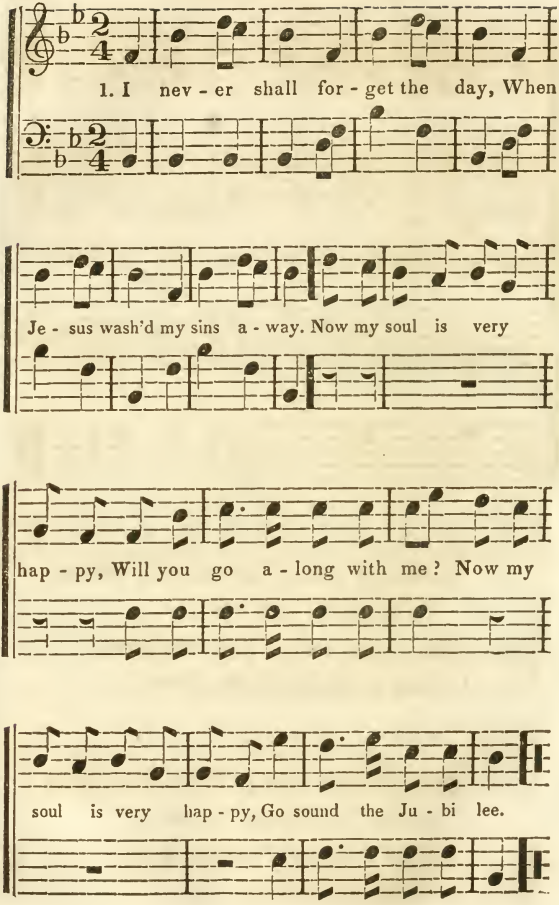


2

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3

This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.


1. I nev - er shall for - get the day, When
Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way. Now my soul is very
hap - py, Will you go a - long with me? Now my
soul is very hap - py, Go sound the Ju - bi lee.

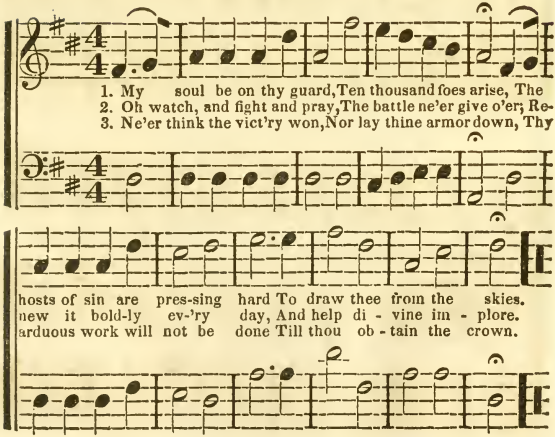
2 I am happy in this house of clay,
But what is this to perfect day?
There's a better day a coming;
Will you go along with me?

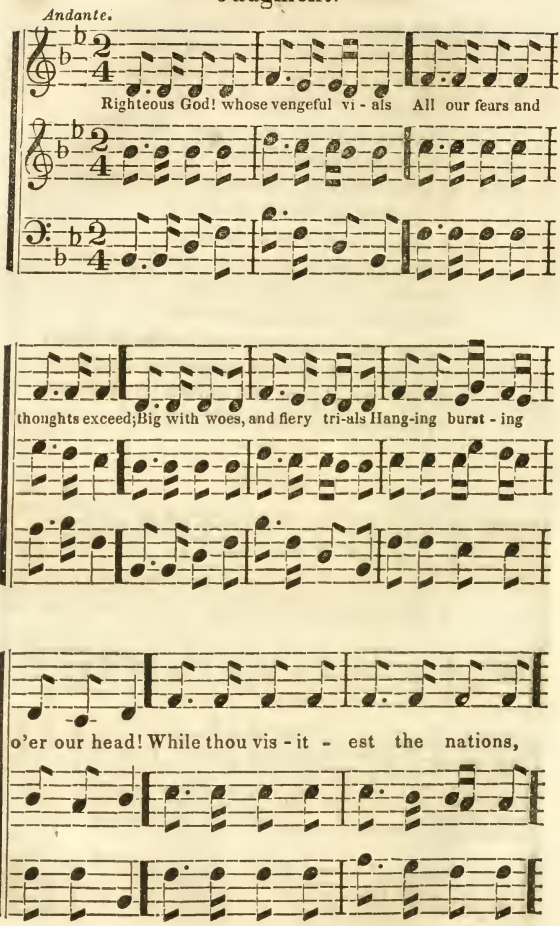
3 Though sinners persecute me here,
Through Jesus Christ I'll persevere;
Christ will ruin Satan's kingdom—
Will you go along with me?

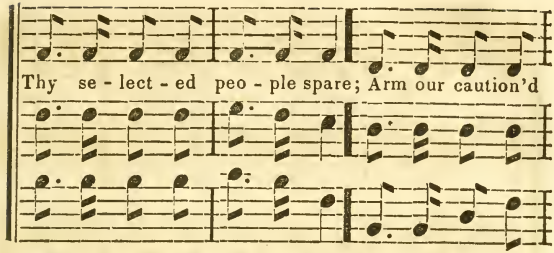
4 A little longer here below,
Then home to glory we shall go:—
I am on my way to glory—
Will you go along with me?

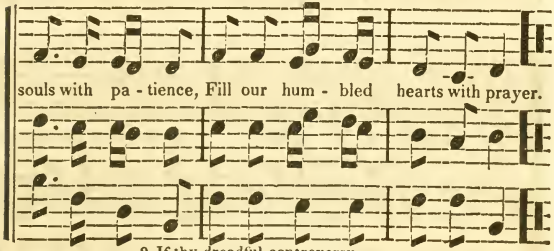
5 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there;
When we'll join the saints in glory,—
Will you go along with me?

Laban.


1. My soul be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise, The
2. Oh watch, and fight and pray, The battle ne'er give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down, Thy
hosts of sin are pres-sing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
arduous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.


Andante.
Righteous God! whose vengeful vi - als All our fears and
thoughts exceed; Big with woes, and fiery tri-als Hang-ing burst - ing
o'er our head! While thou vis - it - est the nations,

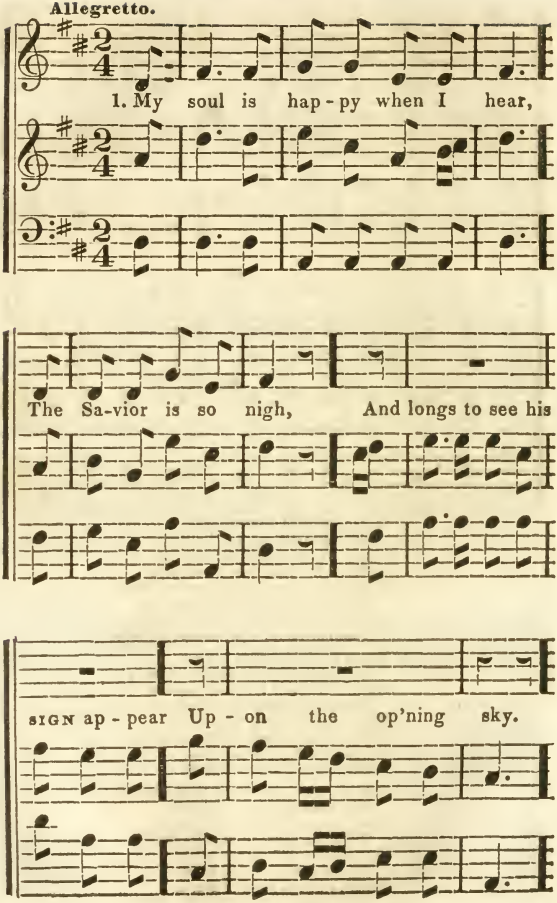
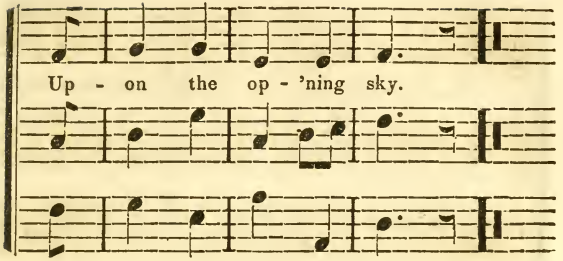




2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy;
Mercy first and last be shown.
Plead thy cause with sword and fire;
Shake us till the curse remove;
Till thou com'st the world's desire,
Conquering all with sovereign love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
More confirms the faithful word;
Nature, for its Lord hath spoken,
Must be suddenly restored.
From this national confusion,
From this ruined earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise!

4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows!
Pass the former things away;
Lord, appear! appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day!
O conclude this mortal story!
Throw this universe aside!
Come, eternal King of glory,
Now descend and take thy bride!


Allegretto.
1. My soul is hap - py when I hear,
The Sa-vior is so nigh, And longs to see his
SIGN ap - pear Up - on the op'ning sky.

2

I love to wait, and watch, and pray,
And trust his living Word,
And feel the coming of that day
No longer is deferr'd.

3

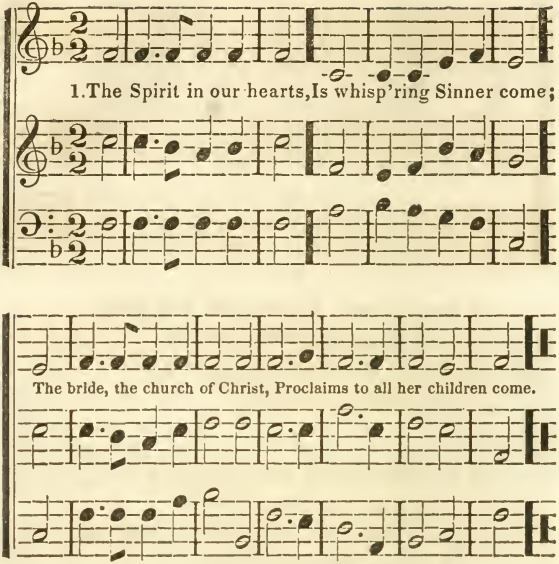
I do rejoice that life was given
In these last days to me,
That deathless I may rise to heaven,
And my Redeemer see.

4

Then, waiting brethren, let us sing,
He will not tarry long,
And fill with love the hours that bring
The glory of our song.

5

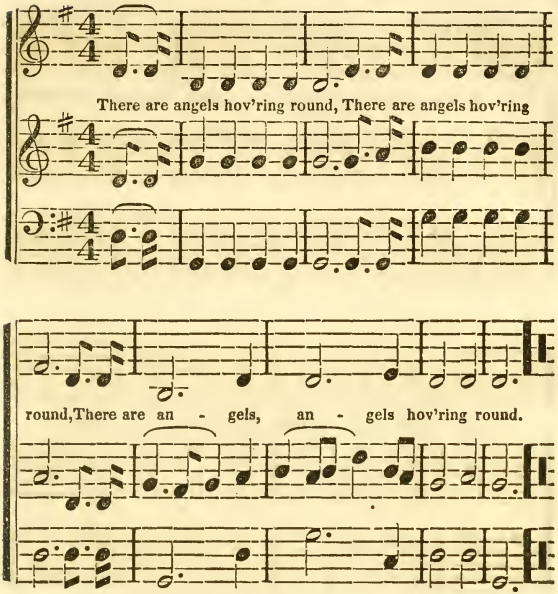
Yes, he will come, no longer fear,
Though earth and hell assail;
His Word attests the moment near,
And that can never fail.



2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ the fountain come.

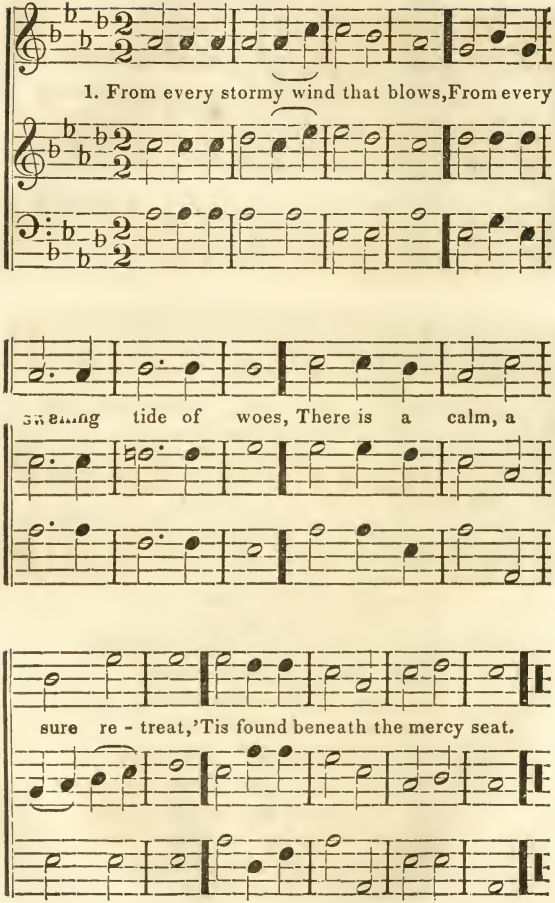
3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life,
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus who invites,
Declares "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so we wait thy hour;
O! blest Redeemer come.



To carry tidings home,
To the New Jerusalem:
Poor sinners are coming home,
And Jesus bids them come;
Let him that heareth come,
Let him that thirsteth come.

We are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord has gone;
We will meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one,
We shall reign forevermore
In the New Jerusalem.


1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every
swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a
sure re - treat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4

Ah! whither should we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat?

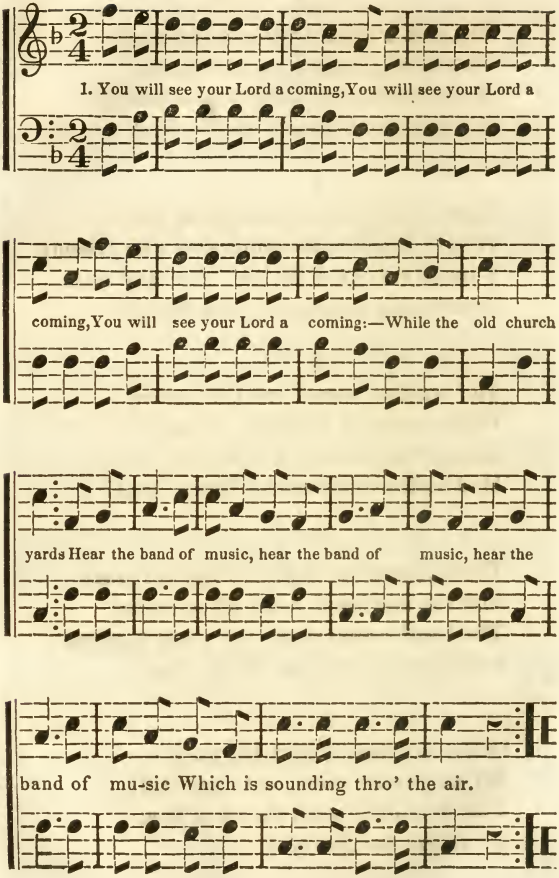
5

There, there on angel's wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
The Lord comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

6

O Let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still;
This bounding heart forget to beat
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

Old Church Yard.


1. You will see your Lord a coming, You will see your Lord a
coming, You will see your Lord a coming:—While the old church
yards Hear the band of music, hear the band of music, hear the
band of mu-sic Which is sounding thro' the air.

2 Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet, &c.
Through the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

3 He'll awake all the nations, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

4 There will be a mighty wailing, &c.
At the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

5 O Sinner, you will tremble, &c.
At the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

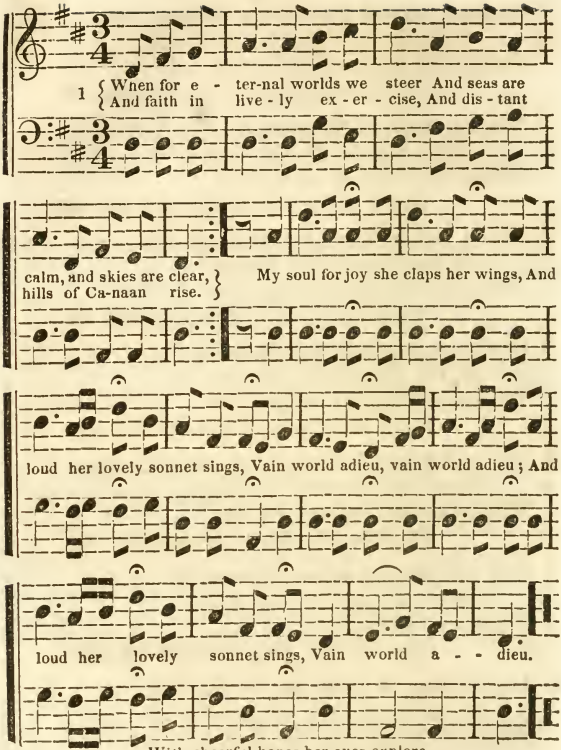
6 You will flee to rocks and mountains, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

7 You will see the saints arising, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

8 Angels bear them to the Savior, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

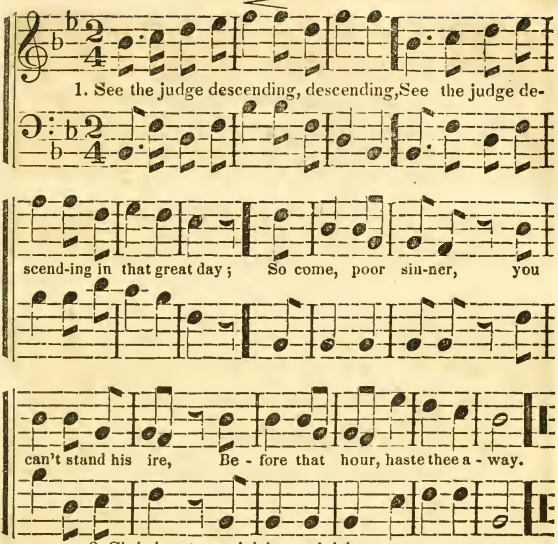
9 Then we'll shout, our sufferings over, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

Sonnet.


1 When for e - ter-nal worlds we steer And seas are
And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And dis - tant
calm, and skies are clear,
hills of Ca-naan rise.
My soul for joy she claps her wings, And
loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world adieu, vain world adieu; And
loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world a - - dieu.

With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore,
The trees of Life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings, &c.

When nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand,
With steady helm and free bent-sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail.
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
On Canaan's shore, &c.


1. See the judge descending, descending, See the judge de-
scend-ing in that great day; So come, poor sin-ner, you
can't stand his ire, Be - fore that hour, haste thee a - way.

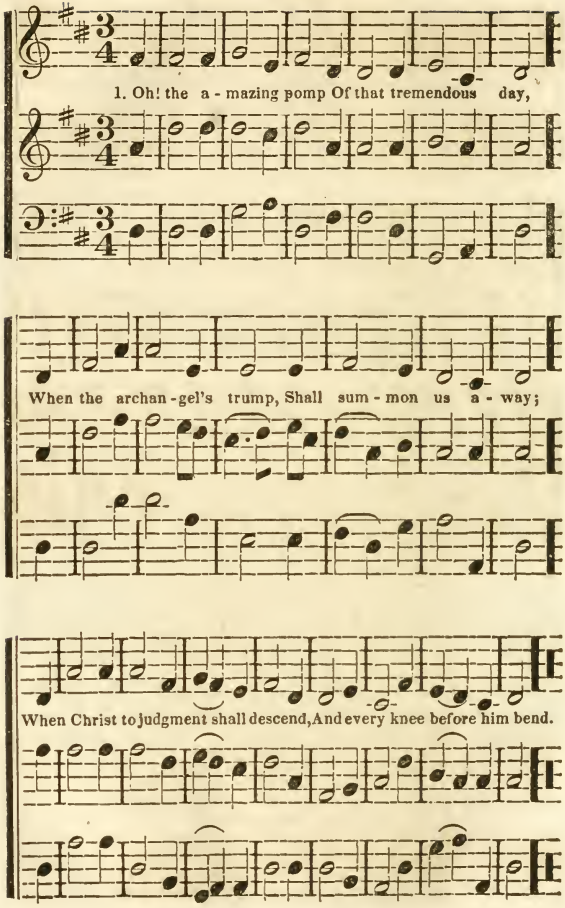
2 Christians are rejoicing, rejoicing,
Christians are rejoicing in this our day;
They know their Savior, to Eden's bower,
In this glad hour, calls them away.

3 Angels are a shouting, a shouting,
Angels are a shouting in this our day,
To hear the sinner for Christ inquire
With true desire to learn the way.

4 Converts are a praising, a praising,
Converts are a praising in this our day,
That blessed Savior, who in this hour,
From Satan's power draws them away.

5 The bride she is a calling, a calling,
The bride she is a calling in this our day;
She calls you, sinner, with all her power,
In this blest hour, O come away.

6 The Savior is a coming, a coming,
The Savior is a coming in this our day;
Oh come in glory, we'll fall before thee,
We'll all adore thee through endless day,


1. Oh! the a - mazing pomp Of that tremendous day,
When the archan - gel's trump, Shall sum - mon us a - way;
When Christ to judgment shall descend, And every knee before him bend.

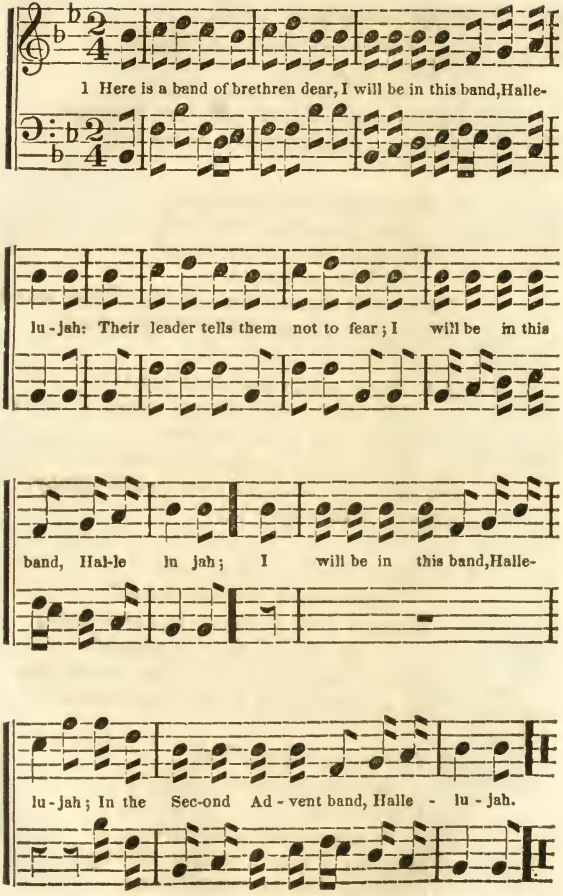
2 On a refulgent cloud,
Jesus, the Judge, appears;
The saints rejoice aloud,
The guilty sinner fears.
On the white throne he takes his seat,
And views the myriads at his feet.

3 'Midst the vast multitude,
His eye omniscient sees
The purchase of his blood
And dying agonies:
Then calls them forth and bids them stand
With glory crown'd at his right hand.

4 "Come, souls forever blest,"
He says, "my people come,
Possess the promised rest,
Enter your heavenly home;
No more shall aught your peace annoy,
Inherit everlasting joy."

5 But in what awful sounds
The wicked are addressed!
Heaven with their groans resounds,
As on his left they're placed.
"Depart ye curs'd the Judge exclaims,
"To be destroyed in burning flames!"

6 Oh! thou eternal God,
Ere this tremendous day,
Cleanse me in Jesus' blood,
Wash all my guilt away.
Then may I join the happy throng,
To praise thee in eternal song.


1 Here is a band of brethren dear, I will be in this band, Halle-
lu-jah: Their leader tells them not to fear; I will be in this
band, Hal-le lu jah; I will be in this band, Halle-
lu-jah; In the Sec-ond Ad-vent band, Halle - lu-jah.

2 As I was mourning sad one day,
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
And thinking about this good old way,
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
I will be in this band, hallelujah.

3 There was a voice which reached my soul,
I will be in this band, hallelujah;
Fear not, I make the wounded whole,
I will be in this band, hallelujah;
I will be in this band, hallelujah.

4 My dungeon shook, my chains fell off,
I will be in this band, hallelujah;
My soul unfettered went aloft;
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
I will be in this band, hallelujah.

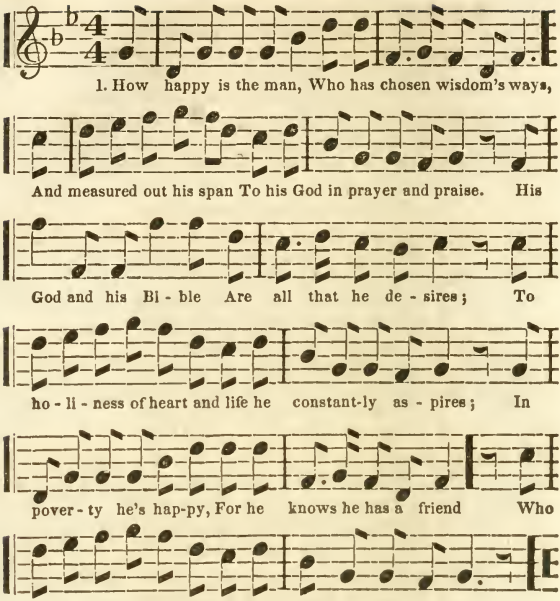
5 I little thought he was so nigh,
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
He spoke and made me smile and cry;
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
I will be in this band, hallelujah.

6 Now bless the Lord, your songs I'll swell,
I will be in this band, hallelujah;
For Jesus has done all things well;
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
I will be in this band, hallelujah;

7 O shout on, children, shout, you're free,
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
For Christ has bought your liberty!
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
I will be in this band, hallelujah.

8 O bless the Lord, we need not fear,
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
For Daniel says he'll soon appear;
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
I will be in this band, hallelujah,

9 Both prophets and apostles too,
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
Their writings show this doctrine true;
I will be in this band, hallelujah,
I will be in this band, hallelujah.

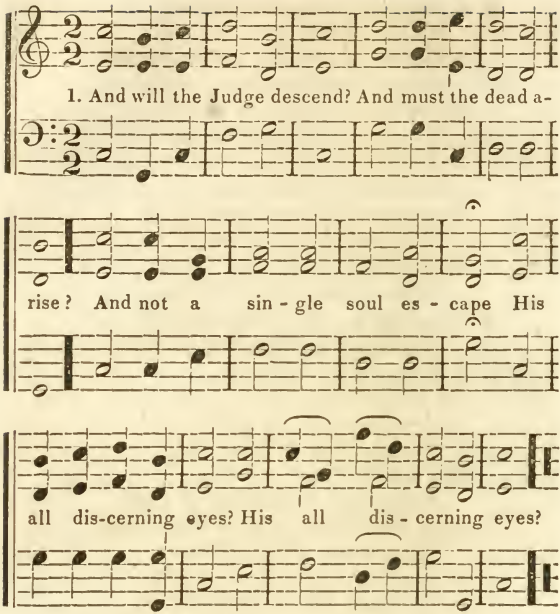

1. How happy is the man, Who has chosen wisdom's ways,
And measured out his span To his God in prayer and praise. His
God and his Bi - ble Are all that he de - sires; To
ho - li - ness of heart and life he constant-ly as - pires; In
pover - ty he's hap-py, For he knows he has a friend Who
nev-er will for-sake him, And on whom he can de - pend.

2 He rises in the morning,
With the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up a tribute
To his God in prayer and praise;
And then unto his labor
He cheerfully repairs,
In confidence believing
His God will hear his prayers.
Whatever he engages in,
At home or far abroad,
His object is to honor
And to glorify his God.

3 In sickness, pain and sorrow
He never will repine,
While he is drawing nourishment
From Christ the living vine.
When trouble presses heavily,
He leans on Jesus' breast,
And in his precious promises
He finds a quiet rest.
The yoke of Christ is easy,
The burden always light;
They never make him weary
While Canaan is in sight.

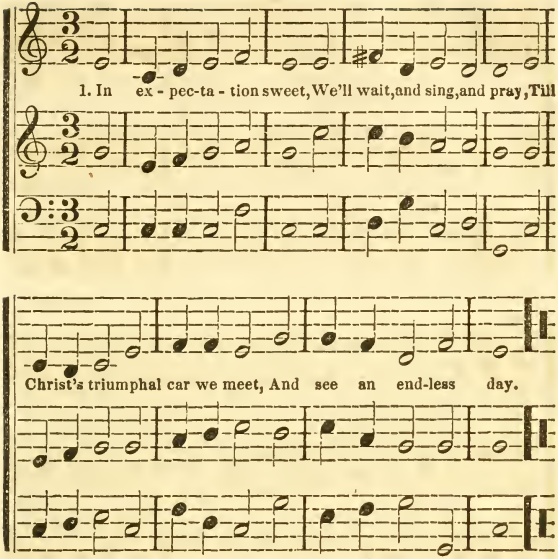
4 'Tis thus you have his history
Through life from day to day;
Religion is no mystery,
It is a beaten way;
And when upon his pillow
He lays him down to die,
His soul in hope rejoices,
For he knows his God is nigh.
And when life's lamp is flickering,
His soul on wings of love
Flies away to realms of glory,
To dwell with Christ above,

5 Then he'll be forever happy,
For he's joined the holy band,
He's received the crown of glory
And a palm is in his hand;
With saints and priests and prophets,
He'll strike the golden lyre,
And shout loud hallelujahs
With all the heavenly choir.
He's happy now eternally,
His joys are all complete,
With his angels he is bowing
Around the Savior's feet.

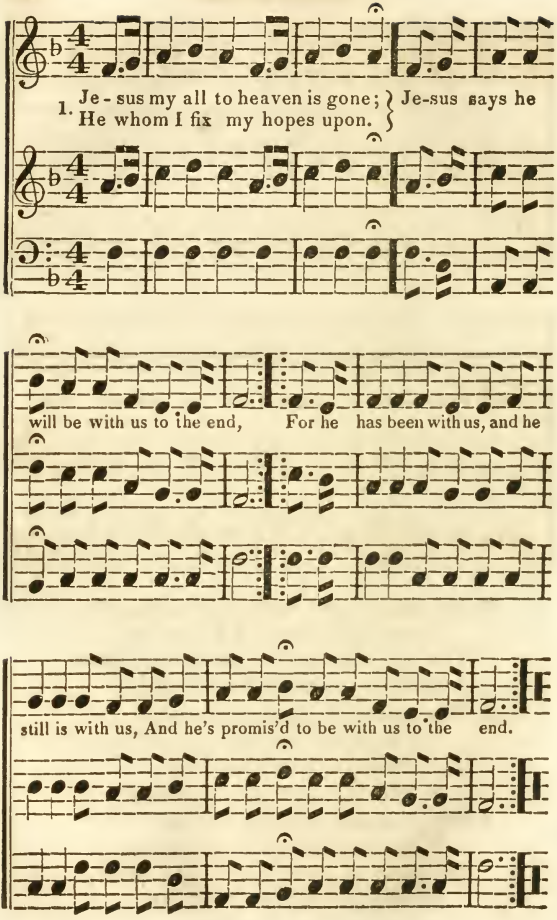

1. And will the Judge descend? And must the dead a-
rise? And not a sin - gle soul es - cape His
all dis-cerning eyes? His all dis - cerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, see his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there

2 He comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

1. Je - sus my all to heaven is gone; Je-sus says he
He whom I fix my hopes upon.
will be with us to the end, For he has been with us, and he
still is with us, And he's promis'd to be with us to the end.

2

His track I see and I'll pursue, Jesus, &c.
The narrow way till him I view. Jesus, &c.

3

The way the holy prophets went, Jesus, &c.
The road that leads from banishment. Jesus, &c.

4

The king's highway of holiness, Jesus, &c.
I'll go, for all his paths are peace. Jesus, &c.

5

This is the way I long have sought, Jesus, &c.
And mourned because I found it not. Jesus &c.

6

My grief a burden long has been, Jesus, &c.
Because I was not saved from sin. Jesus, &c.

7

The more I strove against its power, Jesus, &c.
I felt its weight and guilt the more. Jesus, &c.

8

Till late I heard my Savior say, Jesus, &c.
'Come hither soul, I am the way.' Jesus, &c.

9

Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Jesus, &c.
Shall take me to thee, whose I am. Jesus, &c.

10

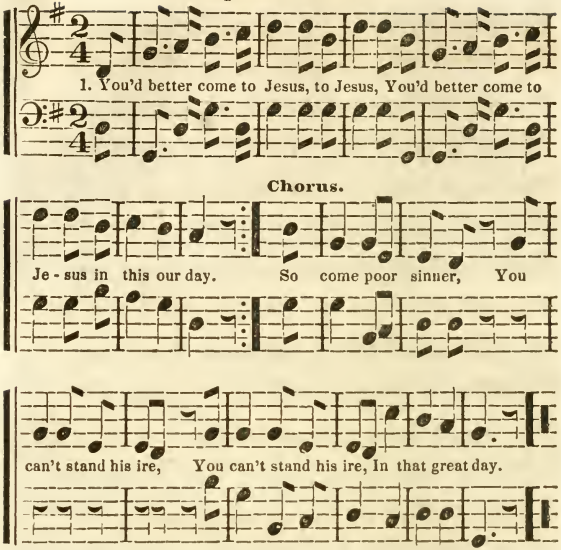
Nothing but sin have I to give, Jesus, &c.
Nothing but love shall I receive. Jesus, &c.

11

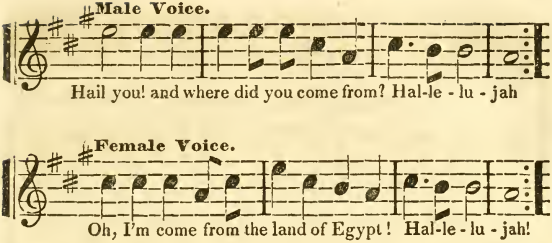
Then will I tell to sinners round, Jesus, &c.
What a dear Savior I have found. Jesus, &c.

12

I'll point to thy redeeming blood, Jesus, &c.
And say, 'Behold the way of God.' Jesus, &c.

Expostulation.

1. You'd better come to Jesus, to Jesus, You'd better come to
Chorus.
Je - sus in this our day. So come poor sinner, You
can't stand his ire, You can't stand his ire, In that great day.

2 You need a hope of mercy, in this our day
3 You'd better be a praying, in this our day.
4 You'd better get religion in this our day.
5 Come try a bleeding Savior, in this our day.
6 He offers you salvation, in this our day.
7 Come, give your hearts to Jesus, in this our day.
8 You'll see the Judge descending, in that great day.
9 You'll hear the trumpet sounding, in that great day.
10 You'll see the dead arising, in that great day.
11 You'll hear the thunders roaring, in that great day.
12 You'll see the world a burning, in that great day.
13 You'll hear the sinners crying in that great day.
14 You'll hear the saints a shouting, in that great day.
15 The saints will shine in glory, in that great day.



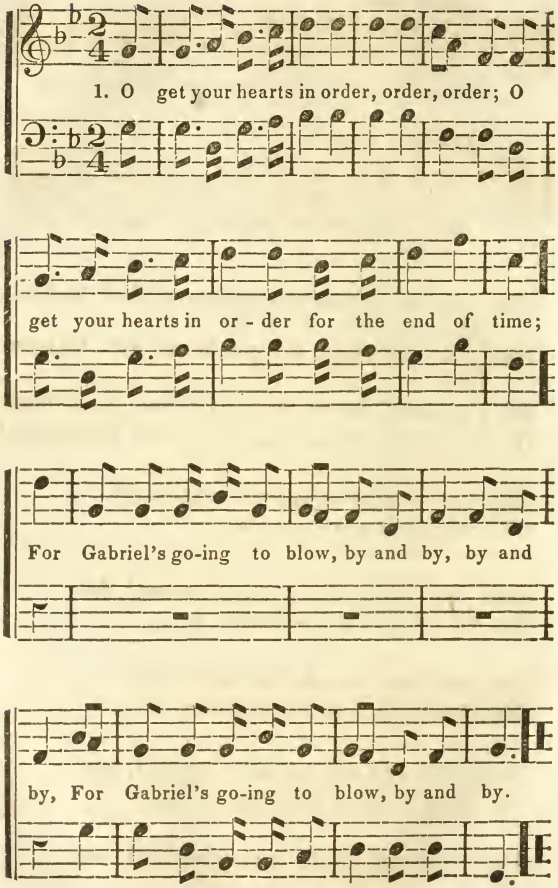
Hail you! and where are you bound for? Hallelujah!
Hail you! and where are you bound for? Hallelujah!
Oh, I'm bound for the land of Canaan, Hallelujah!
Oh, I'm bound for the land of Canaan, Hallelujah!

Hail you! and what is your cargo?, &c.
Oh, religion is my cargo, &c.

Hail you! and what is your compass?, &c.
Oh, the Bible is my compass, &c.

Hail you! and who is your pilot?, &c.
Oh! God's Spirit is my pilot, &c.

Hail you! and who is your Captain?, &c.
Oh, King Jesus is my Captain, &c.

Hail you! and where is your harbor?, &c.
Oh, God's kingdom is my harbor, &c.

1. O get your hearts in order, order, order; O
get your hearts in or - der for the end of time;
For Gabriel's go-ing to blow, by and by, by and
by, For Gabriel's go-ing to blow, by and by.

2 He'll encompass land and ocean, ocean, ocean,
Encompass land and ocean at the end of time.

3 You will see the graves a bursting, &c.
You will see the graves a bursting, at the end of time.

4 You will see this world on fire, &c.
You will see this world on fire, at the end of time.

5 There will be an awful shaking, &c.
There will be an awful shaking, at the end of time.

6 How will you stand it sinner, &c.
How will you stand it sinner, at the end of time?

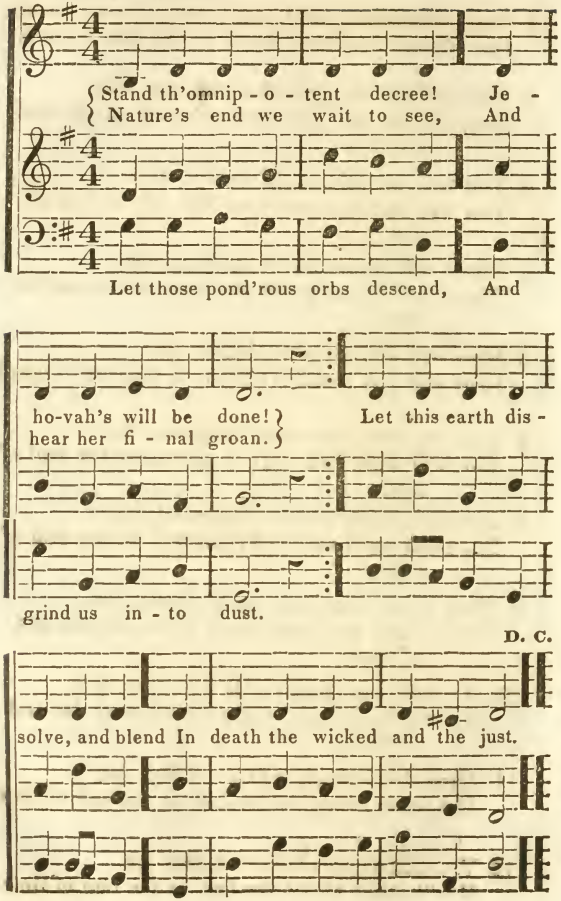
7 You will wish you were forgiven, &c.
You will wish you were forgiven, at the end of time.

8 But saints will not be frightened, &c.
But saints will not be frightened, at the end of time.

9 They'll rise and meet their Jesus, &c.
They'll rise and meet their Jesus, at the end of time.

10 He will lead them to his kingdom, &c.
He will lead them to his kingdom at the end of time.

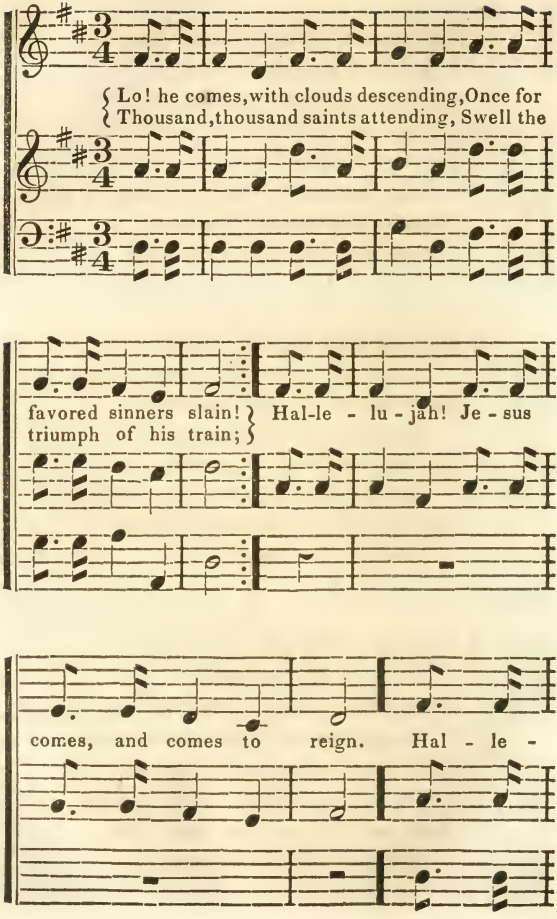
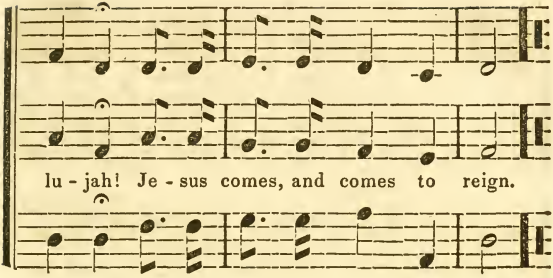
11 Then the warfare will be ended, &c.
The warfare will be ended, at the end of time.

12 We will shout above the fire, &c.
We'll shout above the fire, at the end of time.

Slow and solemn.
Stand th'omnip - o - tent decree! Je -
Nature's end we wait to see, And
Let those pond'rous orbs descend, And
ho-vah's will be done!
hear her fi - nal groan.
Let this earth dis -
grind us in - to dust.
D. C.
solve, and blend In death the wicked and the just.

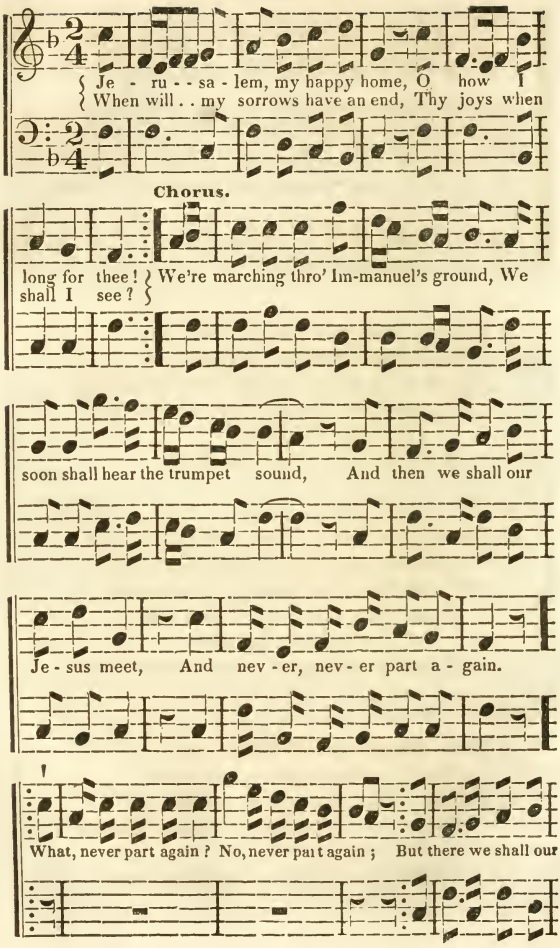
2 Rests secure the righteous man,
At his Redeemer's beck
Sure t'emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

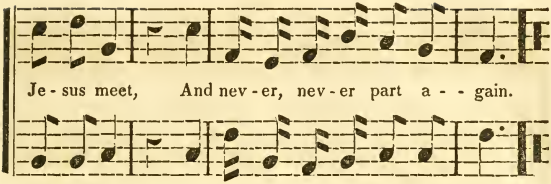
3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees this universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around th' eternal throne.

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague or sword.
List'ning for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.


Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Once for
Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the
favored sinners slain! Hal-le - lu - jah! Je - sus
triumph of his train;
comes, and comes to reign. Hal - le -

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!"

4 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Savior, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known,
O come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

Je - ru - - sa - lem, my happy home, O how I
When will . . my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when
Chorus.
long for thee! We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, We
shall I see?
soon shall hear the trumpet sound, And then we shall our
Je - sus meet, And nev - er, nev - er part a - gain.
What, never part again? No, never part again; But there we shall our



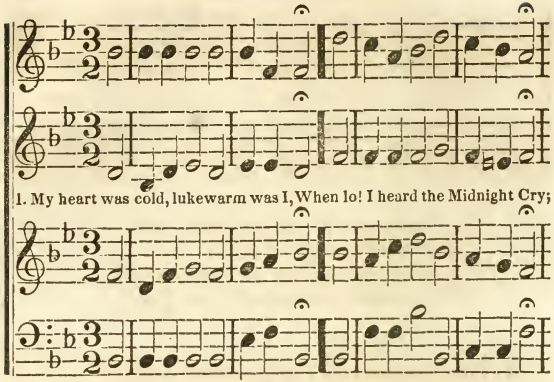
2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

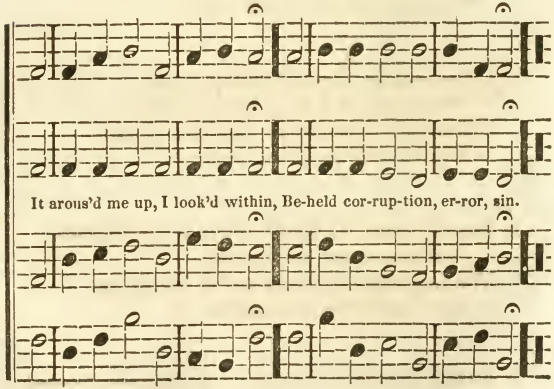
3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence.
What folly's this that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.


1. My heart was cold, lukewarm was I, When lo! I heard the Midnight Cry;


It arous'd me up, I look'd within, Be-held cor-rup-tion, er-ror, sin.

1

My heart was cold—lukewarm was I,
When lo! I heard the Midnight Cry;
It arous'd me up—I looked within,
Beheld corruption, error, sin.

2

My soul was sad, mine eyes did weep,
I had no rest, I could not sleep.
And is it true the Master's nigh?
Have mercy, Lord, was all my cry.

3

I sought the Lord with all my might,
He heard my prayer and gave me light,
Filled me with joy—I love to hear
The solemn cry, the Bridegroom's near.

4

I love to tell to all around
What peace and comfort I have found.
I love to echo still the cry,
Behold the Heavenly Bridegroom's nigh

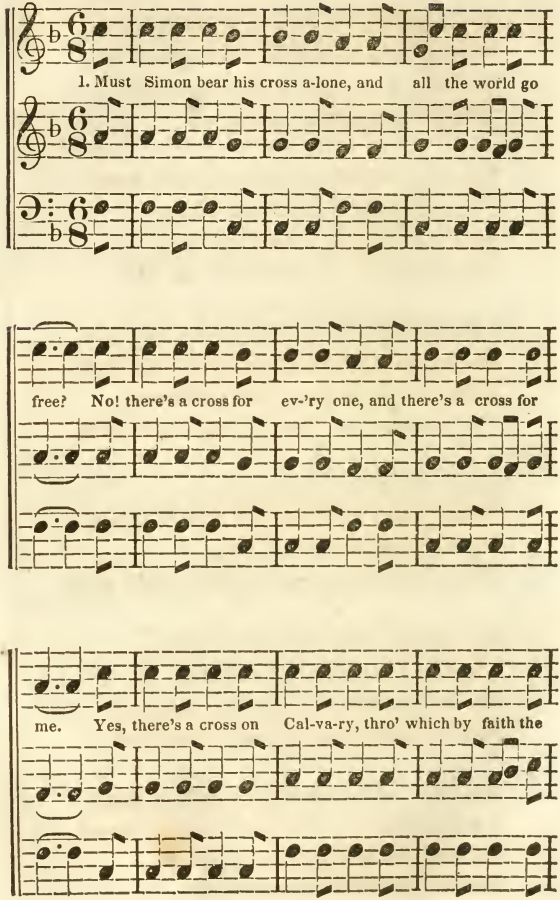
5

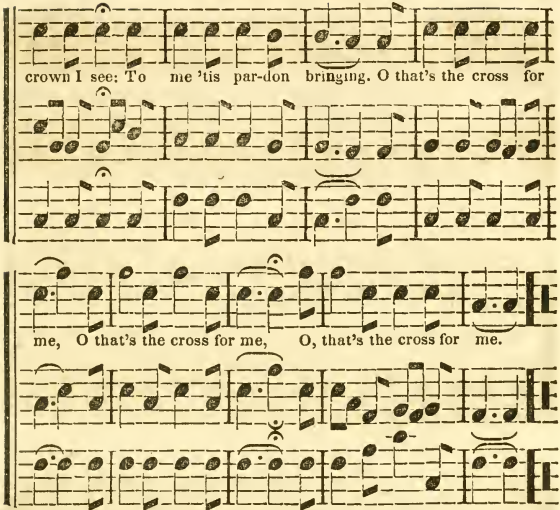
My soul is fill'd with love divine,
I feel I'm his, that he is mine;
My Savior and my gracious Lord,
And he will come, so says his word.

6

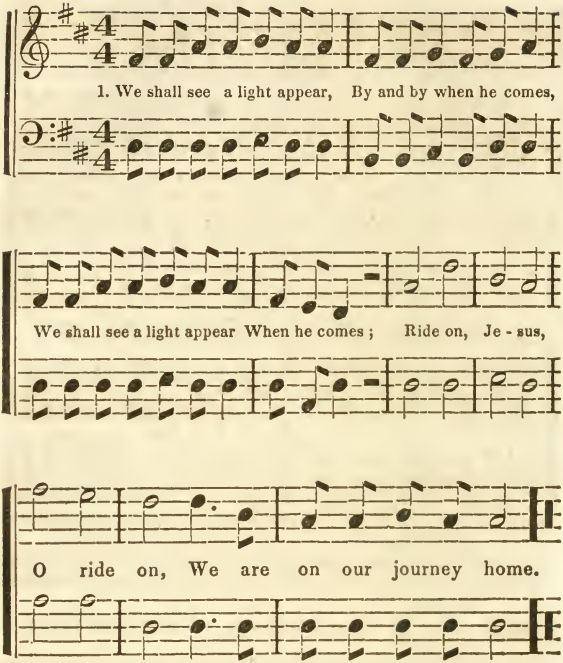
Yes, He will come, He's nigh at hand,
I soon shall join the blood-washed band,
To sing his praise, his glory see,
And reign with Him eternally.

The Cross and Crown.

Andantino.

1. Must Simon bear his cross a-lone, and all the world go
free? No! there's a cross for ev-'ry one, and there's a cross for
me. Yes, there's a cross on Cal-va-ry, thro' which by faith the



2 How happy are the saints above, who once went mourning here;
But now they taste unmingled love, and joy without a tear.
Yes, perfect love will dry the tear, and cast out all tormenting fear,
Which round my heart is clinging. O that's the love for me, &c.
3 We'll bear the consecrated cross, till from the cross we're free;
And then go home to wear the crown, for there's a crown for me.
Yes there's a crown in heav'n above, the purchase of my Savior's love,
For me at his appearing. O that's the crown for me, &c.
4 The church has heard the midnight cry, the Lord will soon appear.
Ye virgins, rise with burning lamps, go meet him in the air
Yes there's a home in heaven prepared, a house no wicked man has shar'd
Where Christ is interceding. O that's the home for me, &c


1. We shall see a light appear, By and by when he comes,
We shall see a light appear When he comes ; Ride on, Je - sus,
O ride on, We are on our journey home.

2

We shall see him as he is
By and by when he comes ;
We shall see him as he is
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

3

We shall have a mighty shout
By and by when he comes:
We shall have a mighty shout
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

4

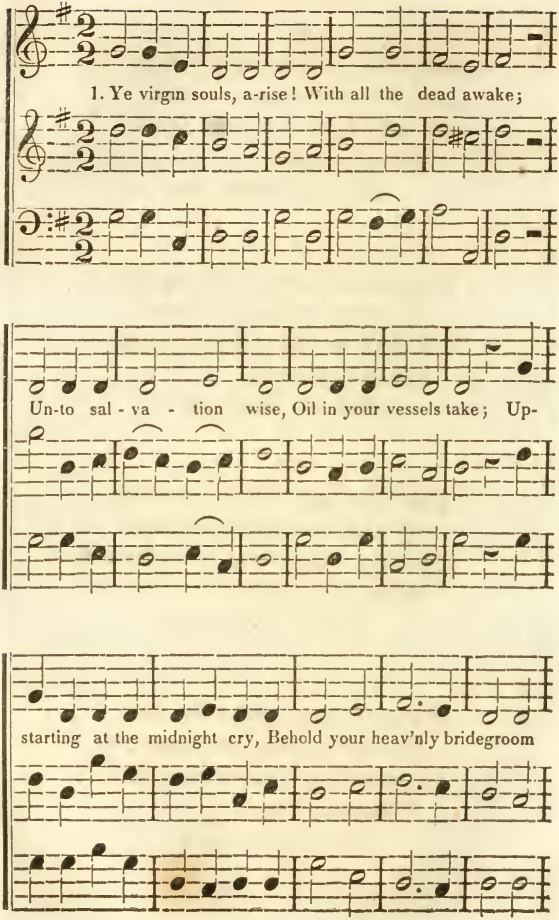
We shall all with Christ appear
By and by when he comes;
We shall all with Christ appear
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

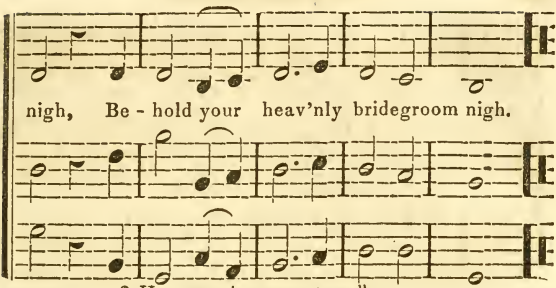
5

Then the earth will be cleans'd
By and by when he comes;
Then the earth will all be cleans'd
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

6

We shall shout above the fire
By and by when he comes;
We shall shout above the fire
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.


1. Ye virgin souls, a-rise! With all the dead awake;
Un-to sal - va - tion wise, Oil in your vessels take; Up-
starting at the midnight cry, Behold your heav'nly bridegroom



2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are;
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

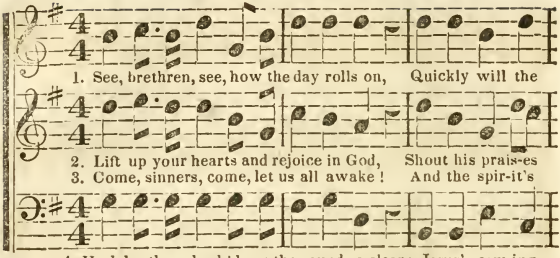
3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

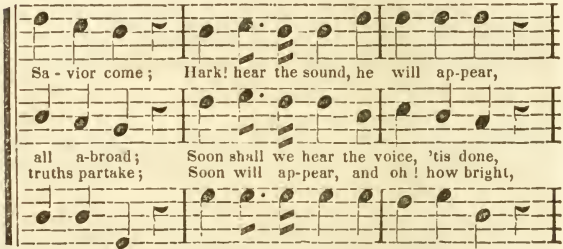
4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his spirit lived,
And thirsted for his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Called to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast;

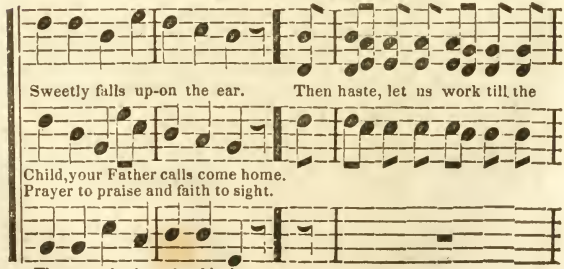
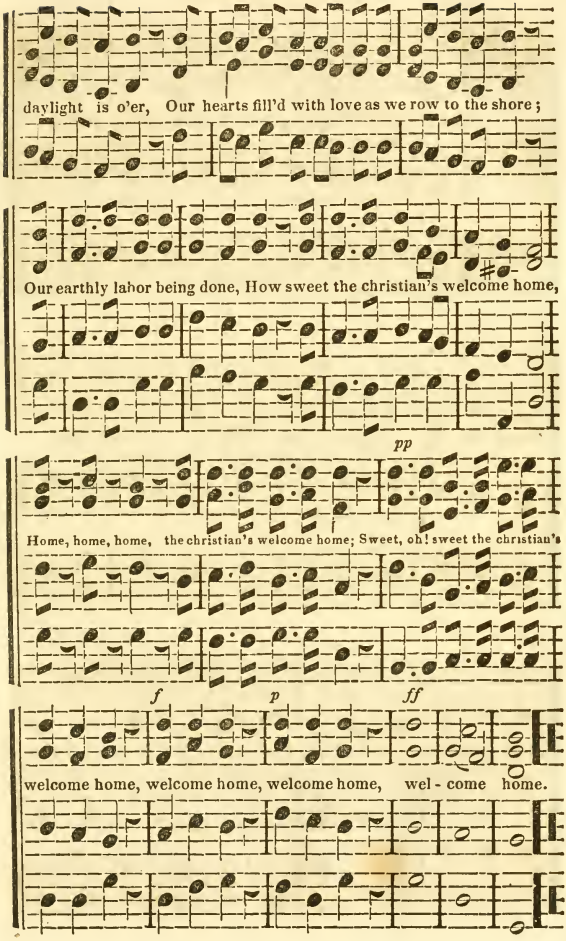
6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above with angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

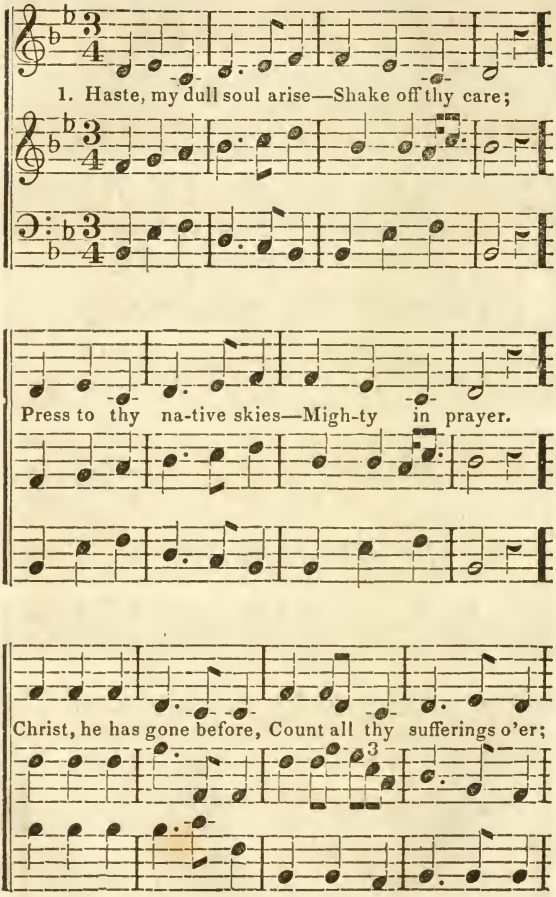
7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found,
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

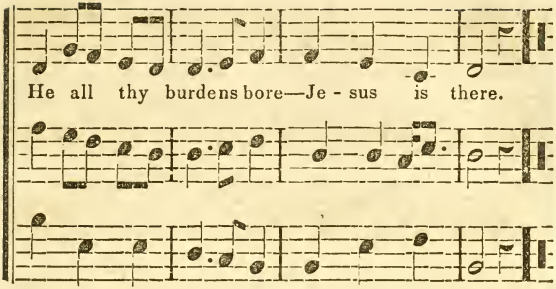
Welcome Home.

1. See, brethren, see, how the day rolls on, Quickly will the
2. Lift up your hearts and rejoice in God, Shout his prais-es
3. Come, sinners, come, let us all awake! And the spir-it's
4. Hark, brethren, hark! hear the sound so clear; Jesus' com-ing
5. Hail, brethren, hail! its the new-born year; Gabriel's trump we


Sa - vior come; Hark! hear the sound, he will ap-pear,
all a-broad; Soon shall we hear the voice, 'tis done,
truths partake; Soon will ap-pear, and oh! how bright,
draweth near; Soon will com-mence as all may see,
soon shall hear, Then will the saints and an-gels sing,

Chorus.

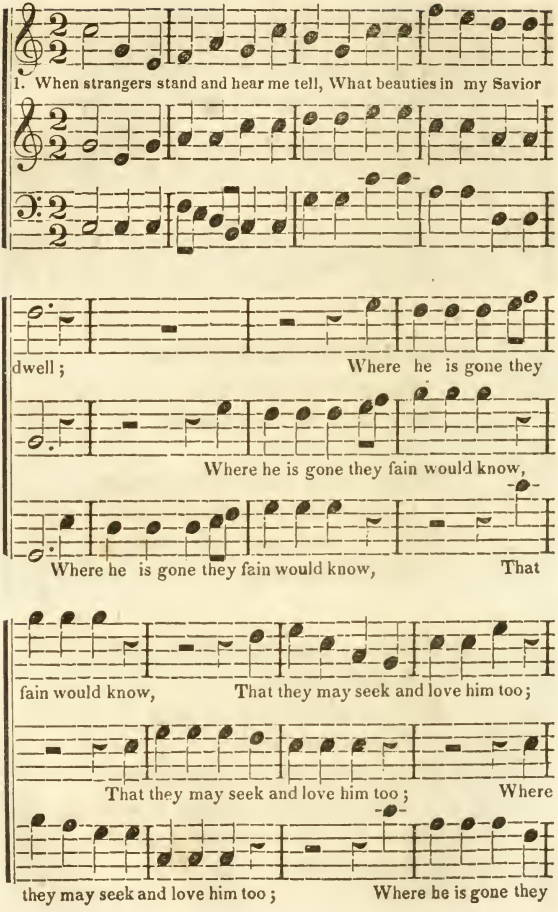

Sweetly falls up-on the ear. Then haste, let us work till the
Child, your Father calls come home.
Prayer to praise and faith to sight.
The ever glo-rious ju - bi - lee.
Glo - ry be to Heaven's King.

daylight is o'er, Our hearts fill'd with love as we row to the shore;
Our earthly labor being done, How sweet the christian's welcome home,
pp
Home, home, home, the christian's welcome home; Sweet, oh! sweet the christian's
f
p
ff
welcome home, welcome home, welcome home, wel - come home.

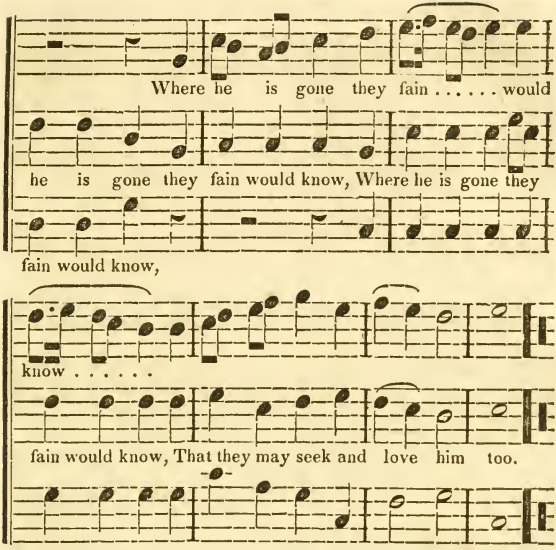

1. Haste, my dull soul arise—Shake off thy care;
Press to thy na-tive skies—Migh-ty in prayer.
Christ, he has gone before, Count all thy sufferings o'er;



2 Souls for the marriage feast,
Robed and prepared;—
Holy must be such guests:
Jesus is there!
Saints, wear your victory palms,
Chant your celestial psalms:
Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,
Oh! let me wear.

3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure—
Jesus is there!
Heaven's bliss is ever sure—
Thou art its heir.
What makes its joys complete—
What makes its hymns so sweet;
There we our friends will greet—
Jesus is there.


1. When strangers stand and hear me tell, What beauties in my Savior
dwell ; Where he is gone they
Where he is gone they fain would know,
Where he is gone they fain would know, That
fain would know, That they may seek and love him too ;
That they may seek and love him too ; Where
they may seek and love him too ; Where he is gone they


Where he is gone they fain . . . . . would
he is gone they fain would know, Where he is gone they
fain would know,
know . . . . . .
fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

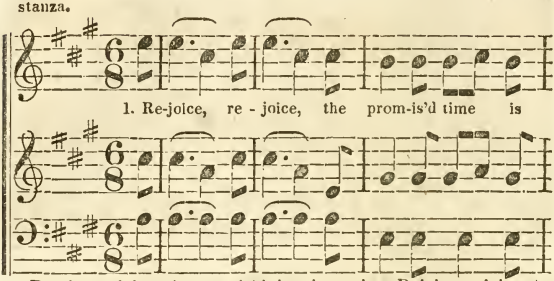
2 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till I shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love.

3 In paradise within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old, laid up in store,
There we shall feed—but want no more.

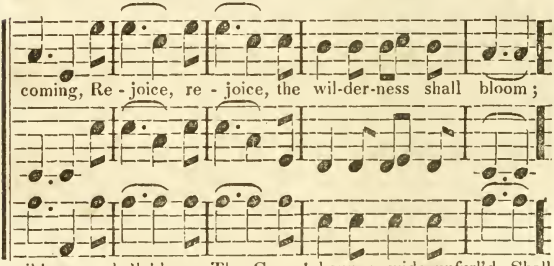
4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

5 Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.

Music for the first, second, fifth, sixth, eleventh and twelfth lines in each stanza.

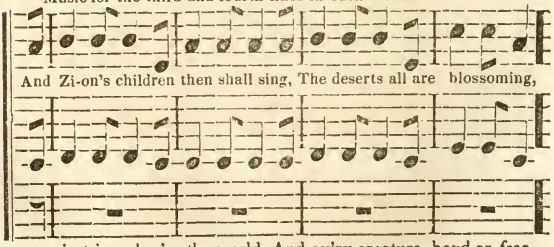


Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, the Shall hail the glorious jubilee. Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time



wilderness shall bloom, The Gospel banner, wide unfurl'd, Shall is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

Music for the third and fourth lines in each stanza.



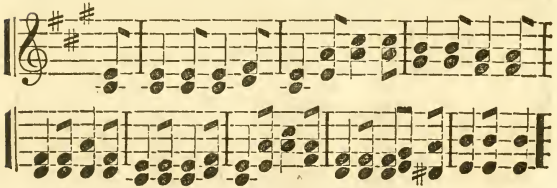
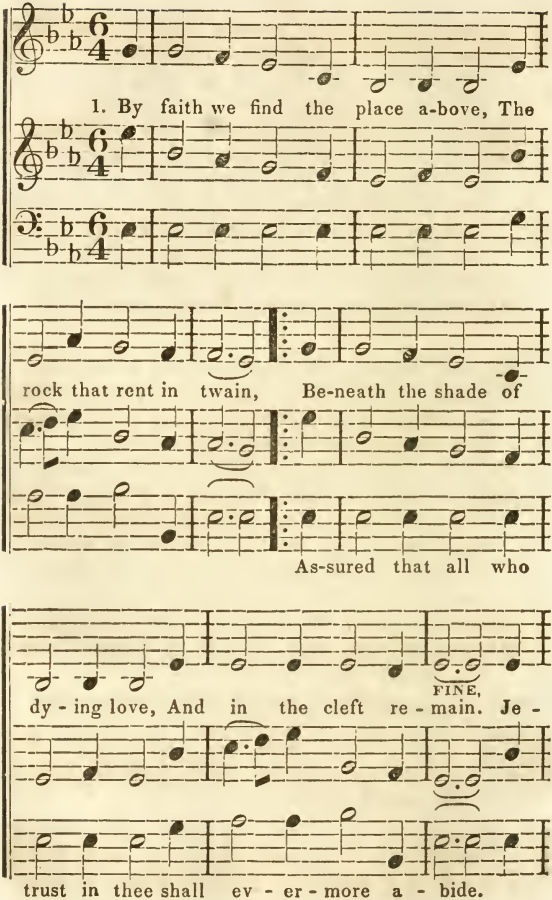
wave in triumph o'er the world, And ev'ry creature, bond or free,

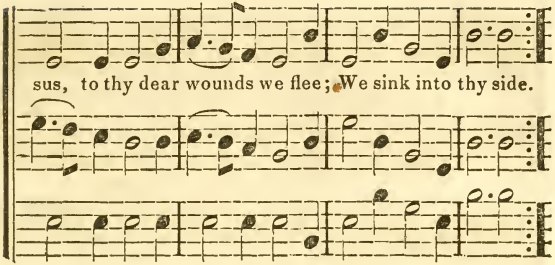
2

Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear, from south to north.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
And truth shall sit on ev'ry hill,
And blessings flow in ev'ry rill,
And praise shall ev'ry heart employ,
And ev'ry voice shall shout for joy.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

3

Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the "PRINCE OF PEACE" shall reign;
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the "PRINCE OF PEACE" shall reign;
The sword and spear of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plough the earth,
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the "PRINCE OF PEACE" shall reign.

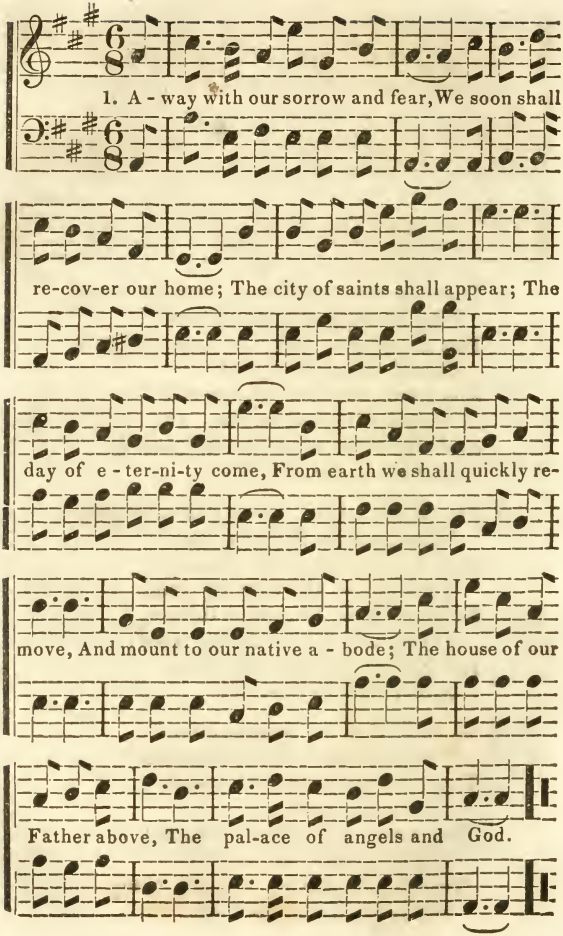
Music for the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth lines in each stanza.


1. By faith we find the place a-bove, The
rock that rent in twain, Be-neath the shade of
As-sured that all who
FINE,
dy - ing love, And in the cleft re - main. Je -
trust in thee shall ev - er - more a - bide.



2 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,
The latest lightnings glare;
The mountains melt, the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air;
The huge celestial bodies roll
Amidst the general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!

3 Yet still the Lord, the Savior, reigns,
When nature is destroyed,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.
Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks th' Almighty word;
His fiat is obeyed; 'tis done,
And paradise restored.

4 So be it! let this system end,
This ruinous earth and skies!
The New Jerusalem descend,
The new creation rise!
Thy power omnipotent assume!
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me!

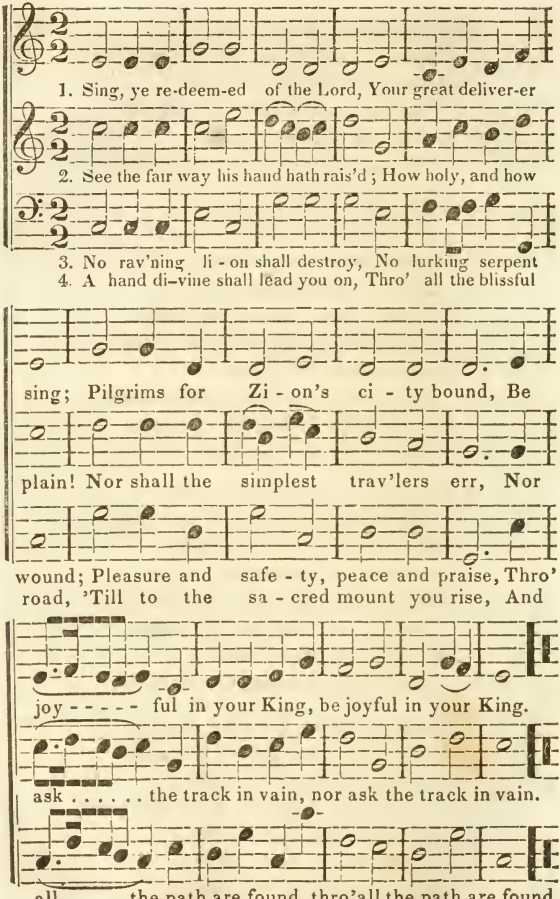

1. A - way with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall
re-cov-er our home; The city of saints shall appear; The
day of e - ter-ni-ty come, From earth we shall quickly re-
move, And mount to our native a - bode; The house of our
Father above, The pal-ace of angels and God.

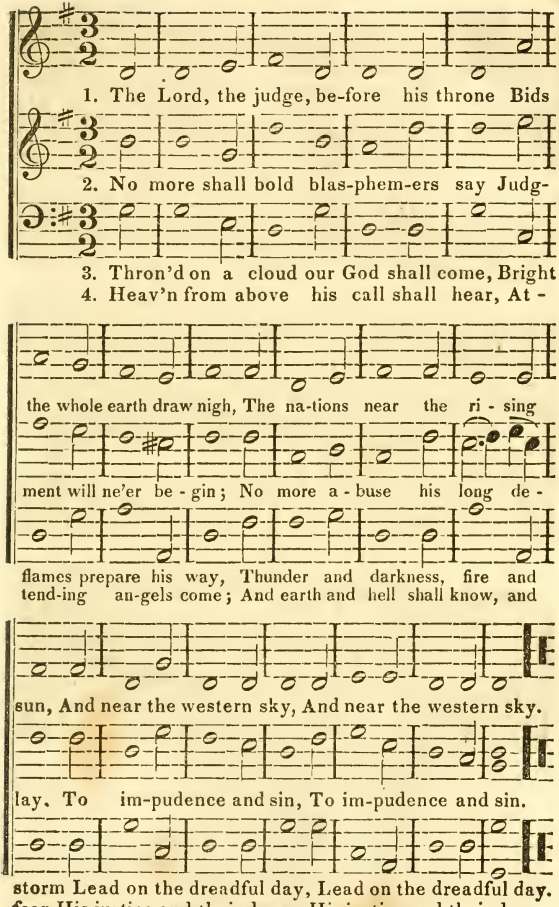
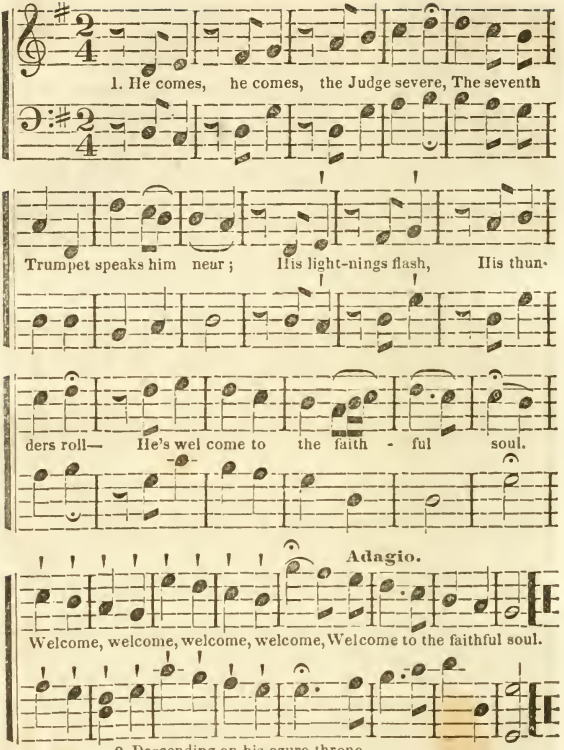
2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there;

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live,
They reign in the smile of their Lord!
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.


1. Sing, ye re-deem-ed of the Lord, Your great deliver-er
2. See the fair way his hand hath rais'd; How holy, and how
3. No rav'ning li - on shall destroy, No lurking serpent
4. A hand di-vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the blissful
sing; Pilgrims for Zi - on's ci - ty bound, Be
plain! Nor shall the simplest trav'lers err, Nor
wound; Pleasure and safe - ty, peace and praise, Thro'
road, 'Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, And
joy - - - - - ful in your King, be joyful in your King.
ask . . . . . the track in vain, nor ask the track in vain.
all . . . . the path are found, thro'all the path are found.
see . . . . . your smiling God, and see your smiling God.

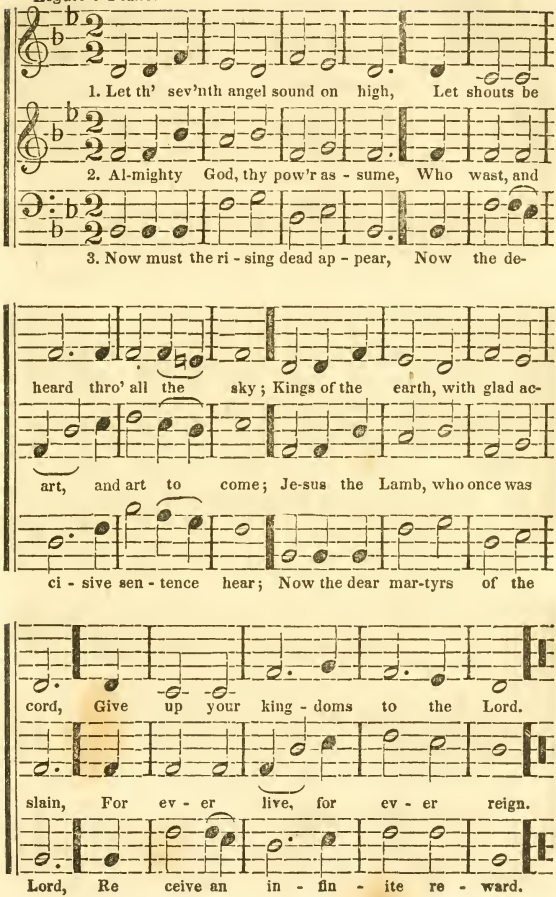

1. The Lord, the judge, be-fore his throne Bids
2. No more shall bold blas-phem-ers say Judg-
3. Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come, Bright
4. Heav'n from above his call shall hear, At -
the whole earth draw nigh, The na-tions near the ri - sing
ment will ne'er be - gin; No more a - buse his long de -
flames prepare his way, Thunder and darkness, fire and
tend-ing an-gels come; And earth and hell shall know, and
sun, And near the western sky, And near the western sky.
lay. To im-pudence and sin, To im-pudence and sin.
storm Lead on the dreadful day, Lead on the dreadful day.
fear His justice and their doom, His justice and their doom.

1. He comes, he comes, the Judge severe, The seventh
Trumpet speaks him neur; His light-nings flash, His thun-
ders roll— He's wel come to the faith - ful soul.
Adagio.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Welcome to the faithful soul.

2 Descending on his azure throne
He claims the kingdoms as his own.
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him as their triumphant Lord.—Welcome, &c.

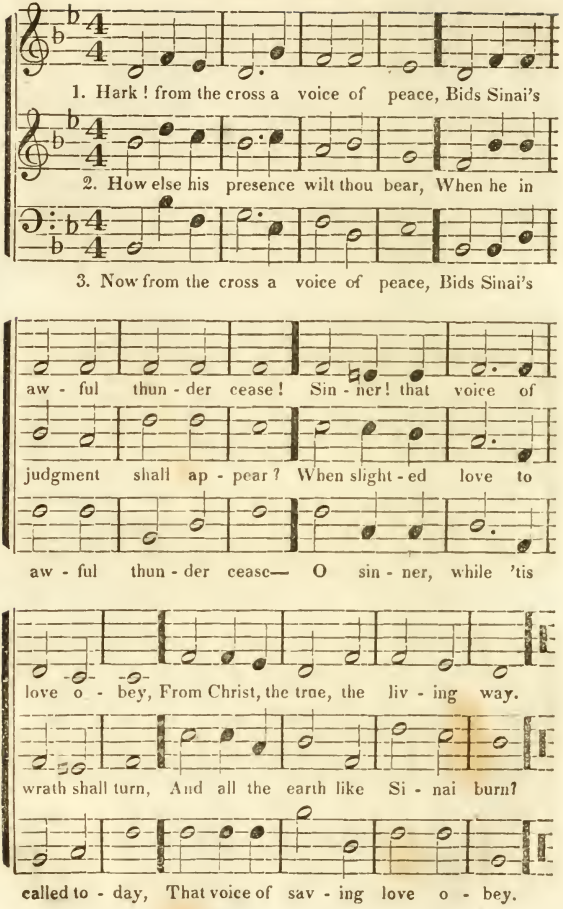
3 Shout, all ye angels of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever and forever reigns!—Welcome, &c.

4 The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore:
Salvation's glorious work is done;
We welcome thee, great Three in One!—Welcome, &c

Legato e Piano.


1. Let th' sev'nth angel sound on high, Let shouts be
2. Al-mighty God, thy pow'r as - sume, Who wast, and
3. Now must the ri - sing dead ap - pear, Now the de-
heard thro' all the sky; Kings of the earth, with glad ac-
art, and art to come; Je-sus the Lamb, who once was
ci - sive sen - tence hear; Now the dear mar-tyrs of the
cord, Give up your king - doms to the Lord.
slain, For ev - er live, for ev - er reign.
Lord, Re ceive an in - fin - ite re - ward.

Keene. L. M.


1. Hark! from the cross a voice of peace, Bids Sinai's
2. How else his presence wilt thou bear, When he in
3. Now from the cross a voice of peace, Bids Sinai's
aw - ful thun - der cease! Sin - ner! that voice of
judgment shall ap - pear? When slight - ed love to
aw - ful thun - der cease— O sin - ner, while 'tis
love o - bey, From Christ, the true, the liv - ing way.
wrath shall turn, And all the earth like Si - nai burn?
called to - day, That voice of sav - ing love o - bey.

MILLENNIAL HARP.

PART III.

THE FIRST ADVENT.

HYMN 1. P. M.

1 O how charming, O how charming
Is the radiant band
Of music, music, music, music;
O how charming is the radiant band
Of music playing through the air,
Angelic armies tune their harps,
Angelic armies tune their harps,
And raptured cherubs play their parts,
Angelic armies tune their harps,
Shout, shout,
The great Redeemer is come to earth.

2 Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending,
Brings the joyful news;
O joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,

Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's birth,
The great Messiah is come to earth;
Good will to men I now proclaim,
Good will to men I now proclaim,
The Saviour's born in Bethlehem;
Good will to men I now proclaim,
Shout, shout,
The great Messiah is born to-day.

3 See his star arising, see his star arising,
In the eastern sky;
Now rising, rising, rising, rising,
See his star arising in the eastern sky,
The day-spring opening from on high;
The types and shadows flee away,
The types and shadows flee away,
And now begins the gospel day,
The types and shadows flee away,
Shout, shout,
The great Redeemer is born to-day.

4 Shepherds adore him, wise men have found him,
Glory be to God;
O glory, glory, glory, glory,
Wise men have found him, by the rising star,

And come to worship from afar,
Their golden gifts they now present,
Their golden gifts they now present,
And spices of the sweetest scent!
Their golden gifts they now present,
Shout, shout,
The King of glory is born to-day.

5 Jews and Gentiles, join in concert,
To praise your infant King,
O praise him, praise him, praise him,
praise him,
Jew and Gentile praise your infant
King,
And loud hosannas sweetly sing,
With Gabriel and the shining host,
With Gabriel and the shining host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
With Gabriel and the shining host,
Shout, shout,
The great Messiah is come to earth.

HYMN. L. M.

1 The Saviour comes, his advent's nigh;
He soon will rend the azure sky,

Descending swift to earth again,
When God shall dwell indeed with men.

2 O happy day, when wars shall cease,
And ransomed earth be filled with peace;
When sin and death no more shall reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again!

3 Saints, lift your heads, that day is near,
When your Redeemer shall appear,
To take the kingdom and the crown,
And make his ransomed bride his own.

4 Shall not his people sing for joy?
Shall not the church their songs employ?
Sing, ye who will, sing while ye may,
And shout for joy th' approaching day.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

HYMN 2. C. M.

1 Another weary day is past,
I 'm waiting still for thee;
O, keep me, Savior, till the last,
And set my spirit free.
I long to know thee as thou art,
And reign with thee in life;
O, let this longing, fainting heart
Now end the mortal strife.

2 With thine immortal image seal
This feeble creature thine;
And all thy glory then reveal,
And let me in it shine.
I would be where thou art: O come!
No longer now delay;
But take thy weeping children home,
From sin and grief away.

3 Jesus, our hope, our life, our heaven,
The lingering times have flown;
To thee the Kingdom now is given;
Return, and claim thine own.
And, as we wait, along the skies
Unearthly glory steals,
And our glad spirits seem to rise,
To haste thy chariot wheels.

4 Although they seem to linger, still
Thy retinue on high
Is marshalled, and awaits the will
That bids their myriads fly.
Then we will wait, nor deem too long
The closing hours of grace,
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,
Till we shall see thy face.

HYMN 3. 8 & 7.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'T is his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

4 Savior, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 4. C. M.

1 Arise and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold, thy light is come,
Thy glorious conquering King is near,
To take his exiles home;
The trumpet's sounding through the sky
To set poor sinners free;
The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of jubilee.

2 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear;
All tongues, all languages, shall come,
Their final doom to hear.
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round;
While Gabriel, with his silver trump
Echoes the dreadful sound.

3 The glorious news of gospel grace
With sinners now is o'er;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more·
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,

On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 5. 6 lines 8s.

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of wo,
And restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move
Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

SECOND PART.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find;
Our labor this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven,
That palace of our glorious King;
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed,
The church of the first-born to join;
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Savior in the skies.

HYMN 6. S lines 8s.

1 I LONG to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:

I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O, when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God?

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,—
For Jesus has spoken the word,—
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord.
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove;
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give,
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN 7. P. M.

1 Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian!

Lo! we lift our longing eyes:
Break, ye intervening skies!
Sons of righteousness, arise!
Ope the gates of paradise!

CHORUS.

O, how good it is to be blest,
And dwell where loving Jesus is!

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angels' trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme.

CHORUS.

O, how good it is to be blest,
And dwell where loving Jesus is!

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing his great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne;
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One!

CHORUS.

O, how good it is to be blest,
And dwell where loving Jesus is!

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we to the holy lays—
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraphs' song;
Sweetest note on mortals' tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung:
Jesus! Jesus! flow along.

CHORUS.

O, how good it is to be blest,
And dwell where loving Jesus is!

HYMN 8. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
Zion shall yet arise,
In all the beauty of the Lord,
Beneath thy own fair skies,
When thou shalt come bowed down and low,
Repentant and in tears,
With offerings of broken hearts,
And faith of holy seers.

2 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Messiah, he is King;
Lift up thy voice from every hill,
Let every valley sing;
Lengthen thy cords, strengthen thy stakes,
Break out on every hand,
Thou blessed of the Lord of hosts,
And glory of the land!

HYMN 9. P. M.

1 I CALL the world's Redeemer mine;
He lives who died for me, I know;
Who bought my soul with blood divine,
Jesus, shall reäppear below,
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
And fix on earth his heavenly throne.

2 Then the last judgment day shall come;
And though the worms this skin devour,
The Judge shall call me from the tomb,
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
And raise this individual me,
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

3 In this identic body I,
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,

Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,
See for myself, my smiling Lord,
See with ineffable delight:
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume;
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come;
On Christ, my life, in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.

HYMN. C. M.

1 Come, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,
Fitted by heavenly art,
As channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

2 The living bread, sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are filled below
With all the life of God.

4 Determined nothing else to know
But Jesus crucified,
I will not from my Jesus go,
Or leave his wounded side.

HYMN 10. 8s.

1 A city appears to our view,
Where pilgrims will ever reside;
If faithful they prove, and are true,
Will dwell with the Lamb as his bride
From heaven this city descends,
Above the ethereal blue;
The saints will inhabit it, when
To earth they have all bade adieu.

2 No sun shall illumine that land,
Nor stars in its galaxy shine;
But order and harmony grand
Will be in each portion sublime.
No darkness shall ever prevail,
But light inexpressible reign;
No demon our rights shall assail,
To mar in that heavenly plain.

3 The walls of this city are high,
Her light's like a jasper most clear.

When she falls from the azure blue
sky,
She will dwell with the holy who
fear.
Its streets are pellucid, fine gold;
No temple, but God and the Lamb,
Our eyes shall there ever behold,
For they are the light of that land.

HYMN 11. 5 & 6.

1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er.

2 A city I 've found
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I 'm determined
On this happy ground.

3 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Savior,
And bless the glad day.

KINGDOM OF GOD.

HYMN 12. L. M.

1 Thy kingdom come! thus, day by day,
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
The meaning of the words he said?

2 Thy kingdom come! O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;
When hatred, strife and battles cease
And man with man shall be at peace.

3 Then bears and wolves, no longer wild,
Obey the leading of a child;
The lions with the oxen eat,
And dust shall be the serpent's meat

4 Then all shall know and serve the Lord,
And walk according to his word;
His glory spread around shall be,
As waters cover o'er the sea.

5 God's holy will shall then be done
By all who live beneath the sun;
And every evil will remove,
For God will reign, and "God is love.'

HYMN 13. L. M.

1 Great God, whose universal sway
All heaven reveres, all worlds obey,
Now make the Savior's glory known,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
Angels submit to his commands;
His justice shall protect the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His righteous government shall last,
Till days, and years, and time be past.

HYMN 14. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayers be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every daily sacrifice.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

4 Where he displays his healing power
The sting of death is known no more
In him the sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

HYMN 15. 7 & 6.

1 Hail to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;

Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;

His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love.

HYMN 16. 10s.

1 The Savior comes, by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
'T is he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.

2 No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
No fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more.

3 The lambs with wolves shall graze
the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger
lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall
meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pil-
grim's feet.

4 Rise, crowned with light, imperial
Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy
eyes!
See barbarous nations at thy gates
attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple
bend.

5 The seas shall waste, the skies in
smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains
melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power
remains,
Thy realm forever lasts—Messiah
reigns.

HYMN 17. 7 & 6.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

HYMN 18. S. M.

1 Rejoice! the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Ye ransomed saints, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!

2 The mighty Savior reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he himself had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The sovereign keys of death and hell
Into his hands are given.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,

And humbly bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his waiting servants up
To their eternal home.

HYMN 19. 7 & 6.

1 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransomed dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our Redeemer 's gone.

2 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
The Savior's face behold!
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold!
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing!
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King.

HYMN 20. P. M.

1 Now let us sing the coming fate
Of mystic Babylon the Great,—
Her doom is drawing near;
Jesus now comes on earth to reign,
His cause and people to maintain,
For them he 'll soon appear.

2 Before him flows a fiery stream,
The heavens above with lightnings gleam,
A thousand thunders roar;
A heavenly host with him descends,
His voice to all the earth extends,
His saints now grieve no more.

3 Eclipsed by glory so divine,
Sun, moon, and stars refuse to shine,
The heavens a burning scroll;
The day is broke that has no night;
Earth, struck with horror at the sight,
Now quakes from pole to pole.

4 Angels of light, at his command,
Ten thousand times ten thousand, stand,
Waiting his voice to hear;
The fiery cherubs spread their wings,
The air with loud hosannas rings,
While all his saints draw near.

5 The day of recompense has come,
His people all are gathering home,
With joy they hear his voice;
The promised curse, the threatened woes,
Combined, now fall upon his foes,
The martyrs all rejoice.

6 She, who the twelve apostles grieved,
And by her sorceries deceived
All nations of the world,
Now looks with anguish at their bliss,
Then sinks into the vast abyss,
To endless ruin hurled.

7 The living saints, and all the dead,
Now gather round their glorious Head,
And reign with him below,
A thousand years of perfect peace,
Of love, and joy, and righteousness,
Exempt from every wo.

8 Then let us keep the end in view,
And ever on our way pursue;
The crown is yet before;
A few short days, the conflict 's done,
The battle 's fought, the prize is won,
And we shall toil no more.

DESIRE OF THE BRIDE.

HYMN 21. 11s.

1 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

2 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;
The Savior invites me, I 'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,

O there may I feast with his children
at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my
home.

3 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory
I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from
his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition
of home!

4 The days of my exile are passing
away,
The time is approaching when Jesus
will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down
on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at
home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Savior
at home.

5 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Savior, forever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Savior, forever at home.

HYMN 22. 8, 8, & 6.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of heavenly love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of thy death divide;
And, O! with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love.

HYMN 23. L. M.

1 O Savior, is thy promise fled?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor?

2 Come, Jesus, come! return again;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbor, and our home.

4 Yet, mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on thee!

5 Come, Jesus, come! and as, of yore,
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day,—

6 So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there.

HYMN 24. C. M.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!

This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O, would he all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we 'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.
On him with rapture then I 'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

HYMN 25. C. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;

A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

3 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above;
Thy goodness thankfully adores,
And sure I taste thy love.

4 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height;
To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

6 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'T is more than angel tongues can tell,
Or angel minds conceive.

7 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN 26. 7 & 6.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And, with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain 's gone before;
He 's given me my orders,
And bade me not give o'er.
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he 'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I 'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And, O my friends, be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

HYMN 27. 8, 8, & 6.

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
To call thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace!
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In that expected day.
Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;

Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of endless grace.

HYMN 28. L. M.

1 We long to see that happy time,
That long-expected, blissful day,
When men of every name and clime
The glorious Savior shall obey.

2 The word of God shall firm abide,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone cut from the mountain's side
The powers of earth and hell o'erthrows.

3 From east to west, from south to north,
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend,
And man, wherever he goes forth,
Shall find *all* brethren, *each* a friend.

4 Afric's emancipated sons
Shall shout to Asia's rapturous song;
Europe, with her unnumbered tongues,
And western climes, the strain prolong.

HYMN 29. L. M.

1 On Tabor's top the Savior stands;
His altered face resplendent shines,
And while he elevates his hands,
Lo, glory marks its gentle lines!

2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
Upon their suffering Prince below:
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching wo.

3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes,
And, with submission all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.

4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
Where all his beaming glories shine
And, gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.

5 O that on yonder heavenly hills,
Where now the risen Savior stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distils,
I, too, may elevate my hands.

HYMN 30. 5 & 6.

1 Though troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide:
The Scripture assures us
The Lord will provide.

2 His call we obey
Like Abra'am of old,
Not knowing the way;
But faith makes us bold:
For, though we are strangers,
We have a sure guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise—
The Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we 're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions
Our graces have tried,
This answers all questions—
The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own,
Or goodness, we claim;
Yet, since we have known
The Savior's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide—
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through;
No fearing or doubting,
With Christ on our side,
We hope to fly shouting—
The Lord will provide.

HYMN 31. C. M.

1 O, WHAT hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day!

THE ALARM.

HYMN 32. 7s.

1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ller! ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
Watchman! let thy wandering cease
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

HYMN 33. L. M.

1 Hark! 't is the warlike clarion:
On, to the battle, heroes, on!
To arms! to arms! resounds on high
The voice of war and victory.

2 Haste to the battle! See! the Lord
Waves to the clouds his conquering sword.
To arms! to arms! I hear the cry,
On, on, to bloodless victory!

3 The fierce embattled hosts of hell
Before the dreadful onset fell.
To arms! to arms! was once the cry,
But now the trump sounds victory!

4 Lo! the white war-horse treads them down,
I know the rider by his crown.
All hail! all hail! his legions cry;
Jesus, be thine the victory!

HYMN 34. C. M.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 35. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend of grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 36. 8, 8, & 6.

1 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come

To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

4 Then, Savior, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above!
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 37. 11s.

1 Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far:
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

HYMN 38. 7s.

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
'T is thy Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;

Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is a redeeming love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

HYMN 39. S. M.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the Eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 40. S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;

O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

HYMN 41. 7 & 6.

1 Come, brethren dear, and sisters,
Although a little band,
The victory I 'll assure you,
Stand fast with sword in hand;
Then wield your sword with pleasure,
The battle goes aright;
When Israel gained the victory,
He fought with faith and might.

2 How beautiful the garments
The bride of Christ doth wear;
He offers her rich presents,
And crowns her as his heir.

He decks her with rich jewels,
And crowns her with his love,
And by his mighty power
Will carry her above.

3 I 'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care, and pain,
And mount aloft to Jesus,
Forever there to reign.
I 'll join to sing his praises
Above th' ethereal blue;
And then, poor careless sinner,
What will become of you?

HYMN 42. 7s & 6s.

1 The glorious day is coming,
The hour is rolling on,
Its radiant light is beaming,
Resplendent as the sun;
In yon bright clouds of heaven
The Savior will appear,
And gather all his chosen
To meet him in the air.

2 Then fire, from God descending,
Shall sweep this wide earth o'er,
And nations, loud lamenting,
Shall sink to rise no more.

Though tears with groans are blended,
Yet still in vain they cry;
The day of hope is ended,
The sinner now must die.

3 But saints shall be victorious,
And joy to meet the Lord;
An earth more bright and glorious
Is promised in his word.
Our God himself, there reigning,
Shall wipe all tears away;
No clouds or night remaining,
But one eternal day.

4 O, Christian! wake from sleeping,
And let your works abound;
Be watching, praying, weeping,
For soon the trump will sound.
O, sinner! hear the warning,
TO JESUS QUICKLY FLY!
Then you on that blest morning
May meet him in the sky.

HYMN 43. P. M.

1 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion joined.

Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you 'll win the prize.

2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day
When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumbrous clay.
He 'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

3 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving
Shall wing the gloom profound;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands;
Lo! you 're redeemed forever
From death's corrupted bands!

WORSHIP.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

HYMN 44. L. M.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 45. L. M.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing!
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every hour find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 46. C. M.

1 May I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy spirit, Lord;
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word;

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

HYMN 47. S. M.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 48. L. M.

1 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest;
Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides a blest foretaste of heaven
On this day more than all the seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the blest pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

HYMN 49. S. M.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
That bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are;
"Zion, behold thy Savior, King;
He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

HYMN 50. L. M.

1 Come, tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing;
And echo, to the heavenly plains,
The triumphs of your Savior King.

2 In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdued your potent foes,
Subdued the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finished all your woes.

3 Then to his glorious throne on high
Returned, while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The Lord, the conquering Lord, resound.

4 Almighty love! victorious power!
Not angel tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour—
The joys of that illustrious day.

5 Dear Savior, let thy wondrous grace
Fill every heart, and every tongue;
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

HYMN 51. C. M.

1 Zion, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place!
The Savior there has his abode,
And sinners see his face.

2 Firm against every adverse shock
Its mighty bulwarks prove;
'T is built upon the living Rock,
And walled around with love.

3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die;
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,
The soul to satisfy.

4 Come, set your faces Zionward,
The sacred road inquire;
And let a union to the Lord
Be henceforth your desire.

5 The gospel shines to give you light,
No longer, then, delay;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.

6 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer,
Thy promise now fulfil;

And young and old by grace prepare
To dwell on Zion's hill.

HYMN 52. L. M.

1 Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust, from darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength!

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

HYMN 53. L. M.

1 Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there!

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent! the call obey:
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

5 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;

The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord displayed
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

HYMN 54. C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
He fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 55. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

HYMN 56. C. M.

1 Father of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,

One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

HYMN 57. L. M.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That he has sought his God in vain.

3 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power—his love the same.

4 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
We boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where he shall lead.

HYMN 58. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise to set no more.

MIDNIGHT CRY.

HYMN 59. P. M.

1 Why sleep ye, my brethren? come, let us arise;
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our day is far spent,
O, let us be active; awake, and repent!

2 O, how can we slumber? the Master will come,
He 's calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

3 O, how can we slumber? the judgment is near,
And sinners are crowding to endless despair;
Now prayer may avail, they may gain the high prize
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

4 O, how can ye slumber? ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your heart shall confound;
O, fly to the Savior! he calls you to-day;
While mercy is waiting, O, make no delay!

HYMN 60. P. M.

1 Soldiers of the cross, arise!
Lo! your Leader, from the skies,
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory!
Seize your armor, gird it on!
Now the battle will be won!
See! the strife will soon be done;
Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on, to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
"God, our strength and shield," is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain;
Rise to join that glorious train,
Who shout their Savior's praise.

HYMN 61. L. M.

1 The Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seats forsake,
And, withering from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,—

A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind!

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
Oh God! is this the crucified?

5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain-cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

HYMN 62. C. M.

1 When wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,
In harsh disorder rise:

2 Safe in my Savior's love I 'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue.

3 I 'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders, roll,
And shake the sullen sky!
Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
In angry murmurs try.

4 "Let the earth totter on her base,
And clouds the heavens deform;
Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
And rush the final storm.

5 "Come quickly, blessed Lord! appear,
Bid thy swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

6 "Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I 'd bear a joyful part;
All hallelujah on my tongue,
All rapture in my heart."

HYMN 63. C. M.

1 SWEET are the gifts which gracious Heaven
On true believers pours;

But the best gift is grace to know
That Jesus Christ is *ours.*

2 *Our* Jesus! what rich drops of bliss
Descend in copious showers,
When ruined sinners, such as we,
By faith can call him *ours!*

3 Differ we may in age and state,
Learning and mental powers,
But *all* the saints may join and shout,
Dear Jesus, thou art *ours!*

4 Let those who know our Jesus not,
Delight in earth's gay flowers;
We, glorying in our better lot,
Rejoice that HE is *ours.*

5 When hope, with elevated flight,
Towards heaven in rapture towers,
'T is this supports our venturous wing,
We know that Christ is *ours.*

6 Though Providence, with darkening sky,
On things terrestrial lowers,
We rise superior to the gloom,
When singing, Christ is *ours.*

7 Time, which this world, with all its joys,
With eager haste devours,

May take inferior things away,
But Jesus still is *ours*.

8 Haste, then, dull time, and terminate
Thy slow-revolving hours;
We wish, we pray, we long, we pant,
In heaven to call him OURS!

HYMN 64. C. M.

1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer, in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O, let me feel thee near,
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

HYMN 65. C. M.

1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love
I see before me lie;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I 'd to those rivers fly.
I 'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I 'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

2 A few more days, or months, at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore.
My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.

3 O, come, my Savior, come away,
And bear me through the sky;
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;
Make haste and bring it nigh.

I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.

4 Then will I tune my harp of gold
To my eternal King;
In ages that can ne'er be told
I 'll make his praises ring.
All hail, eternal Son of God!
Who died on Calvary,
And saved me with thy precious blood
From endless misery.

5 Ten thousand thousand all agree,
To praise the eternal One;
Prostrate in deep humility
Before the blazing throne.
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And sweep th' immortal lyre;
And ages that can ne'er be told
Shall raise thy praises higher.

HYMN 66. L. M.

1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved, through these, I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.

5 O, let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
"JESUS, THE LORD, OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

HYMN 67. 11s.

1 WHILE nature was sinking in silence to rest,
And the last beams of daylight were dim in the west,
I strayed in the twilight unconscious away,
In deep meditation, where'er my path lay.

2 I passed near a garden: there fell on my ear
A voice of deep anguish from one that was there;

The tones of his agony melted my heart,
While earnestly pleading the lost sinner's part.

3 In offering to heaven his strong, matchless prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life as a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

4 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears!
I wept to behold him, and asked his name;
He answered, "'Tis Jesus, from heaven I came.

5 "I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die,
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"

6 I heard with attention the tale of his wo,
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow;
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

7 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
"Lord, save, or I perish! O, save, or I die!"
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me,
"Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive."

8 How sweet was that language! it made me rejoice!
His smiles, O, how pleasant! how cheering his voice!
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted, "Salvation! O, glory to God!"

9 I'm now on my journey to mansions above,
My soul full of glory, of peace, light, and love!
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears,
And that loving stranger who banished my fears.

10 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory will rise,
To gaze on that Stranger with unclouded eyes.

HYMN 68. L. M.

1 The great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,

Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down;
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

HYMN 69. S. M.

1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,

And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
O may we all insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

HYMN 70. P. M.

1 When shall I see the day
That ends my woes;
When shall I victory gain
O'er all my foes;
When will the trumpet sound
That calls the exile home—
The grand, sabbatic year,
When will it come?

2 A crown of glory bright,
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light,
Prepared for me.
O, may I faithful prove,
And keep the prize in view;
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
My steps attend;
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Savior and my guard;
And, when my work is done,
My great reward.

4 O, how I long to see
That happy day,
When sorrow, sin and pain
Shall flee away;
When all the heavenly tribes
Shall find their long sought home;
The Jubilee of Heaven,
When will it come?

HYMN 71. P. M.

1 CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee,
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon light hangs out for thee.
Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in that world of glory
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly composed and dauntless stand,
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
The heights that bound the promised land.

Christian, behold the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark, how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
See in what throngs they range the shore.

4 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee
Bright as the summer's noontide ray,
The star-gemm'd crowns and realms of glory
Invite thy happy soul away.
Away, away, leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne,
Thy home is in that world of glory
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

HYMN 72. S. M.

1 Behold! with awful pomp
The Judge prepares to come;
The archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the general doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface;
The sun to darkness turns.

3 The living look with dread;
The frighted dead arise,
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.

4 Horrors all hearts appal,
They quake! they shriek! they cry!
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall,
But rocks and mountains fly.

5 Ye wilful, wanton fools,
Let dangers make you wise;
Carnal professors, careless souls,
Unclose your sleeping eyes.

6 'T is time we all awake;
The dreadful day draws near;
Sinners, your proud presumption check,
And stop your wild career.

7 Now is th' accepted time,
To Christ for mercy fly;

O turn, repent, and trust in him,
And you shall never die.

8 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day;
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch. and wait. and pray.

HYMN 73. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest;
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee,
Before the floods descend;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Savior's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise;
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess;
The war proclaims thee Prince of peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings
And nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befal,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near.
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
"Triumphant Lord, appear!"

6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
Thy word and mystery to fulfil,
Thy confessors t' approve;

Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious, heavenly love.

HYMN 74. 8 & 7.

1 Hear the trumpet's awful sound!
Through the skies, the world around,
Loud its echoes do rebound,—
The Judgment day is come.
See the angel takes his stand
On the sea and on the land,
With solemn oath, at God's command,
Declares that time is done.

2 Now the Savior comes in fire,
Angels, dressed in heaven's attire,
Wait around him with desire
To do his holy will;
Now the sleeping dead arise,
Ghastly pale, with dread surprise,
All in hell now ope their eyes,
And burn in anger still.

3 Gathered round the throne they stand,
Waiting there on either hand;
Final is the dread command,
Depart—or blessed be;
Friends and neighbors, you 'll be there,
In the judgment you must share,

Will you for it now prepare,
And to the Savior flee?

4 Come, then, now submit to him,
He will cleanse you from all sin,
To his courts now enter in,
And be forever blessed;
Then you 'll hail the solemn day
When the earth shall flee away;
When arrives the Judgment day
You 'll enter into rest.

HYMN 75. 8s.

1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
My Savior, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

2 Dissolve from these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,

Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline;
3 O then, shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him, whom absent, I lov'd,
I shall see, whom unseen, I adored.
And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

HYMN 76. S. M.

1 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,
Astonished, shrink away!
2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of the cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Savior bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 77. C. M.

1 That awful day will surely come,
The approaching hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,

And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

HYMN 78. P. M.

1 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Black clouds are gathering fast!
In awful power thy God has come,
Thy days of mirth are past.

2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Red flames are bursting round;
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,
How shakes the trembling ground!

3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Behold, the Judge appears;
Unnumbered millions throng around,
Raised from the dust of years.

4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Sinner, behold thy doom;
Destruction opens wide for thee
Thy chosen, final home.

5 Yet stay—the vision lingers;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?
Dark brood the heav'ns, but mercy waits,
This hour to Jesus fly.

THE JUBILEE.

HYMN 79. C. M.

1 What heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear;
This is the Jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll
All round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole,
This is the Jubilee.

3 Good news, good news to Adam's race;
Let Christians all agree,
To sing redeeming love and grace;
This is the Jubilee.

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace;
This is the Jubilee.

5 Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat;
This is the Jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return, and come
Unto the Savior free;
The Spirit bids you welcome home;
This is the Jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

HYMN 80. L. M.

1 How many years has man been driven
Far off from happiness and heaven!
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wandering church, to roam no more?

2 Six thousand years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy sight was cast,
And ever since his fallen race
From age to age are void of grace.

3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd lamb?

When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal Jubilee?

4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land,
Send thou thine angels, and command,
"Go, sound deliverance, loudly blow—
Salvation to the saints below."

5 We want to have the *Day* appear,
The *promis'd great Sabbatic year*,
When far from grief, and *sin*, and *hell*,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

6 Till then we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of Jubilee.

HYMN 81. 7s.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

2 See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword; he speaks—
'tis done!

Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!

4 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

HYMN 82. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Savior's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HYMN 83. 7s.

1 WAKE the song of Jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ of lords and kings is King!"
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore!

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

LIVING ORACLES.

HYMN 84. 6 lines 8s.

1 Inspirer of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years;
To us, in our degenerate age,
The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let thy Spirit from thee proceed.
Our souls t' awaken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy word reprove,
Convince and bring the wand'rers back;
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will complete;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnished out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand,
To help the souls redeemed by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love.

HYMN 85. C. M.

1 The counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;

And here the Savior's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous gifts are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

HYMN 86. C. M.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior near.

HYMN 87. 7s.

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;

Mine, art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

HYMN 88. C. M.

1 Jesus, my Savior, and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever-new delight.
Help me to love its Author more;
To seek thee day and night.

4 O let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

HYMN 89. C. M.

1 Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

HYMN 90. L. M.

1 'T was by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word—and must endure.

HYMN 91. C. M.

1 What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives—but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise—but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,

Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 92. P. M.

1 Tell me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before;
Let me but view my Savior's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of fame and wealth,
Of careless ease and blooming health,
For they have all their snares;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
And see my name enrolled in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Give me a Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand
That sure, unerring word—
I 'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone from day to day,
And converse with the Lord.

RESURRECTION.

HYMN 93. L. M.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;—
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors give way.
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

HYMN 94. 7s & 6s.

1 Jesus, faithful to his word
Shall with a shout descend;
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall joyfully attend.
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift and thunders loud;
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise:
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again.
We shall meet him in the air;
All wrapt up to heaven shall be;
Find, and love, and praise him there,
To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unuttered we possess
In these reviving words;
Happy while on earth we live;
Higher bliss ordained to know;
When our King to his shall give
The kingdom here below.

HYMN 95. L. M.

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 96. L. M.

1 The morning flowers display their sweets
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the winds' untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine

Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 97. 7s.

1 Angels, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
See, the Savior quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See the Conqueror mount the skies;
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail and sing the incarnate God.

4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride,
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thy own.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Raise and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.

HYMN 98. C. M.

1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 99. C. M.

1 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell,
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!

2 Once you must die, and once for all,
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heaven or hell is hung
On that important day!

3 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

4 O may I in the Judge behold
My Savior and my friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

HYMN 100. C. M.

1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming—dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears—
Thy Savior dwells on high;
There everlasting Spring appears—
There joys shall never die.

HYMN 101. C. M.

1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!

From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord!
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 102. C. M.

1 And let our feeble bodies fail,
And let them faint and die;
We soon shall quit the mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high;

2 Shall join the glorified saints,
And find our long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which we pant,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
We now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 We suffer on our threescore years,
Till our Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servants' tears,
And take his exiles home.

HYMN 103. C. M.

1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

HYMN 104. C. M.

1 How long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust!

2 When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down
Our love embrace him here.

3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo, the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How shall our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing.

HYMN 105. C. M.

1 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

2 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

3 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who owns us here below,
Will be forever mine.

HYMN 106. P. M.

1 The groaning creation doth wait,
Together they *travail in pain;*
The Watchmen, who stand in the gate,
Are longing the morning to gain.
O! when will "the Bridegroom" appear,
His long-waiting "Bride" to receive?
We *feel* that his coming is near;
He will not his people deceive.

2 He waits for his Bride to appear
In righteousness fully arrayed;
While lacking he cannot draw near—
"Make ready," and be not afraid.

The scoffers, who mock at his word,
Must also stand "fully revealed,"
E'er they can "receive their reward,"
Or their judgment be finally sealed.

HYMN 107. C. M.

1 The angel comes; he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord!
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.

2 And who are they, in sheaves, to bide
The fire of vengeance, bound?
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride
Chokes the fair crop around.

3 And who are they, reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

4 O King of mercy! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee!
In thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to thee!

THE TRIUMPH.

HYMN 108. P. M.

1 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he has made us victorious;
With shouting proclaim it—O trust in his passion,
He saved us most freely—O precious salvation!

2 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious;
To Jesus we 'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

3 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we 'll praise him evermore;
We 'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever.

HYMN 109. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,

Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 110. C. M.

1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

HYMN 111. C. M.

1 "These glorious minds! how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely washed their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach th' eternal God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveiled glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN 112. P. M.

1 He dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here 's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

4 Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!

5 Say, live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where 's thy sting?
And where 's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

HYMN 113. 8 lines 7s.

1 Hark! a voice divides the sky;
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door.
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 114. S. M.

1 Sinners, the call obey,
The latest call of grace;
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race.

2 Devils and men combine
To plague the faithless seed,
And vials full of wrath divine
Are bursting on your head.

3 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The Rock of your salvation, struck,
And cleft to take you in.

4 To shelter the distressed
He did the cross endure;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesus' wounds secure.

5 Jesus, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh,
Our help is in the Lord.

6 Or if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our souls' defence.

HYMN 115. C. M.

1 Light of the world, shine on our souls,
Thy grace to us afford;
And while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, Lord.

2 As once thou didst thy word expound
To those that walked with thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its blest fulness see;

3 Its richness, sweetness, power and depth,
Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace
By blest experience learn.

4 Help us each other to assist;
Thy Spirit now impart;
Keep humble, but with love inflame,
To thee, and thine, each heart.

5 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day;
And as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

HYMN 116. C. M.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.

2 "I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I 'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll tell him I 'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "But should the Lord reject my plea,
And disregard my prayer,
Yet, still, like Esther, I will stay,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

HYMN 117. P. M.

1 The Lord of hosts is on my side,
In him—him only, I confide,
Nor shall confide in vain;
Amidst ten thousand foes and snares,
Amidst ten thousand anxious cares,
He can my soul sustain.

2 I will not yield to servile fear,
Though all the fiends of hell draw near,
To fight, and rage, and rave;
My gracious God is also nigh,
And will their hostile rage defy;
He is at hand to save.

3 Let us our hope in God express,
Our hope is in his mighty grace,

And still in him confide;
With dauntless courage let us rise,
Press on, and win the gracious prize,
For God is on our side.

HYMN 118. P. M.

1 How pleasant 't is to see
Kindred and friends agree—
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'T is like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head—
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil through all the room
Diffused a rich perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

HYMN 119. L. M.

1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed, in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high!
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

HYMN 120. P. M.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all your creature good;
Only Jesus we pursue,
Who bought us with his blood!
All thy pleasures we forego,
We trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified!

2 Here will we set up our rest;
Each fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 O that we could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain we would to sinners show,
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will we know
And Jesus crucified!

HYMN 121. 10 & 11.

1 The fields are all white, the harvest is near;
The reapers all with their sharp sickles appear,
To reap down the fields and gather in barns;
While the wild plants of nature are left for to burn.

2 Come then, O my soul, and think on that day,
When all things in nature shall cease and decay,
The trumpet shall sound, the angels appear,
To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tares.

3 But hear the sad cry, ascending the sky,
Of those in distress who have nowhere to fly;
They call for the rocks and mountains to fall
Upon their poor souls, to hide them from thrall.

4 'T will all be in vain; the mountains must flee,
The rocks fly like hailstones, and must no more be;
The earth it shall shake, the sea shall retire,
And this solid world shall then be all on fire.

5 Then, O wretched mortals, look up and 'spy
The glorious Redeemer descending the sky,
On chariots of fire; to earth he is bound,
With guards of bright angels attending him down.

6 But hear the kind Judge, that great day alarms,
First gather my children all into my arms,
That seven last plagues be poured out on those
Who 've blasphemed my name and my saints have opposed.

HYMN 122. 10s & 11s.

1 O, TELL me, thou life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control;
I would go where my Shepherd is leading;
O, tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the darkness around me is closing.

2 O, why must I dwell with the hosts of thy foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where afflictions and woes,
And lies now their ruin are proving?
O, when shall my exile and wanderings cease,
And the troubles that fill me with weeping?

Thou Shepherd of Israel! give me
that peace
Thou hast promised the flock of thy
keeping.

HYMN 123. P. M.

1 Watchmen! onward to your stations!
Blow the trumpet long and loud!
Preach the gospel to the nations,
Speak to every gathering crowd!
See! the day is breaking!
See the saints awaking,
No more in sadness bowed!

2 Watchmen! hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign!
Tell the coming Savior's story,
Tell it to the listening train:
See his wrath revealing;
See the Spirit sealing;
'T is life amid the slain!

3 Watchmen! as the clouds are flying
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands, from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ, his love to learn;
All their sighs and sadness
Turn to joy and gladness,
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* This hymn is retained in both parts of the harp, on account of the difference of the tune and chorus.

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" farewell to, ... III., 30, 133
" vain, adieu, ... II., 26

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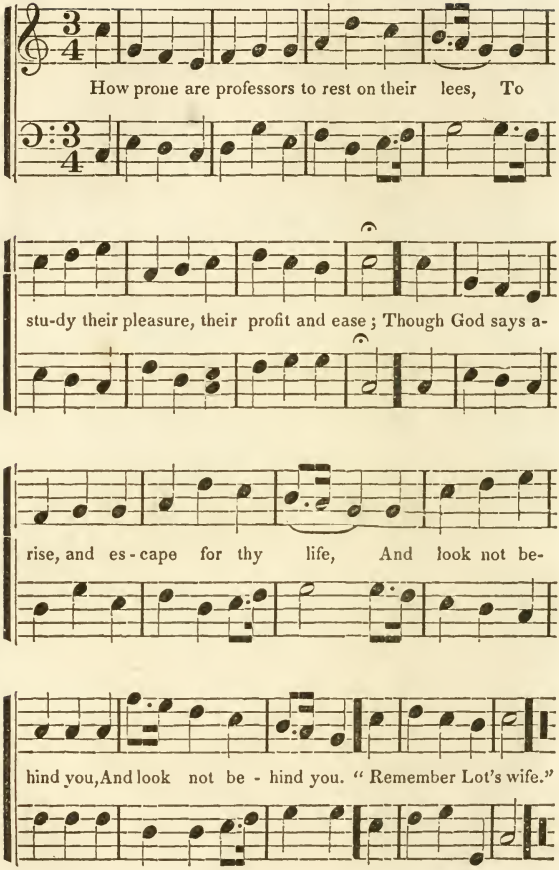
Zion, ... III., 63, 64
Zion addressed, ... III., 9
" extolled, ... III., 7
" her sorrows ended, ... III., 49

SUPPLEMENT

TO

THE HARP.

Remember Lot's Wife.


How prone are professors to rest on their lees, To
stu-dy their pleasure, their profit and ease; Though God says a-
rise, and es-cape for thy life, And look not be-
hind you, And look not be-hind you. "Remember Lot's wife."

Awake from thy slumbers, the warning believe
'T is Jesus that calls you, the message receive;
While dangers are pending, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!"

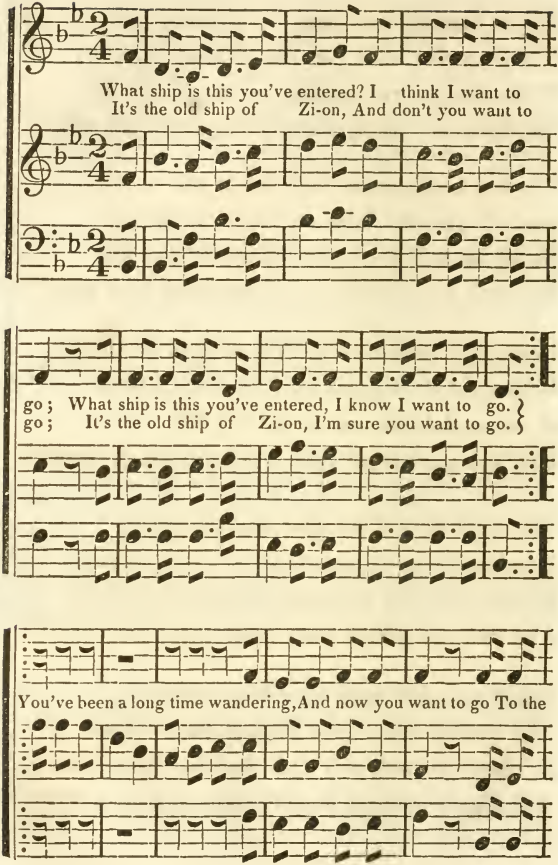
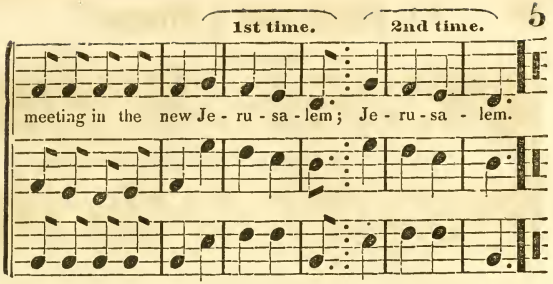
The first bold apostate will tempt you to stay,
And tell you that lions are found in the way;
He means to deceive you, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!"

How many poor souls has the tempter beguiled!
With specious temptations how many defiled!
O, be not deluded, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!"

The ways of religion true pleasure afford,
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
Forsake then the world and escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!"

But if you determine the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to choose,
For hell, you will part with the blessings of life,
And then, if not now, you 'll "remember Lot's wife!"

Old Ship of Zion.

HARMONIZED BY N. BILLINGS.

What ship is this you've entered? I think I want to
It's the old ship of Zi-on, And don't you want to
go; What ship is this you've entered, I know I want to go.
go; It's the old ship of Zi-on, I'm sure you want to go.
You've been a long time wandering, And now you want to go To the

2

How does she ship her seamen? I know I'd like to go,
How does she ship her seamen? I'm sure I'd like to go.
By faith in the Redeemer! Then don't you want to go?
By faith in the Redeemer; You can but want to go.
You've been a long time wandering,
And now you want to go
To the meeting in the New Jerusalem, &c.

3

Where will this ship discharge us? I know I want to go,
Where will this ship discharge us? I'm sure I'd like to go.
On the Continent of Glory! I know you want to go.
You've been a long time wandering,
And now you want to go, &c.

4

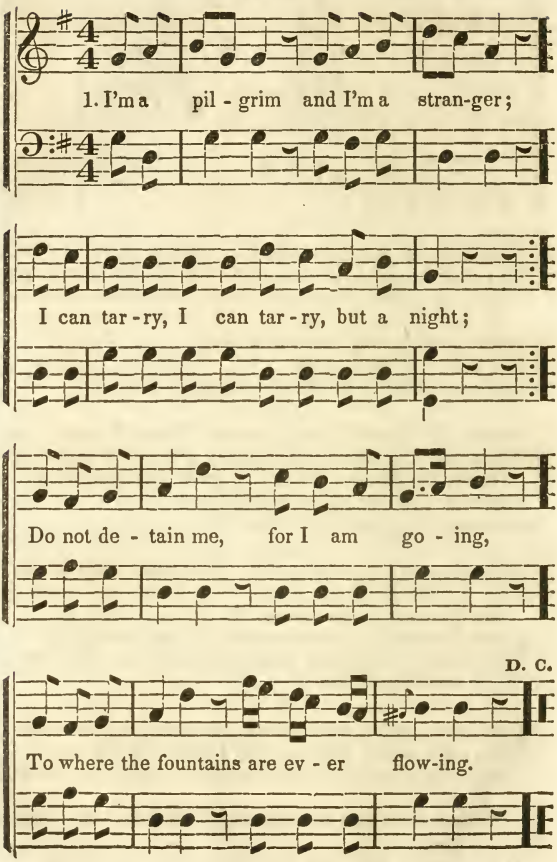
Who governs this bold vessel? For others want to go;
Who governs this bold vessel? Yes, thousands want to go.
Our Father's at the helm—We all may safely go,
Our Father's at the helm—We all may safely go.
You've been a long time wandering, And I'm glad you want to go, &c.

5

If the crew are all well treated, I'm sure I'd like to go,
If the crew are all well treated, I know I'd like to go.
Why, he gives us Gospel measure, I know you want to go,
Pressed down and running over, Who would not want to go,
We've been a long time wandering, And now we're bound to go, &c.

"A Pilgrim and a Stranger."

HEB. XI. 13.


1. I'm a pil - grim and I'm a stran-ger;
I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry, but a night;
Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing,
D. C.
To where the fountains are ev - er flow-ing.

There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, &c.

There 's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, &c.

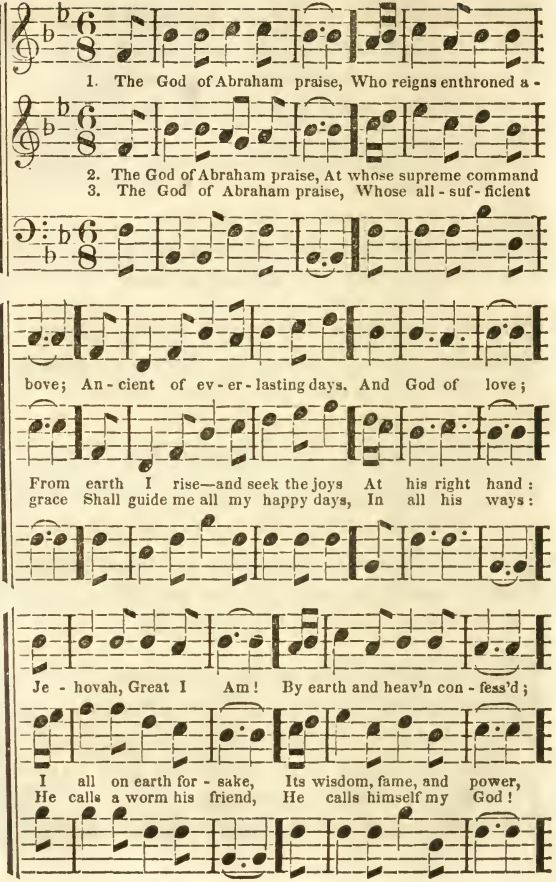
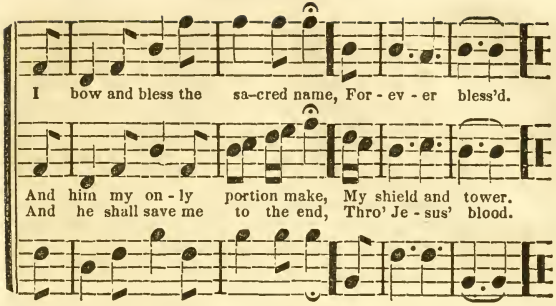
Farewell, neighbors, with tears I 've warned you,
I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone!
With this your portion, your hearts' desire—
Why will you perish in raging fire?
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, &c.

Father, mother and sister, brother!
If you will not journey with me I must go!
Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
Should I too linger and with you perish?
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, &c.

Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you 'll be arrayed!
He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee!
And then thy dread curse shall never more be:—
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger
Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

The God of Abraham.

J. C. STODDARD.


1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned a -
2. The God of Abraham praise, At whose supreme command
3. The God of Abraham praise, Whose all - suf - ficient
bove; An - cient of ev - er - lasting days, And God of love;
From earth I rise—and seek the joys At his right hand:
grace Shall guide me all my happy days, In all his ways:
Je - hovah, Great I Am! By earth and heav'n con - fess'd;
I all on earth for - sake, Its wisdom, fame, and power,
He calls a worm his friend, He calls himself my God!

I bow and bless the sa-cred name, For-ev-er bless'd.
And him my on-ly portion make, My shield and tower.
And he shall save me to the end, Thro' Je-sus' blood.

4

He by Himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagles' wings upborne
To Heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

SECOND PART.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And thro' the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.

6

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd!
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

7

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace,
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
Forever reigns.

8

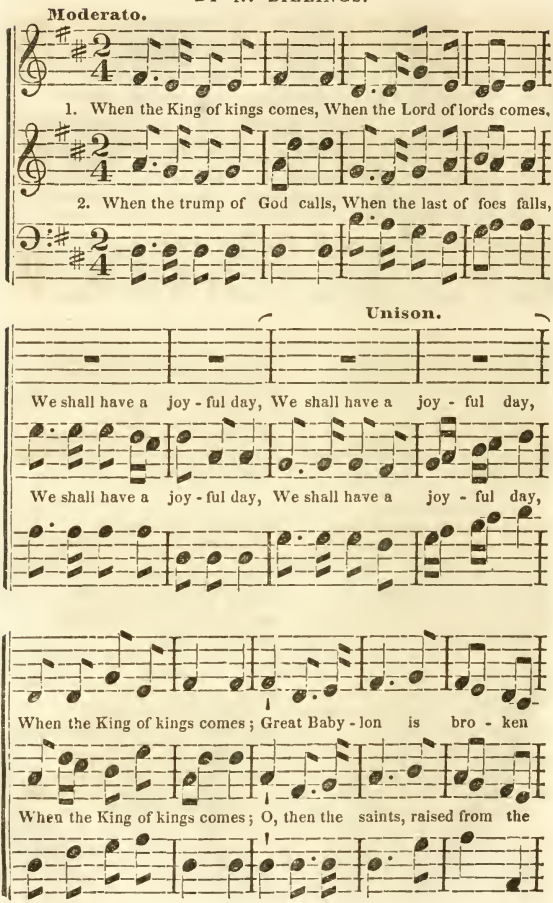
He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

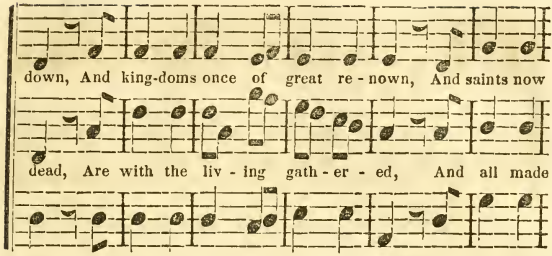
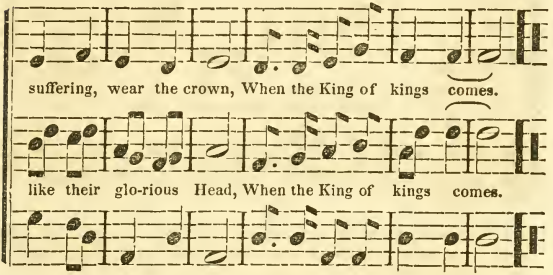
9

Before the Holy One,
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing in songs which never end
The wondrous Name.

10 "When the King of kings comes."

BY N. BILLINGS.


Moderato.
1. When the King of kings comes, When the Lord of lords comes,
2. When the trump of God calls, When the last of foes falls,
Unison.
We shall have a joy - ful day, We shall have a joy - ful day,
We shall have a joy - ful day, We shall have a joy - ful day,
When the King of kings comes; Great Baby - lon is bro - ken
When the King of kings comes; O, then the saints, raised from the



3

When the foe's distress comes,
Then the church's "rest" comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
And then the new Jerusalem,
Surpassing all reports of fame,
Shines, worthy of its Maker's name,
When the King of kings comes.

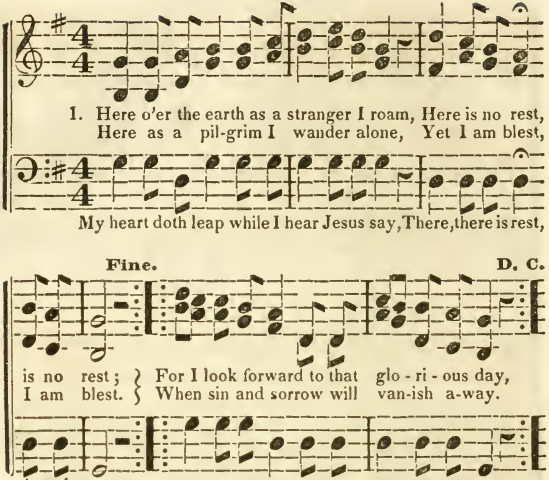
4

When the world its course has run,
When the judgment is begun;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes,
To see the sons of God well known,
All spotless to their Father shown,
And Jesus all his brethren own,
When the King of kings comes.

5

When the conqueror's hour comes,
When he with great power comes:
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see all things by him restored,
And God himself alone adored
By all the saints, with one accord,
When the King of kings comes.

Here is no Rest.


1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest,
Here as a pil-grim I wander alone, Yet I am blest,
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest,
Fine.
D. C.
is no rest; } For I look forward to that glo - ri - ous day,
I am blest. } When sin and sorrow will van-ish a-way.
there is rest.

2

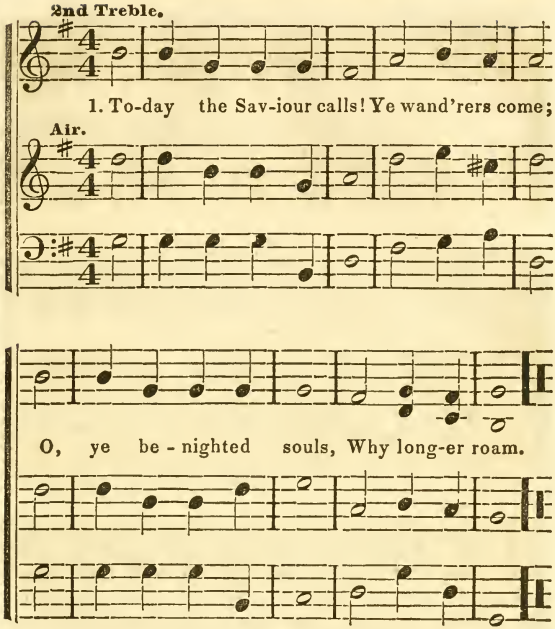
Here fierce temptations beset me around; Here is no rest—is no rest:
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround; Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame;
I will go forward, for this is my theme; There, there is rest—there is rest.

3

Here are afflictions and trials severe; Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear; Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They will be call'd to receive their reward;—Then there is rest—there is rest.

4

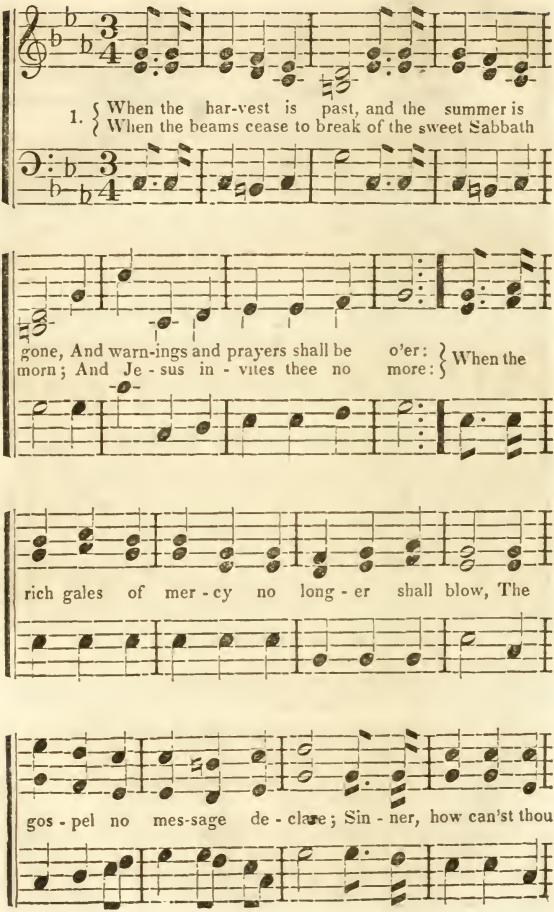
This world of cares is a wilderness state, Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,—Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast—Then there is rest—there is rest.

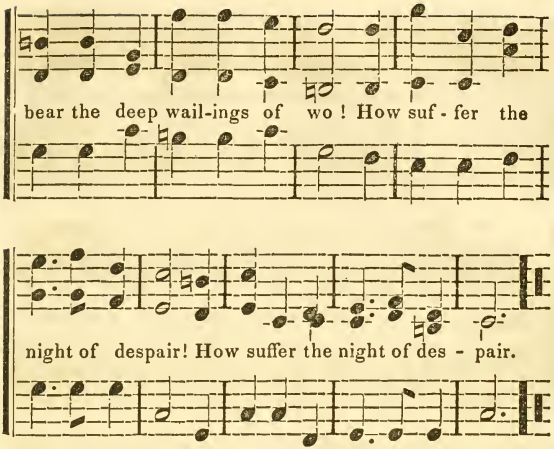


2. To-day the Saviour calls!
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
Ruin is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his pow'r:
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.


1. When the har-vest is past, and the summer is
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath
gone, And warn-ings and prayers shall be o'er:
morn; And Je-sus in-vites thee no more:
When the
rich gales of mer-cy no long-er shall blow, The
gos-pel no mes-sage de-clare; Sin-ner, how can'st thou



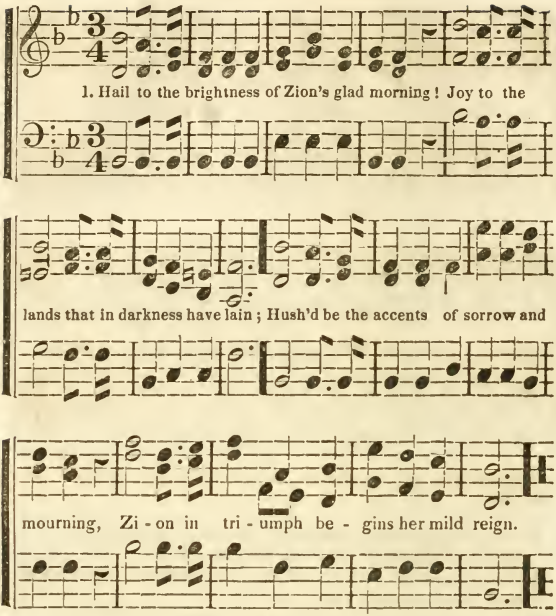
"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jer. vii. 20.

1

When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone;
And warnings and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn
And Jesus invites thee no more;
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare;
Sinner, how can'st thou bear the deep wailings of woe;
How suffer the night of despair.

2

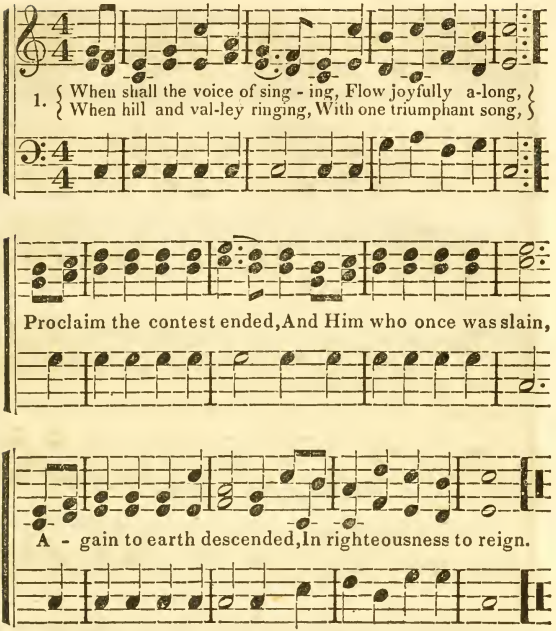
When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
Those heavenly mansions to prove;
When their harmony wakes in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour they love;
Say, O Sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure
Or bear the impenitent's doom!


1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the
lands that in darkness have lain; Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and
mourning, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.

2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

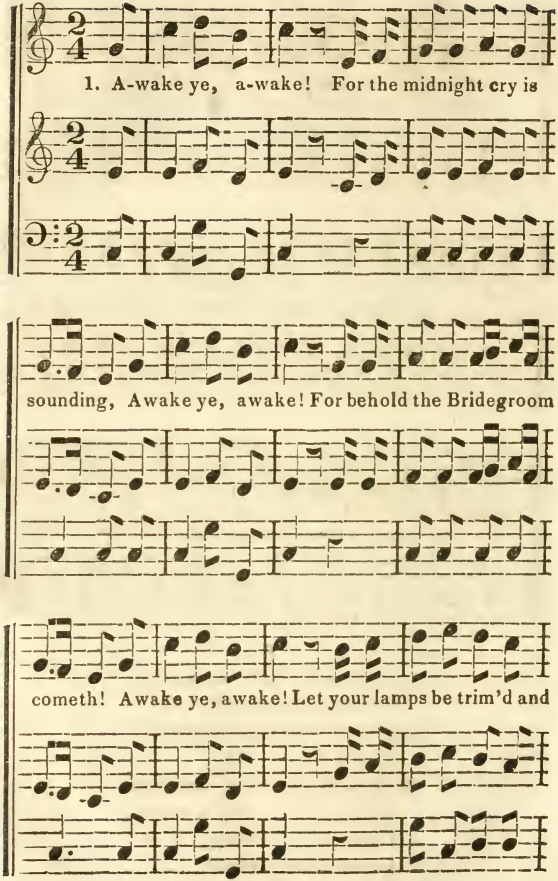
3. Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

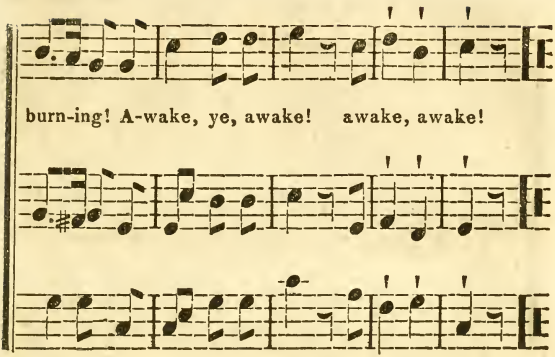
4. See, the dead risen from land and from ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.


1. When shall the voice of sing - ing, Flow joyfully a-long,
When hill and val-ley ringing, With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended, And Him who once was slain,
A - gain to earth descended, In righteousness to reign.

2

Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tow'r and lofty dwelling,
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound.


1. A-wake ye, a-wake! For the midnight cry is
sounding, Awake ye, awake! For behold the Bridegroom
cometh! Awake ye, awake! Let your lamps be trim'd and

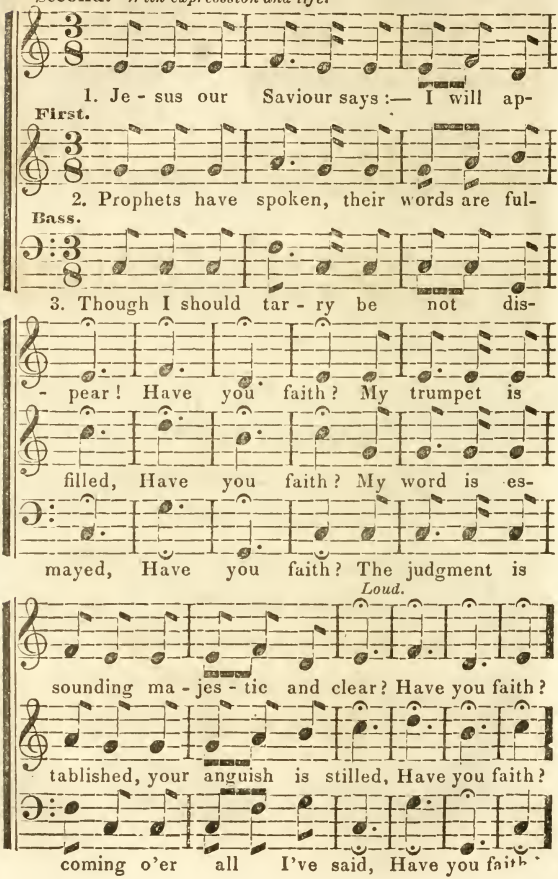


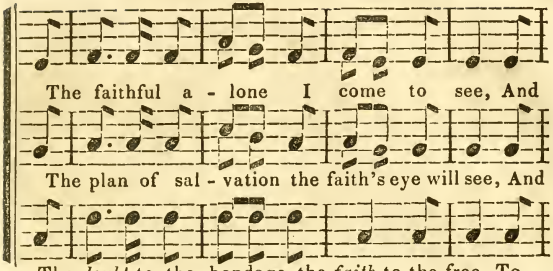
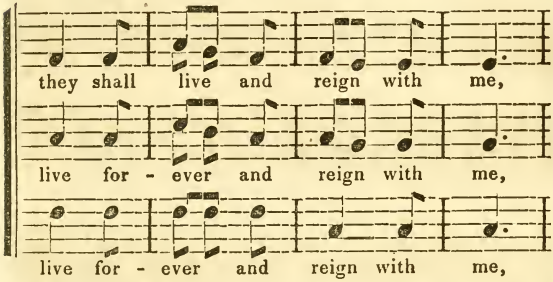
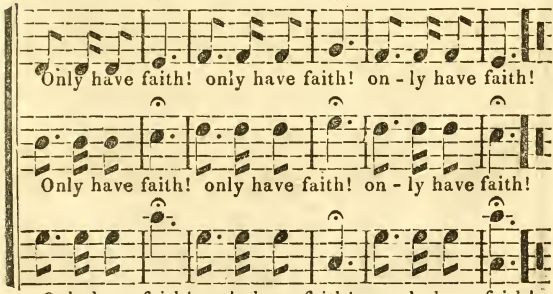
2

Rejoice ye, rejoice!
For the night is now departing;
Rejoice ye, rejoice!
For behold the Bridegroom cometh;
Rejoice ye, rejoice!
For Redemption draweth nigh;
Rejoice ye, rejoice!
Rejoice, for joy!

I tell you that he will avenge them speedily! Nevertheless when the son of man cometh, shall he find *faith* on the earth. St. Luke, Chap. 18. Verse 8.

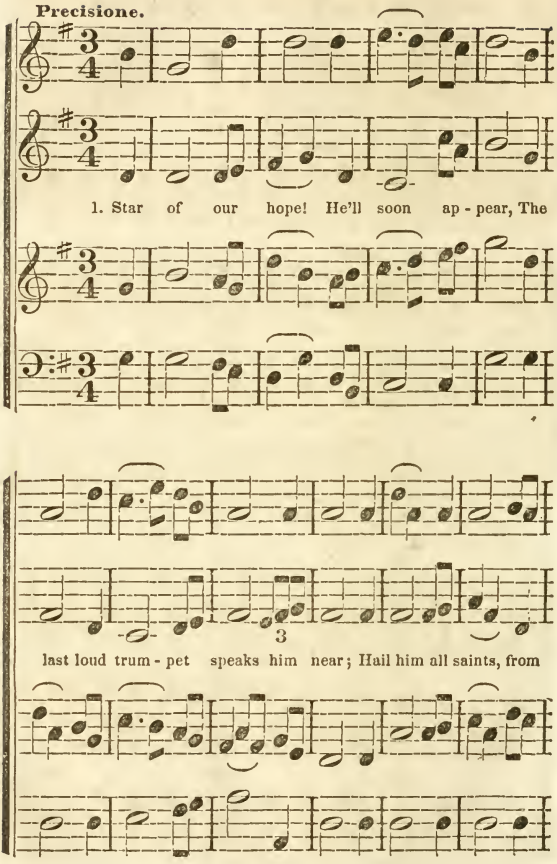
Second. *With expresssion and life.*

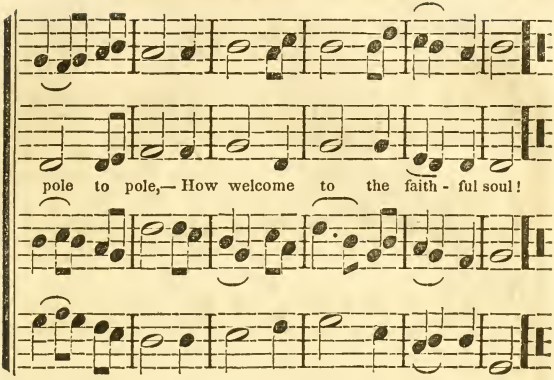

1. Je - sus our Saviour says :— I will ap-
First.
2. Prophets have spoken, their words are ful-
Bass.
3. Though I should tar - ry be not dis-
- pear! Have you faith? My trumpet is
filled, Have you faith? My word is es-
mayed, Have you faith? The judgment is
Loud.
sounding ma - jes - tic and clear? Have you faith?
tablished, your anguish is stilled, Have you faith?
coming o'er all I've said, Have you faith?


The faithful a - lone I come to see, And
The plan of sal - vation the faith's eye will see, And
The *doubt* to the bondage, the *faith* to the free, To

Moderate. *Loud.* *Louder.*

Only have faith! only have faith! on - ly have faith!
Only have faith! only have faith! on - ly have faith!
Only have faith! only have faith! on - ly have faith!

"STAR OF OUR HOPE."

BY N. BILLINGS.





2

From heaven angelic voices sound,
Behold the Lord of glory crowned,
Arrayed in majesty divine,
And in his highest glories shine.

3

The grave yields up its precious trust,
Which long has slumber'd in the dust;
Resplendent forms ascending fair,
To meet the Saviour in the air.

4

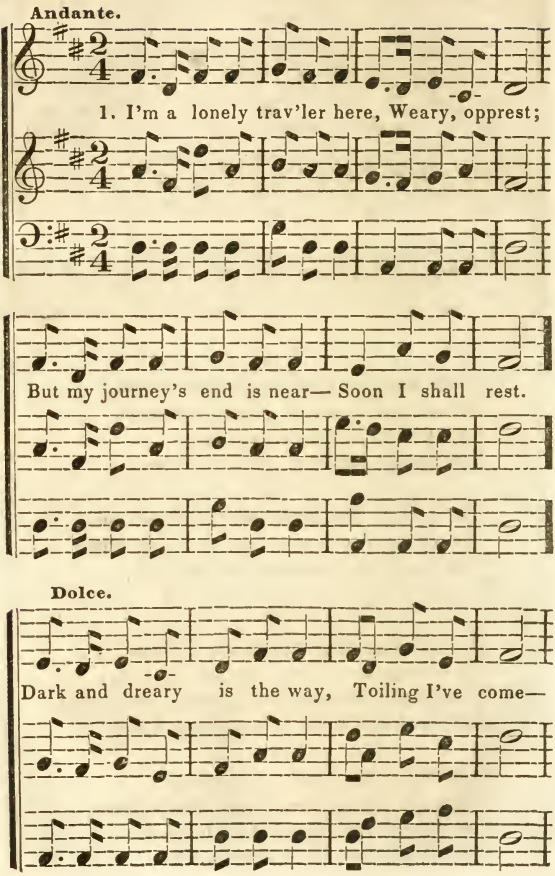
Descending with his azure throne,
He claims the Kingdom for his own;
The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing,
And hail him their triumphant King.

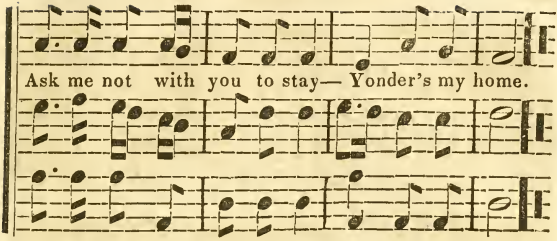
5

O joyful day, when he appears
With all his saints, to end their fears;
Our Lord will then his right obtain,
And in his kingdom ever reign.

"I'M A TRAVELLER."

BY N. BILLINGS.


Andante.
1. I'm a lonely trav'ler here, Weary, opprest;
But my journey's end is near— Soon I shall rest.
Dolce.
Dark and dreary is the way, Toiling I've come—



2 I'm a weary trav'ler here,
I must go on,
For my journey's end is near—
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live—
I cannot stay

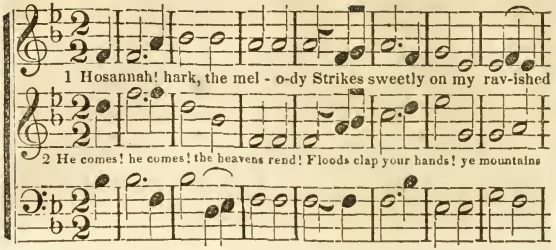
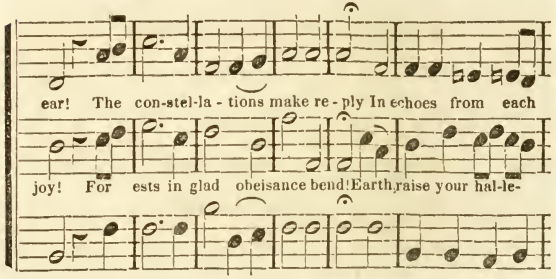
3 I'm a trav'ler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

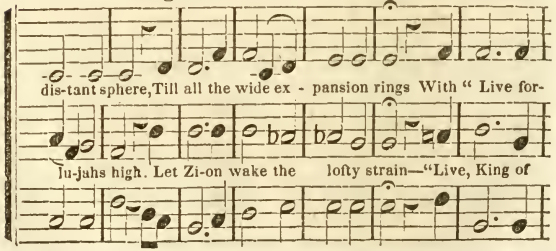
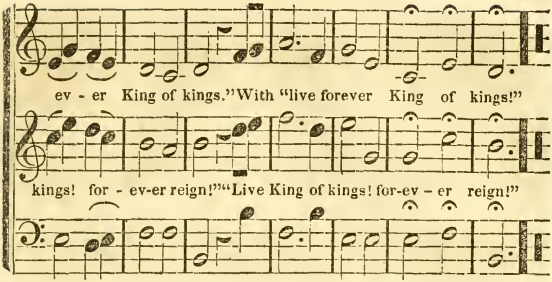
4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
If heav'n be mine.

5 I'm a trav'ler—call me not—
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I cannot stay.
Farewell earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call—
Yonder's my home.

Armageddon.

BY N. BILLINGS.

Alto. **Animato.** **Legato.** **Soave.**

1 Hosannah! hark, the mel - o-dy Strikes sweetly on my rav-ished
2 He comes! he comes! the heavens rend! Floods clap your hands! ye mountains

Vigoroso. **Con Grazia.**



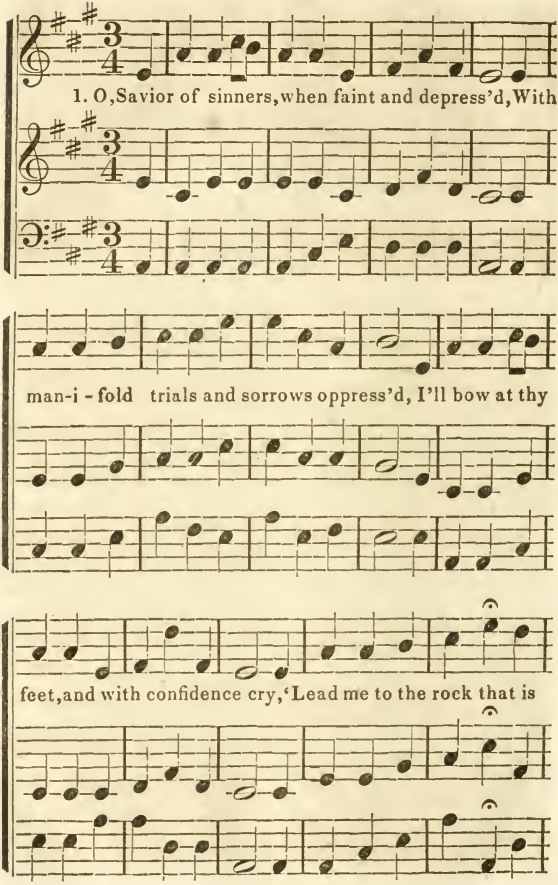
3 Ripe is the vintage of the earth;
Its clustering grapes are round and full;
And vengeance, vengeance bursts to birth,
Sudden and irresistible!
Messiah comes to tread amain
The wine-press of the battle-plain.
4 The cry is up, the strife begun,
The struggle of the mighty ones;
And Armageddon's day comes on,
The carnival of Slaughter's sons;
War lifts his helmet to his brow:
O God! protect thy people now!

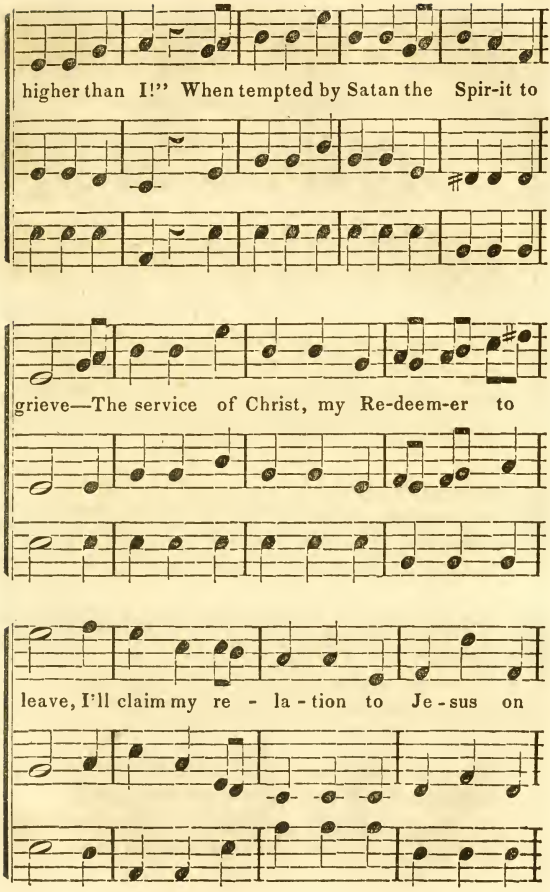
PART SECOND.

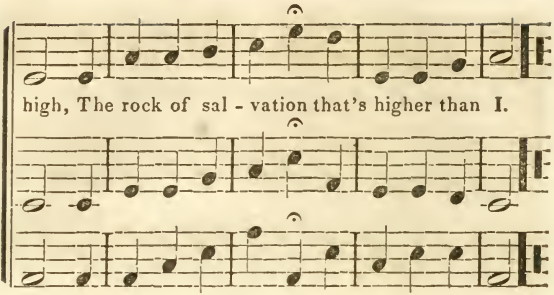
5 The graves are cleaved! the *saints* arise!
The resurrection of the just!
And now, unto their kindred skies,
Up leap the tenants of the dust!
They rise to meet their Lord in air,
And tune their hallelujahs there.
6 Wake, Zion, wake! put on thy strength!
Don thy rich garb, Jerusalem!
Rise, shine! thy light is come at length,
And thou the wicked shalt condemn.
But hark! the war-whoop nearer sounds!
From land to land Destruction bounds!
7 Assemble quickly, fowls of air!
Come to the supper of the Lord:
The great ones of the earth prepare
To reap the harvest of the sword;
And captains' flesh shall be your food,
And ye shall drink of heroes' blood.
8 The cry is up, the strife begun;
Destruction spreads from field to field;
And soon shall Slaughter's work be done,
Soon shall Abaddon's legions yield;
Unnumbered thousands shall be slain,
Ere day break on Megiddo's plain.

PART THIRD.

9 Down, Babylon! down, Mahomet!
Impostor and Apostate, down!
Your day is past, your sun is set;
Now reap the whirlwind ye have sown;
Drink—yea, drink deep—the wine's poured forth,
The red wine of Jehovah's wrath.
10 They drink! they drink! they fall! they fall!
With all their sorceries and charms;
And Desolation grasps them all
Within his vast and withering arms;
The "strong one" has them in his toil;
When, lo, a Stronger shares the spoil.
11 Yea, come, O king, and take the spoil;
With thy confederates share the prey:
Ha! ha! Death "grins a ghastly smile;"
The morning dawns—and where are they?
The flames, the flames, great Autocrat,
Spread o'er thee in Jehosophat.


1. O, Savior of sinners, when faint and depress'd, With
man-i - fold trials and sorrows oppress'd, I'll bow at thy
feet, and with confidence cry, 'Lead me to the rock that is


higher than I!" When tempted by Satan the Spir-it to
grieve—The service of Christ, my Re-deem-er to
leave, I'll claim my re - la - tion to Je - sus on



3

When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the land,
And merited vengeance descends from thy hand!
O'erwhelmed with the sight, for protection I'll fly,
And hide in the Rock, that is higher than I!

4

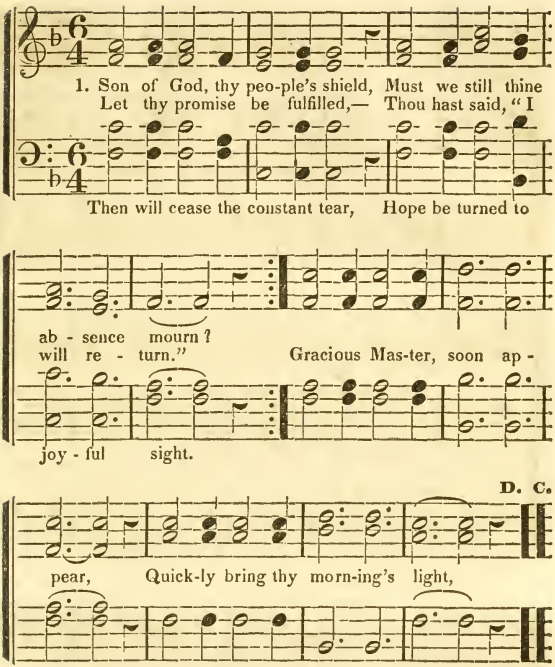
When summoned away before God to appear,
By free-grace supported I'll yield without fear!
Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on high,
To enter the Rock that is higher than I!

5

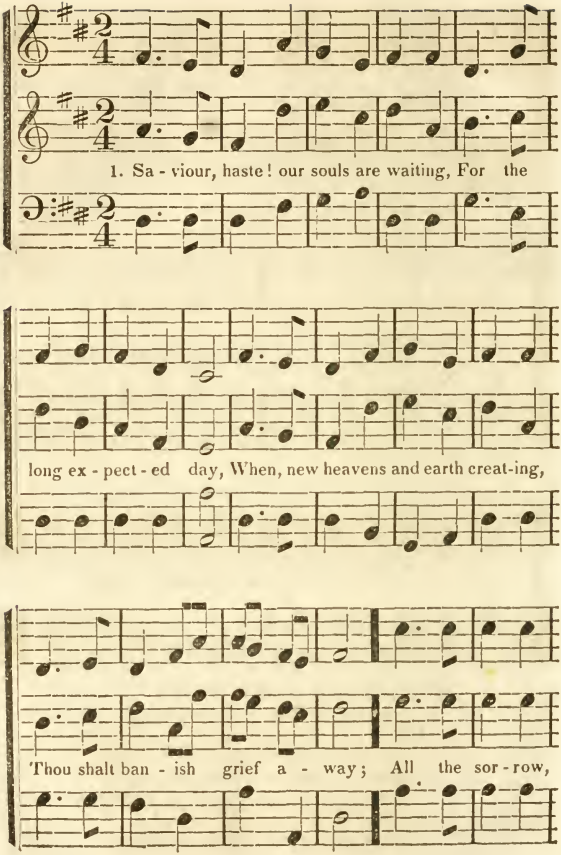
'Tis there, with the chosen of Jesus, I long
To dwell, and eternally join in the song,
Of praising and blessing with angels on high,
Christ Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I!

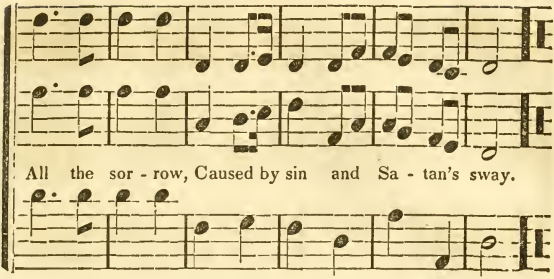
6

The faithful sure promise the fathers believed,
Shall then be fulfilled and the glory received;
The hand that was pierced for me wipe my tears dry.
For to reign with the One that is higher than I.


1. Son of God, thy peo-ple's shield, Must we still thine
Let thy promise be fulfilled,— Thou hast said, "I
Then will cease the constant tear, Hope be turned to
ab - sence mourn?
will re - turn." Gracious Mas-ter, soon ap -
joy - ful sight.
D. C.
pear, Quick-ly bring thy morn-ing's light,

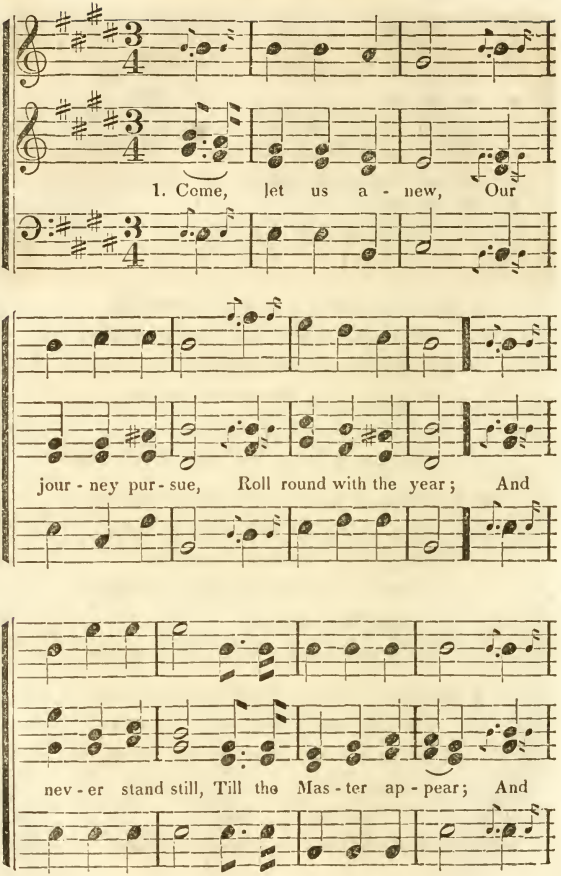
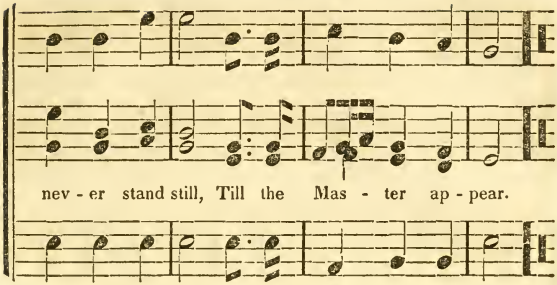
2 As a woman counts the days
Till her absent lord she sees,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So the church must long for thee.
Come, that we may see thee nigh;
Then the sheep shall feed in peace;
Hushed forever trouble's sigh,
Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.


1. Sa - viour, haste! our souls are waiting, For the
long ex - pect - ed day, When, new heavens and earth creat-ing,
Thou shalt ban - ish grief a - way; All the sor - row,



2 Haste, O hasten thine appearing,
Take thy mourning people home:
'Tis this hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Strangers here, till thou dost come.

3 Lord, how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain;
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again.

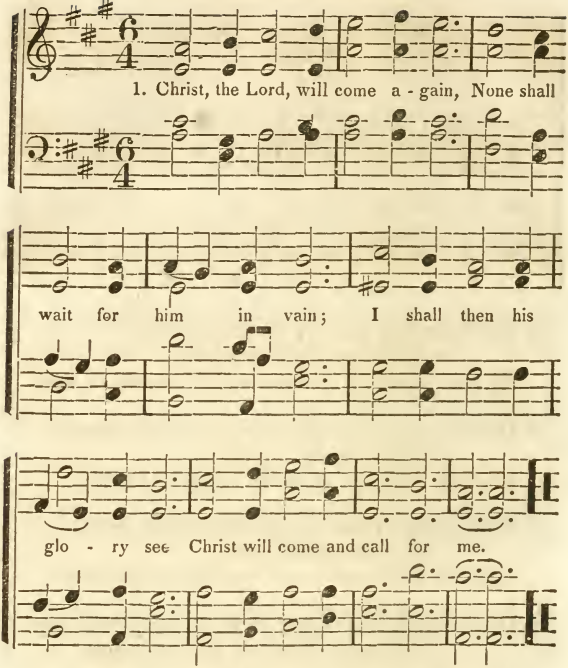
4 Reign, O reign Almighty Saviour!
Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known, that in thy favor,
There alone is life and light;
When we see thee,
We shall have unmixed delight.

1. Come, let us a - new, Our
jour - ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year; And
nev - er stand still, Till the Mas - ter ap - pear; And

2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

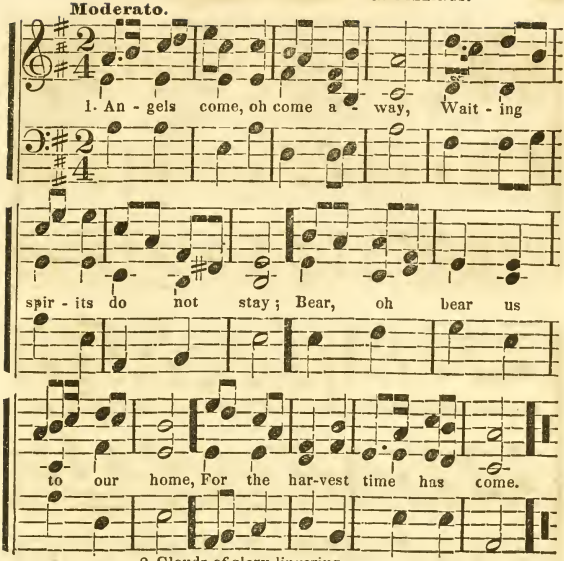
4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."



2 Then, when the archangel's voice
Shakes the earth and rends the skies,
Rising millions shall proclaim
Blessings on the Saviour's name.

3 "This is our redeeming God!"
Ransomed hosts will shout aloud:
"Praise, eternal praise be given,
To the Lord of earth and heaven!"

2 Clouds of glory lingering,
Haste! our blessed Jesus bring;
Gleam no longer from afar,
Like a dim uncertain star

3 Speed thy coming Blessed One,
We are fainting sad and lone;
Why doth yet the star of day,
Its bright rising thus delay?

4 Whirlwinds struggling still afar,
With the mighty conqueror's car,
Speed along like tempests driven,
From the bursting gates of heaven.

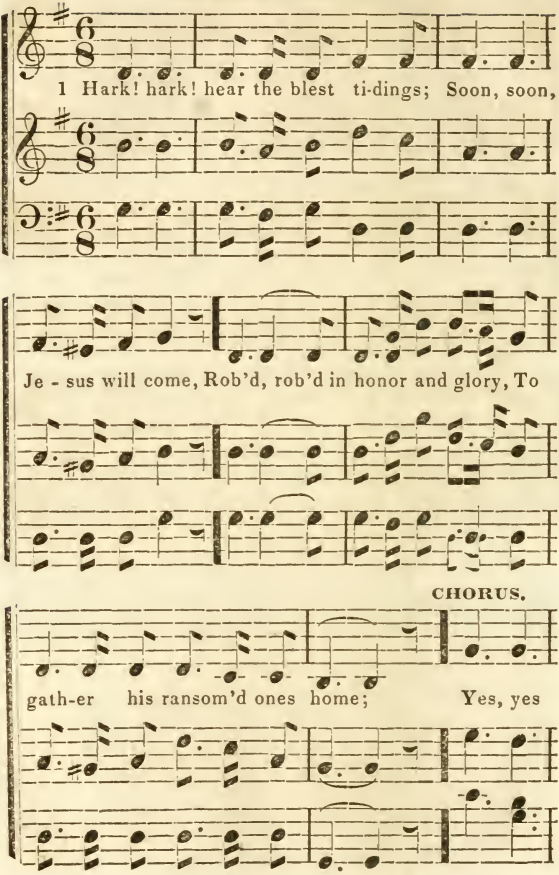
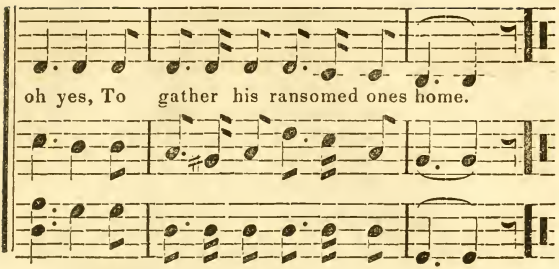
5 Meek and humble trusting ones,
Zion's suff'ring trodden sons,
"Day and night," prevail in prayer,
Till the kingdom ye shall share.

6 Let Creation's prayer arise,
Filling all the vaulted skies;
Rise as incense to His hand,
Who doth by the altar stand.

7 Voice of God! awake the dead!
Now descend with earthquake tread!
Trump of judgment sound the tone,
That shall end Creation's groan!

The Glad Tidings.

ARRANGED BY N. BILLINGS.


1 Hark! hark! hear the blest ti-dings; Soon, soon,
Je - sus will come, Rob'd, rob'd in honor and glory, To
CHORUS.
gath-er his ransom'd ones home; Yes, yes

2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,
Sing, sing glory to God;
Soon, soon Jesus is coming,
Publish the tidings abroad.

3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending,
Shouts, shouts, filling the air;
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,
Jesus our Lord will appear.

4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,
Shine, shine visions to come;
Soon, soon, we shall behold them,
Cloudless and bright in our home.

5 Long, long, we have been waiting,
Who, who, love his blest name;
Now, now, we are delighting,
Jesus is near to proclaim.

6 Still, still, rest on the promise,
Cling, cling, fast to his word;
Wait, wait, if he should tarry,
We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

CHO. { Yes, yes, oh yes,
{ We'll patiently wait for the Lord

Cry of the Church.

Music on 38 & 39th pages.

1 Hear, hear, God of the faithful!
Lone, lone, captives we cry,
Lo, lo, the scorner reproacheth,
And mocketh our every sigh!
Hear, hear, oh hear,
He mocketh our every sigh.

2 Plead, plead, God of the faithful!
Plead, plead, now for thy name,
Grant, grant, now for thy glory,
The trumpet may judgment proclaim!
Grant, grant, oh grant,
The trumpet may judgment proclaim.

3 Come, come, now in thy glory,
Dust, dust, doth cover the slain;
Yet, yet, in the "Valley of Vision,"
Thy dead men shall yet live again!
Live, live, yes live,
Thy dead men shall yet live again.

4 Voice, voice, awaking the sleeping,
Sound, sound, thro' the dread vale;
Rise, rise, ye that are "groaning,"
None of the faithful shall fail!
Rise, rise, oh rise,
None of the faithful shall fail.

5 Breathe, breathe, breezes of heaven,
Breathe, breathe, now on the slain;
Sure, sure, still is the promise,
The faithful shall yet live again!
Live, live, yes live,
The faithful shall yet live again.

6 Now, now, from thy long keeping,
Grave! Grave! deliver the dead!
Wake, wake, ye that are sleeping,
Awake at the Archangel's tread!
Wake, wake, oh wake,
Awake at the Archangel's tread!

The Church and the Lord.

Music on 38 & 39th pages.

CHURCH. 1 "Lord, Lord, why dost thou tarry?
Why, why linger so long?
Harps, harps, hang on the willows,
And silent is every song!
Hush'd, hush'd, yes, hush'd
And silent is every song!

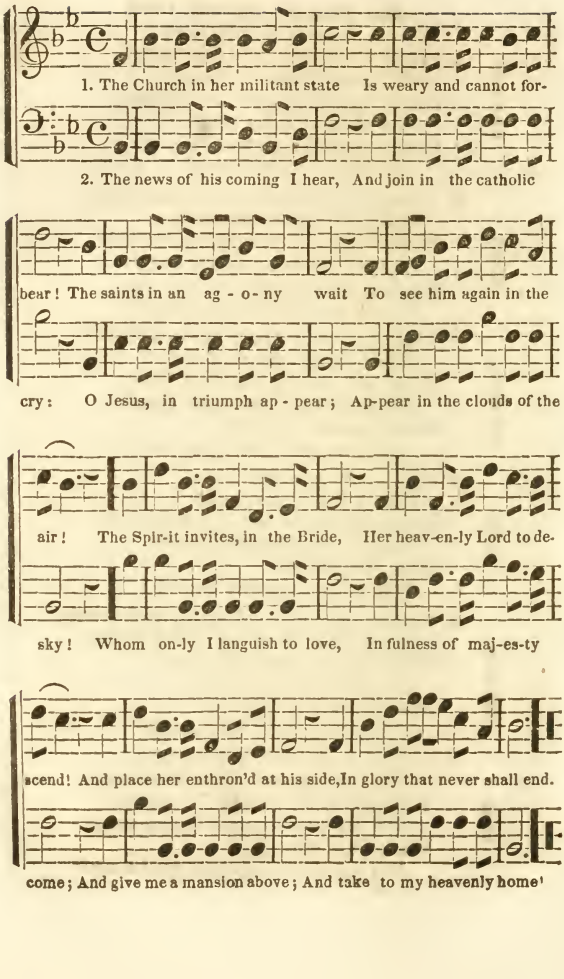
LORD. 2 "Peace, peace, beloved and sad one,
Rise, rise, and do not delay;
Forth, forth, I'm coming to meet thee,
And call thee my chosen away!
Peace, peace, yes, peace,
I'll call thee my chosen away!"

CHURCH. 3 "Say, say, thou whom my soul loveth
Where thou restest at noon?
Why, why should I not find thee!
Guide me unto thee right soon!
Guide, guide, oh guide,
Guide me unto thee right soon!"

LORD. 4 "Lo, lo the winter is over,—
Soft, soft breezes awake
Spring, spring is calling her flowers,
Beloved thy slumber forsake!
Rise, rise, oh rise,
Beloved thy slumber forsake!

CHURCH. 5 "Hail! hail! thou whom my soul loveth,
Glad, glad, I hear thy sweet voice:
Hide, hide me in thy pavilion,
So shall I ever rejoice!
Praise, praise, yes praise,
Praise thee and ever rejoice!"

LORD. 6 "Wait, wait, until the fruit ripen,
Thy husbandman waiteth so long;
Then, then, the vintage I'll gather,
And joy in the harvest's glad song!
Wait, wait, oh wait,
And joy in the harvest's glad song!"


1. The Church in her militant state Is weary and cannot for-
2. The news of his coming I hear, And join in the catholic
bear! The saints in an ag - o - ny wait To see him again in the
cry: O Jesus, in triumph ap - pear; Ap-pear in the clouds of the
air! The Spir-it invites, in the Bride, Her heav-en-ly Lord to de-
sky! Whom on-ly I languish to love, In fulness of maj-es-ty
scend! And place her enthron'd at his side, In glory that never shall end.
come; And give me a mansion above; And take to my heavenly home!

1 O sinner, come without delay,
And seek a home in glory;
The Lord is calling you to-day—
He pleads for you in glory.
CHORUS—O glory! O glory!
There 's power in Jesus' dying love,
To bring you home to glory.

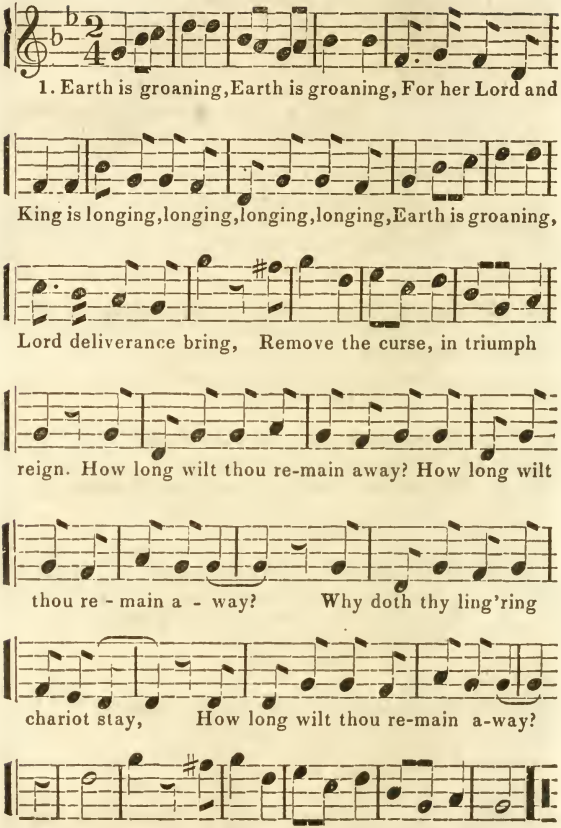
2 O, turn and live! to you he cries,
And you shall share my glory;
But, if my mercy you despise,
You cannot see my glory.
O glory, &c.

3 Repent, and give him now your heart,
He is the Lord of Glory,
Confess his name, secure a part,
When he shall come in glory.
O glory, &c.

4 Now is your time—no more delay,
For soon he 'll come in glory;
When shut without, in vain you 'll pray—
You 've lost all hope of glory.
O glory, &c.

5 O do not madly slight his grace,
And lose the crown of glory;
But now, before you leave this place,
Begin the race for glory.
O glory, &c.

6 Awake! awake! the Judge is near,
Prepare, prepare for glory;
If sleeping when he shall appear,
You cannot bear his glory.
O glory! O glory!
There 's power in Jesus' dying love
To bring you home to glory.


1. Earth is groaning, Earth is groaning, For her Lord and
King is longing, longing, longing, longing, Earth is groaning,
Lord deliverance bring, Remove the curse, in triumph
reign. How long wilt thou re-main away? How long wilt
thou re - main a - way? Why doth thy ling'ring
chariot stay, How long wilt thou re-main a-way?
Come, come, to Is-rael bring the promis'd day.

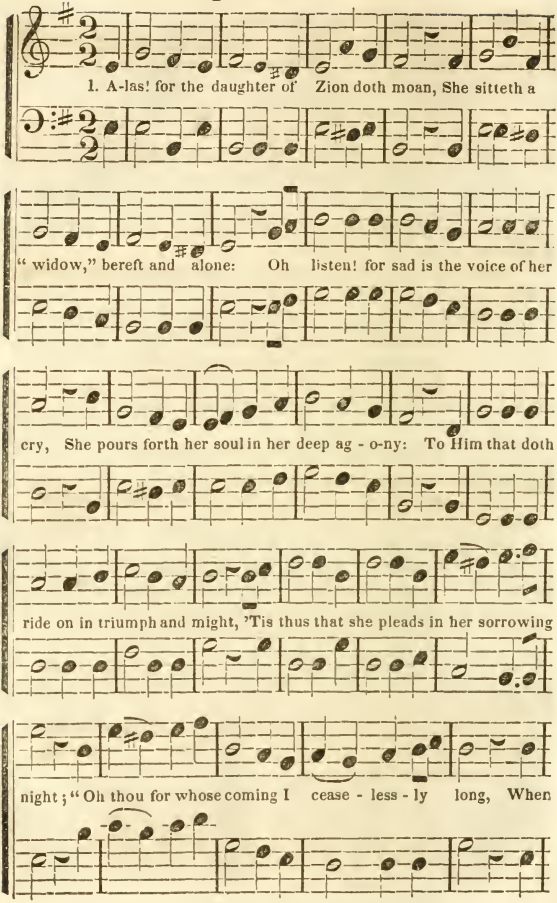
2 Jesus is coming, Jesus is coming,
Lo the day star bright, is rising, rising, rising, **rising!**
Jesus is coming with the blazing crowns
For those who walk with him in white.
Oh there is glory, glory now,
Oh there is glory, glory now,
For lo! the heavens seem to bow;
Oh there is glory, glory now.
Lo, lo,
The shaking heavens begin to bow!

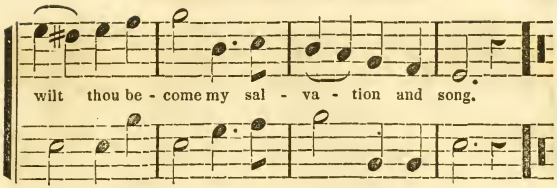
3 Oh the glory, Oh the glory,
Of the King of armies coming, coming, coming, coming,
Oh the glory of the King of kings
In triumph coming down to reign.
Seraphic legions marshalled now,
Seraphic legions marshalled now,
Behold the shaking heavens bow,
Seraphic legions marshalled now.
Lo, lo,
The brilliant glory of his train!

4 Hear the voices! hear the voices!
That proclaim the Savior coming, coming, coming,
Hear the voices,—sweet angelic strains, [coming.
In Heaven th' echo loud resounds;
Angelic harpings now in heaven,
Angelic harpings now in heaven,
In sweeping melody are driven.
Angelic harpings now in heaven,
Sound, sound,
"Behold the King of glory comes!"

5 Heaven rejoices—Heaven rejoices,
For the King of kings is coming, coming, coming,
Heaven rejoices, for the King of kings [coming,
In radiant glory comes to reign!
Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
He comes to reign, thy rightful King!
Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
Shout, shout,
Glad tidings all the angels bring!

The Importunate Widow.

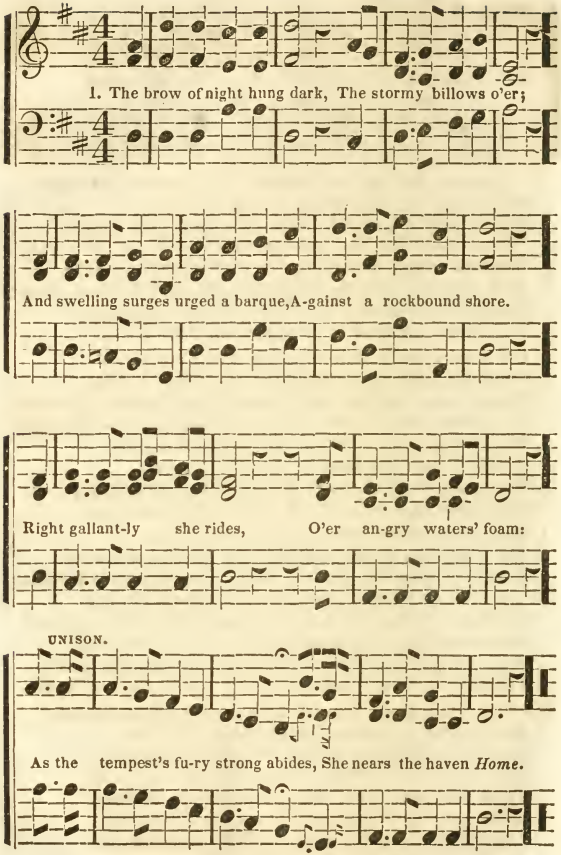

1. A-las! for the daughter of Zion doth moan, She sitteth a
" widow," bereft and alone: Oh listen! for sad is the voice of her
cry, She pours forth her soul in her deep ag - o-ny: To Him that doth
ride on in triumph and might, 'Tis thus that she pleads in her sorrowing
night; " Oh thou for whose coming I cease - less - ly long, When



2 "I sought for the watchmen; 'oh what of the night?
Hast seen my belovéd in whom I delight?
Him whom my soul loveth, hast seen him, I pray?'
'Twas then that the watchmen, they thrust me away;
They scoffingly stoned me, and wounded me sore,
And now, those false shepherds, I'll seek them no more;
But Jesus I'll seek, I will yet watch and pray,
For whom my soul loveth, will not turn away.

3 I'll mourn on in sadness; how can I rejoice,
Until I behold thee, and hear thy sweet voice;
Would now that my eyes gush'd like fountains of rain!
For thus would I weep for the "daughters"—the slain!
Would now that I had in the wilderness lone,
A wild desert dwelling to utter my moan!
Oh! there would I plead for the fallen and slain,
That they may come forth with the living again!

4 Alas! still all desolate, still I will moan,
The "bones" of the faithful, are dried and strown!
Behold in Death's Valley, they're scattered and dry—
'Oh God may they live!' we will constantly cry.
Awake, oh thou north-wind, come forth in thy power!
Blow softly thou south-wind, for this is thy hour!
Rush onward, ye breezes, breathe now on the dead,
That the dust-covered army may rise from their bed!

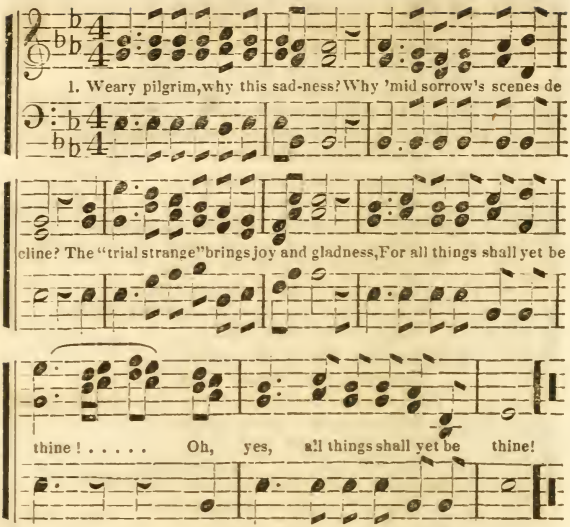
5 For lo! the Lord cometh with whirlwind and storm,
And beauty transcendant encircles his form;
Already the depths of the charnel are stirred,
The cry of the "Widow" that prayeth is heard!
Thou wilt not, then, daughter of Zion, refrain,
Faint not, for thy loved-one he cometh again;
The voice of thy weeping hath entered his ear,
And he to avenge thee, will quickly appear!

1. The brow of night hung dark, The stormy billows o'er;
And swelling surges urged a barque, A-gainst a rockbound shore.
Right gallant-ly she rides, O'er an-gry waters' foam:
UNISON.
As the tempest's fu-ry strong abides, She nears the haven *Home*.

2 The "heavens" thundering,
Now silence all the fray—
And gleamings from the throne of God,
Light well the pilgrims' way!
Strong-hearted they endure,
The ever-constant crew;
For the Father at the helm is sure,
And to his promise true.

3 The seas would gulf the ship,
All eager to devour—
They're by the God of oceans bound,
And must obey his power.
The faithful conquerors come,
They breast the heaving sea;
For a loftier roll than the stirring drum,
Calls them to victory!

4 They, like the flying come,
But not with coward's fear;
They shake the depths of the dim night's gloom
With hymns of lofty cheer!
Amidst the storm they sing,
The earth hears, and the sea;
So that all the joyful echoes ring,
With th' anthem of the free!

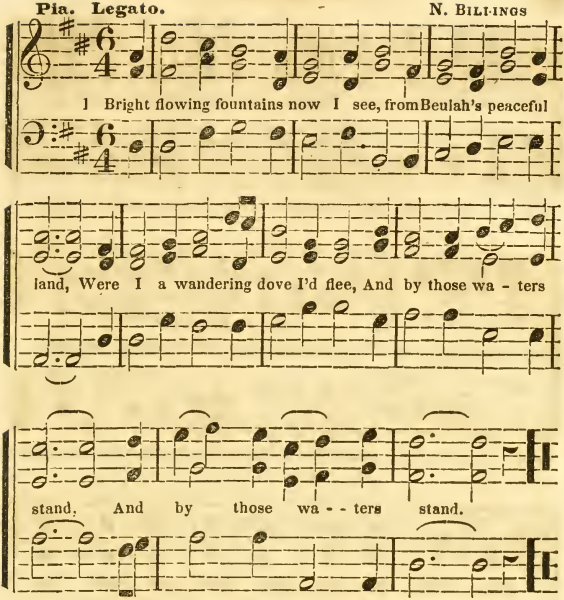
5 The mighty "eagle" soars
High o'er his craggy home;
The "roaring lion" louder roars,
As on the pilgrims come!
The men of hoary hair
Are in our faithful band;
For the patriarchs will surely share,
Bright Canaan's promised land.

6 And martyred saints of old,
That died for love of truth,
Aye, all the host of the ransomed ones,
The aged and the youth.
The night hangs not so dark
Now, stormy waters o'er,
And the weary exiles moor their barque,
On Eden's heavenly shore.

1. Weary pilgrim, why this sad-ness? Why 'mid sorrow's scenes de
cline? The "trial strange" brings joy and gladness, For all things shall yet be
thine! . . . . . Oh, yes, all things shall yet be thine!

2. Earth anew, with robe of glory,
Shall rejoice in hill and vale;
And sweetest harpings tell the story
Of the love that could not fail!
Oh, yes, the love that could not fail!

3. Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
Where joy's gushing songs arise;
Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure,
In the New Earth, Paradise!
Yes, in the New Earth, Paradise!

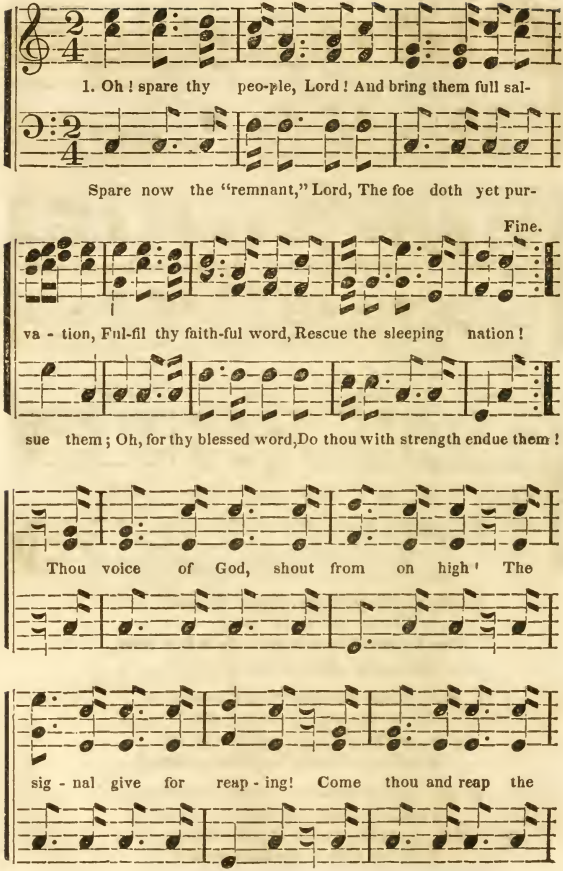
4. Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,
To Mount Zion thou art come!
Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,
And rejoice in thy blest home!
Thine own, and Jesus' heavenly home!

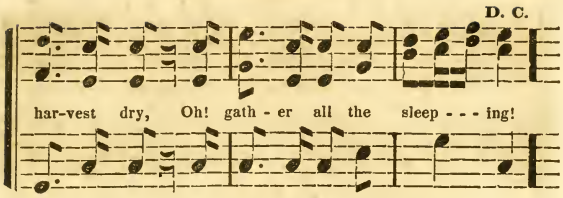

Pia. Legato.
N. Bili-ings
1 Bright flowing fountains now I see, from Beulah's peaceful
land, Were I a wandering dove I'd flee, And by those wa - ters
stand, And by those wa - - ters stand.

2. Oh, angel-pinions, come to me!
And bear me soon away,
For I would dwell by Life's fair tree,
Whence I shall never stray!

3. Fair Eden bowers glad I see—
There sweetly I would rest;
I'm longing, longing there to be
With all the white-robed, blest!

4. My Savior's love I would explore,
That overflowing sea!
Oh, I would dwell forevermore,
Fast by Life's verdant tree!

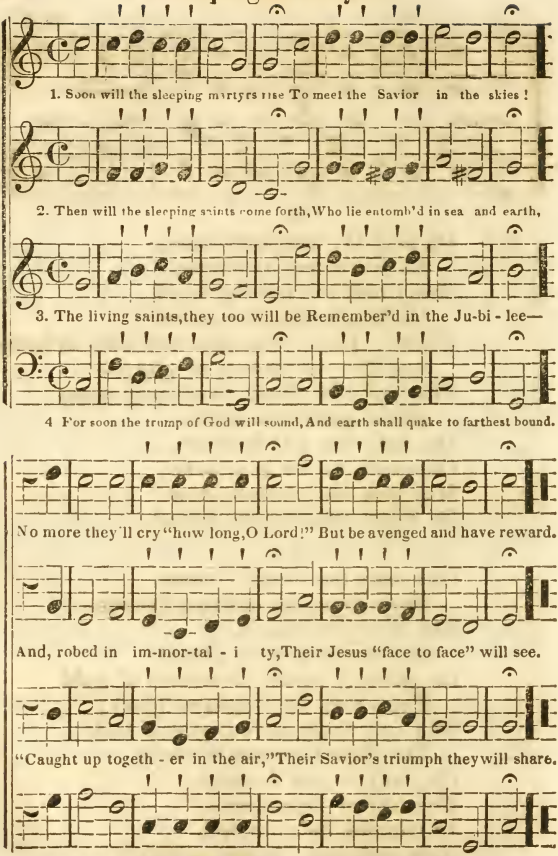

1. Oh! spare thy peo-ple, Lord! And bring them full sal-
Spare now the "remnant," Lord, The foe doth yet pur-
Fine.
va - tion, Ful-fil thy faith-ful word, Rescue the sleeping nation!
sue them; Oh, for thy blessed word, Do thou with strength endue them!
Thou voice of God, shout from on high! The
sig - nal give for reap - ing! Come thou and reap the

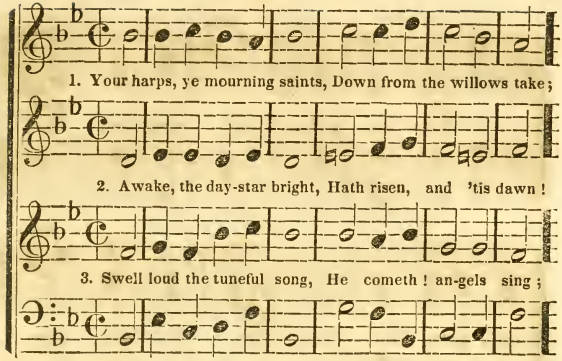
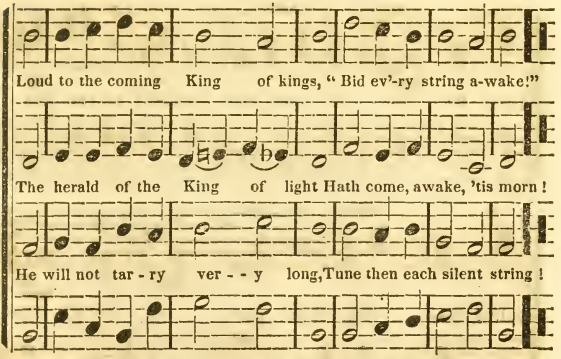


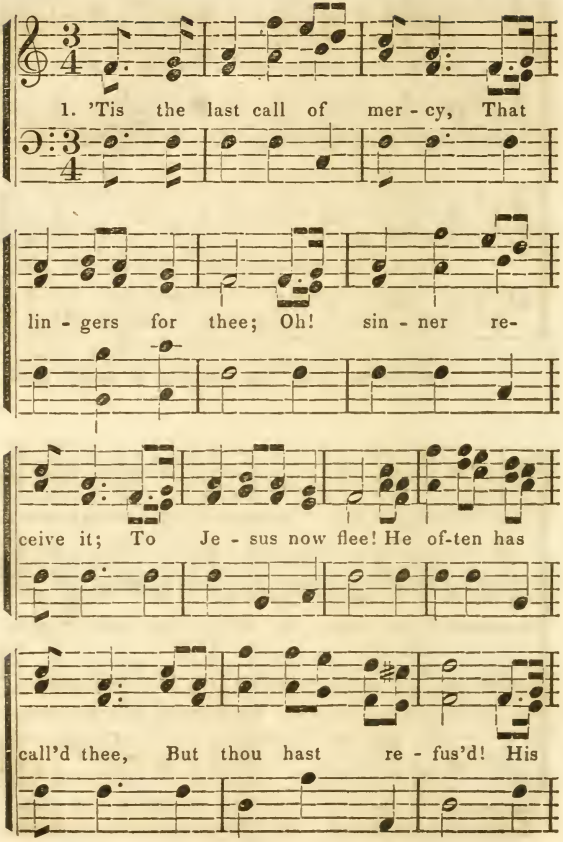
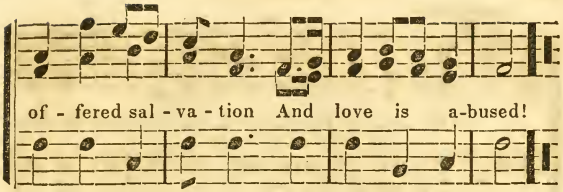
2

Oh may thy kingdom come!
All power and dominion,
Bring now the faithful home
On bright seraphic pinion—
We're "tried," oh, come and take us home,
And give us crowns of glory—
We feel, like those who weary roam
About some ruin hoary.
Oh, may thy will be done,
On earth, as 'tis in heaven;
May now the glorious Sun
Of Righteousness be given!

3

Oh! may the "city" come
Down from the opening heaven—
The New Jerusalem,
Oh, may it now be given!
Its gates of pearl, its streets of gold
Blaze with thy brightest glory;
The holy seers have raptured told
The New Creation's story!
Oh, may it now descend,
The city of foundations,
In triumph ne'er to end,
Rule thou the "angry nations!"

1. Soon will the sleeping martyrs rise To meet the Savior in the skies!
2. Then will the sleeping saints come forth, Who lie entomb'd in sea and earth,
3. The living saints, they too will be Remember'd in the Ju-bi-lee—
4 For soon the trump of God will sound, And earth shall quake to farthest bound.
No more they'll cry "how long, O Lord!" But be avenged and have reward.
And, robed in im-mor-tal-i ty, Their Jesus "face to face" will see.
"Caught up togeth-er in the air," Their Savior's triumph they will share.
As swears the angel, time shall be Consign'd to past eter-ni-ty!


1. Your harps, ye mourning saints, Down from the willows take;
2. Awake, the day-star bright, Hath risen, and 'tis dawn!
3. Swell loud the tuneful song, He cometh! an-gels sing;
4, Bid every heart a-wake! 'Tis sure - ly death, to sleep!
5. Sing Je-sus' dy-ing love, Sing that he rose a - gain—

Loud to the coming King of kings, "Bid ev'-ry string a-wake!"
The herald of the King of light Hath come, awake, 'tis morn!
He will not tar - ry ver - - y long, Tune then each silent string!
Oh, from the willows take the harp, And faithful vig-il keep.
Sing now he comes to burst the tombs, And with his saints to reign!


1. 'Tis the last call of mer - cy, That
lin - gers for thee; Oh! sin - ner re-
ceive it; To Je - sus now flee! He of-ten has
call'd thee, But thou hast re - fus'd! His

2 If thou slightest this warning
Now offered at last,
Thine will be the sad mourning—
"The harvest is past,
Salvation I've slighted,
The summer is o'er,
And now there is pardon,
Sweet pardon, no more.

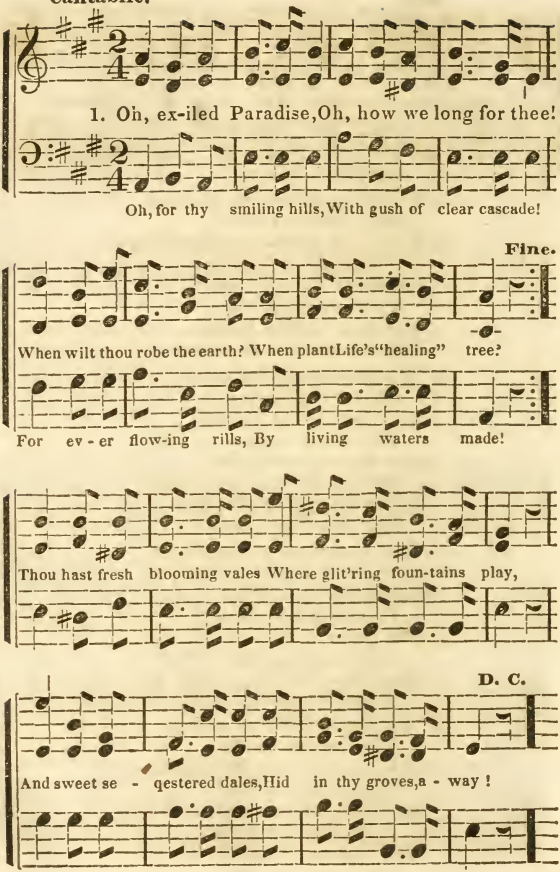
3 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, turn not away,
For now swiftly hasteth
The dread vengeance day!
The Spirit invites you,
And pleads with you, come!
Oh, come to Life's waters,
Nor thirstingly roam!

4 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, steel not thy heart,
For now she is rising,
From earth to depart!
The Bride is now calling—
"Ye thirsty souls, come!"
Oh, come with the ransom'd,
In heaven there's room!

5 'Tis the last call of mercy,
That lingers for thee,
Break away from thy bondage,
Oh, sinner, be free!
Be not a sad mourner—
"The harvest is past,
The summer is ended"—
And perish at last!

Paradise.

Cantabile.

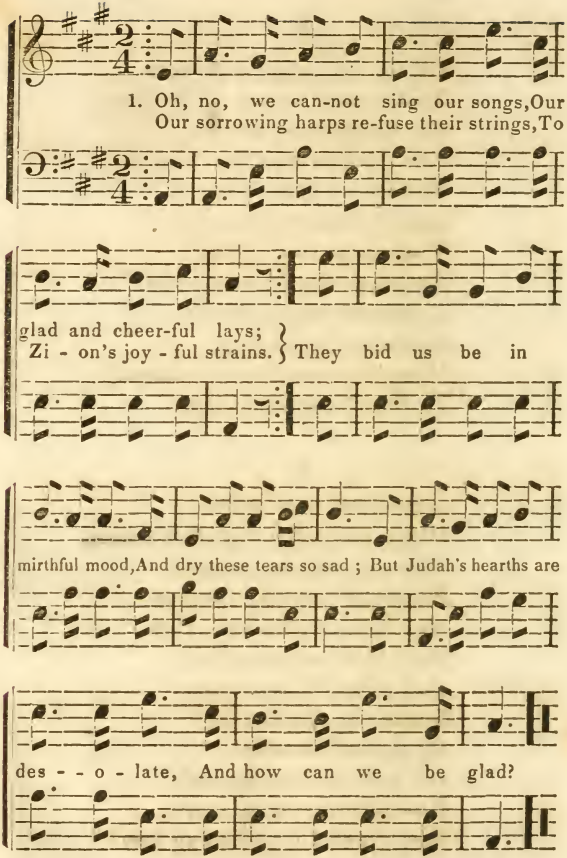

1. Oh, ex-iled Paradise, Oh, how we long for thee!
Oh, for thy smiling hills, With gush of clear cascade!
Fine.
When wilt thou robe the earth? When plant Life's "healing" tree?
For ev - er flow-ing rills, By living waters made!
Thou hast fresh blooming vales Where glit'ring foun-tains play,
D. C.
And sweet se - questered dales, Hid in thy groves, a - way!

2

Oh, for thy fragrant flowers
That bloom through all the year;
Oh, for thy rosy bowers,
The "wilderness" to cheer!
To thee we shall "return,
And to Mount Zion come!"
With songs sing joyfully,
'And shout the harvest home!"
Awake the harp and lute,
In praises to the King
Who reigns on David's throne,
To Him Hosannas bring!

3

Jesus shall ever reign!
When His bright kingdom comes,
The sun shall be ashamed
Before his dazzling thrones!
The moon confounded, then,
Shall hide her silver ray,
And saints of every age,
Rejoice in glorious day!
Oh, exiled Paradise,
Oh, how we long for thee!
Robe thou anew the earth,
Bring back Life's healing tree!


1. Oh, no, we can-not sing our songs, Our
Our sorrowing harps re-fuse their strings, To
glad and cheer-ful lays;
Zi - on's joy - ful strains. They bid us be in
mirthful mood, And dry these tears so sad; But Judah's hearths are
des - - o - late, And how can we be glad?

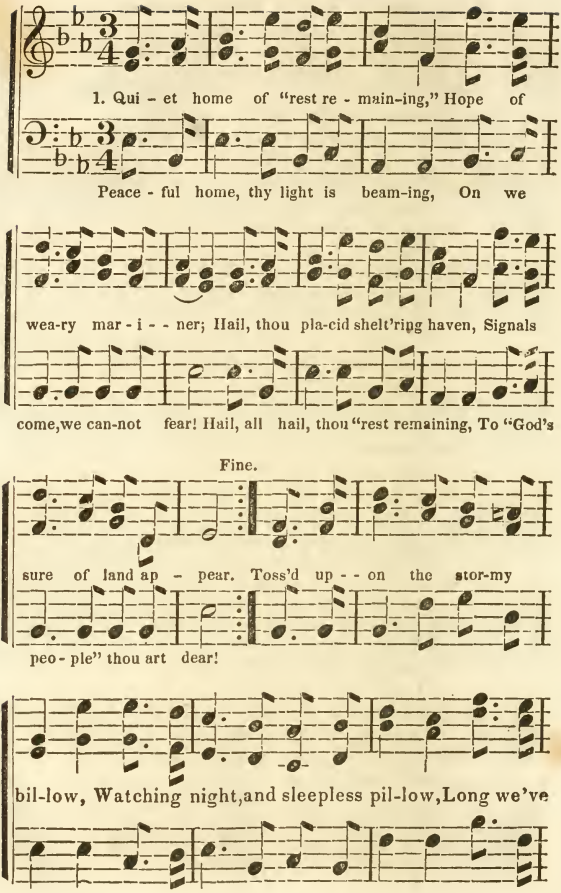
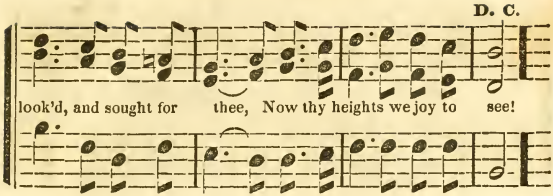
2 Our silent harps o'er Babel's streams
Are hung on willows lone,
We'll mourn until our absent Lord
Returns to claim his own.
When 'neath the curse the groaning earth
Moans forth her plaintive prayer,
How can we sing with joy and mirth?
Oh, no, her grief we'll share.

3 How can we sing when martyrs mourn—
"How long, O Lord, how long?"
How can our souls gush forth in joy,
And swell with raptured song?
Then bid us not refrain from grief,
For we must still be sad;
Until the "morning star" arise,
We will no more be glad.

4 Thou Coming One, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.
Long as our fiery trials last,—
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh, let our souls on thee be cast,
In all-prevailing prayer.

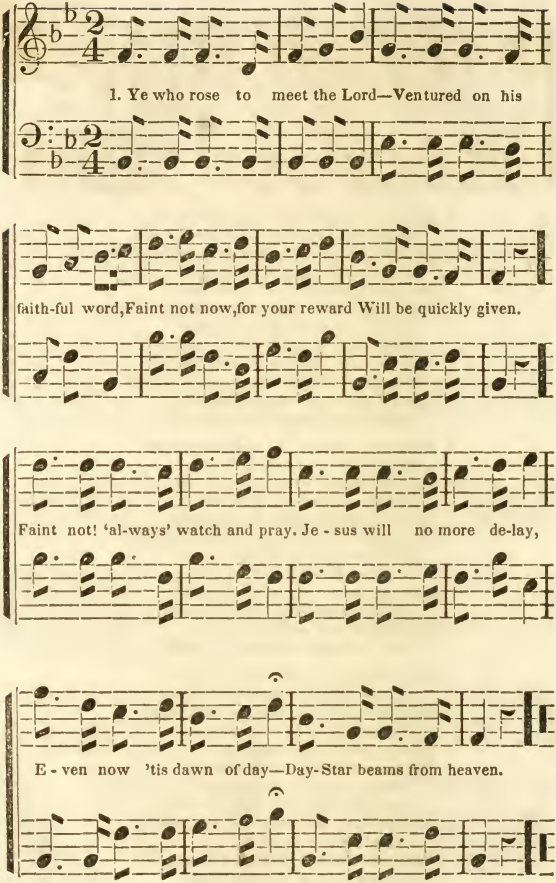
5 The power of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
Till then, thy perfect love impart,
Till thou appear below,
Be this the cry of every heart—
"I will not let thee go."

6 "I will not let thee go," unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee,
Then let me on the mountain top,
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in joyful praise!


1. Qui - et home of "rest re - main-ing," Hope of
Peace - ful home, thy light is beam-ing, On we
wea-ry mar - i - - ner; Hail, thou pla-cid shelt'ring haven, Signals
come,we can-not fear! Hail, all hail, thou "rest remaining, To "God's
Fine.
sure of land ap - pear. Toss'd up - - on the stor-my
peo - ple" thou art dear!
bil-low, Watching night,and sleepless pil-low,Long we've

2 Jesus now hath well prepared thee—
Cleansed thee from the curse of sin,
In the New Earth's garb hath robed thee—
Said to pilgrims, "enter in!"
Sheltering covert,—Eden bower,
Thee we seek in time's last hour;
For thy pastures may be seen,
Stilly waters—meadows green—
Garlands fair the angels bearing—
Palms of victory saints have won!—
Seraph harps the triumph sharing,
Sound the conquests of the Son!

3 Priceless treasure, he hath purchased
Crowns of glory for his own;
All that follow Him in meekness.
Share his everlasting throne.
"I will feed the flock of slaughter,
Each poor suffering son and daughter!
I will robe them all anew,
If to me they're faithful, true;
Coming from "great tribulation,"
All my saints shall walk in white;
Precious is my faithful nation,
Clad in righteous robes of light!"

4 Earth arrayed in heavenly beauty,
By the Highest fashioned fair—
Fragrant zephyrs, incense breathing,
Waft his praises everywhere!
Glory, glory, Jesus' glory,
Be the swelling chorus' story!
Holy mountain of the Lord,
Gush with fountain song of love!
Long-sought home of rest remaining,
Joy of weary mariner,
Hail, thou placid shelt'ring haven,
Signals sure of land appear!


1. Ye who rose to meet the Lord—Ventured on his
faith-ful word, Faint not now, for your reward Will be quickly given.
Faint not! 'al-ways' watch and pray. Je - sus will no more de-lay,
E - ven now 'tis dawn of day—Day-Star beams from heaven.

2

Would ye to the end endure?
Keep the wedding garment pure—
Claim ye still the promise sure—
Faithful is the Lord!
Let your lamps be burning bright,
In God's word is beaming light,
Live by faith and not by sight—
Crowns are your reward.

3

'Mid the darts of angry foe,
Onward, fearless, onward go,
The good soldier's courage show,
On, to victory!
"Let thine eyes be turned to me,"
Jesus says, "I ll rescue thee,
Overcome, and faithful be,
Thou shalt glory see!"

4

Tones of thunder, through the sky—
Angel voices, sounding high,
Echo still the mighty cry,
Jesus quickly come!
Quickly he'll return again,
With his saints will come to reign,
While all Heaven will shout "Amen!
Welcome to thy throne !"

5

Marriage supper now prepared,
By the guests will then be shared,
In fair righteous robes arrayed,
Like the Bridegroom King.
Glory to Jehovah's name!
Sound aloud the glad acclaim,
To the Lamb that once was slain,
Alleluias bring !

1 Salem's bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill ;
'T was there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize ;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased in what he 'd done,
And owned him from the skies.

3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries,
On him to rest the Spirit flies,
O children, hear ye him ;
Hark ! 't is his voice, behold he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sin.

4 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared ;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

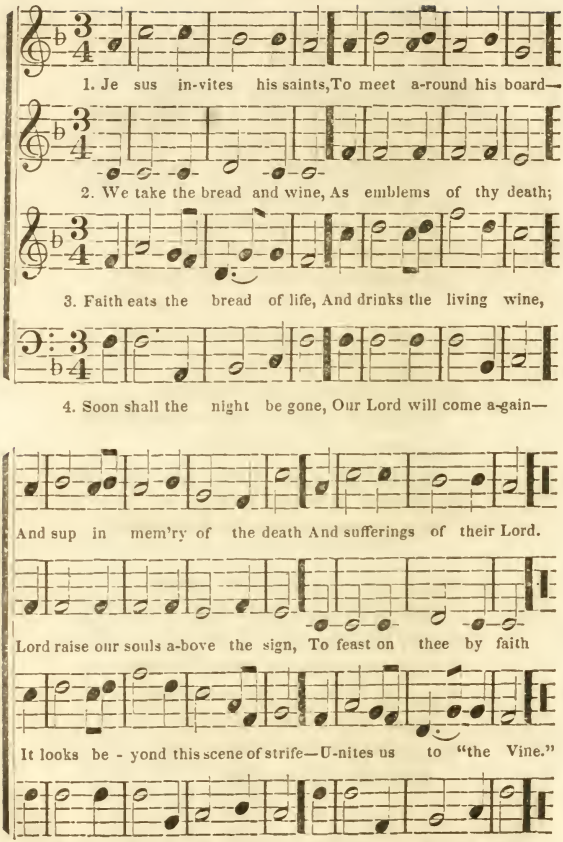
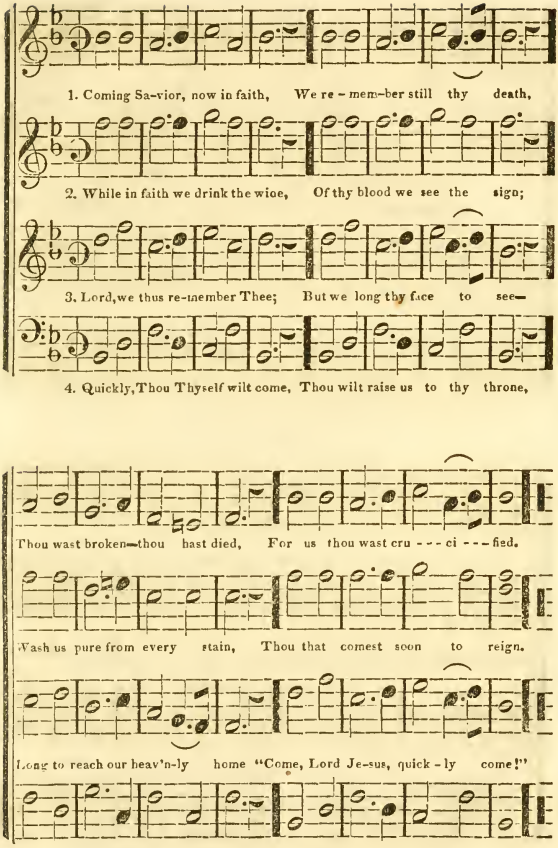
5 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise ;
See, here is water, here is room,
A loving Savior, calling, come,
O children, be baptized.

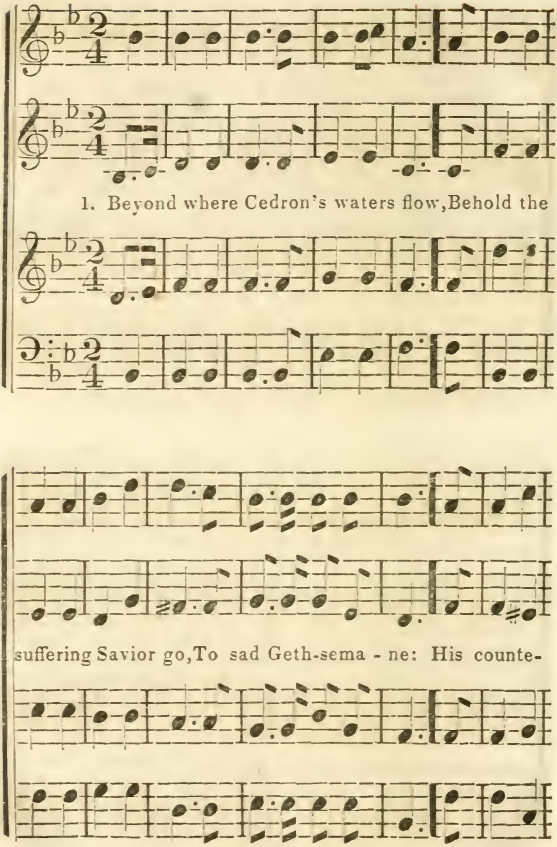
6 Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride ;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

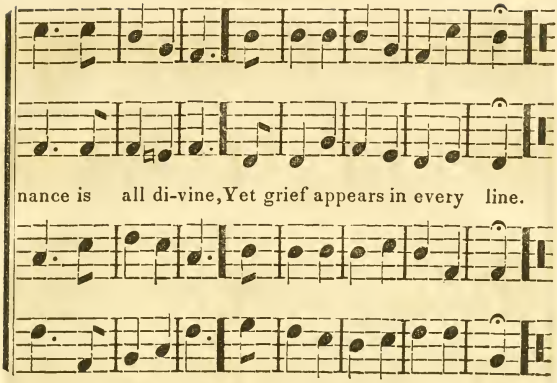
8's & 7's.

1 Humble souls who seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
Flee to him, your only Savior;
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behavior,
Own him as your sovereign Guide.

2 Hear the blessed Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, Let each believer
Be baptized in my name:
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interred at his commanding,
After his example rise.

1. Je sus in-vites his saints, To meet a-round his board—
2. We take the bread and wine, As emblems of thy death;
3. Faith eats the bread of life, And drinks the living wine,
4. Soon shall the night be gone, Our Lord will come a-gain—
And sup in mem'ry of the death And sufferings of their Lord.
Lord raise our souls a-bove the sign, To feast on thee by faith
It looks be - yond this scene of strife—U-nites us to "the Vine."
The Marriage Supper of the Lamb Will usher in his reign.

1. Coming Sa-vior, now in faith, We re-mem-ber still thy death,
2. While in faith we drink the wine, Of thy blood we see the sign;
3. Lord, we thus re-member Thee; But we long thy face to see—
4. Quickly, Thou Thyself wilt come, Thou wilt raise us to thy throne,
Thou wast broken—thou hast died, For us thou wast cru - - - ci - - - fied.
Wash us pure from every stain, Thou that comest soon to reign.
Long to reach our heav'n-ly home "Come, Lord Je-sus, quick-ly come!"
And thy glo-ries here dis-play Through the nev-er-end-ing day!


1. Beyond where Cedron's waters flow, Behold the
suffering Savior go, To sad Geth-sema - ne: His counte-

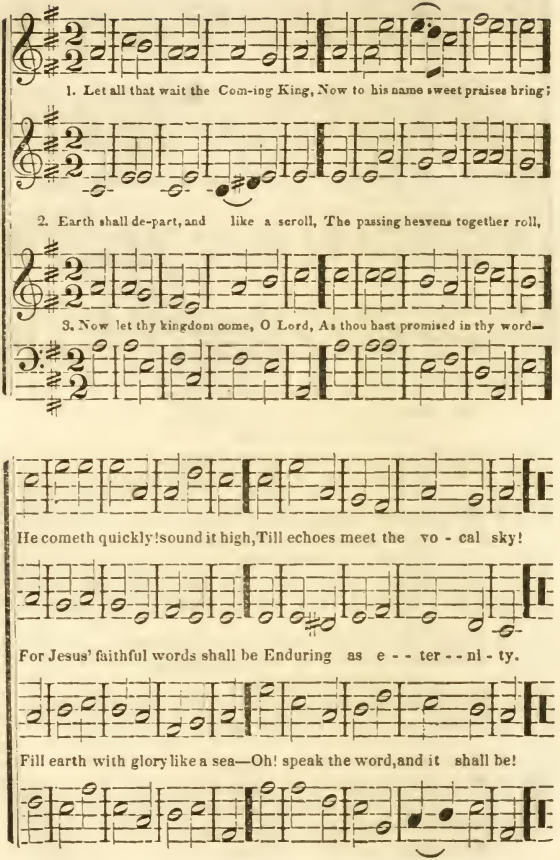


2 He bows beneath the sins of men—
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, thine only Son,
And, Father, let thy will be done!"

4 The Father heard—and angels, there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
For us he drank the cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 Now in the Holiest he stands,
With golden censer in his hands,
Far from Gethsemane—
And he is coming now to reign,
With glory, glory in his train.


1. Let all that wait the Com-ing King, Now to his name sweet praises bring;
2. Earth shall de-part, and like a scroll, The passing heavens together roll,
3. Now let thy kingdom come, O Lord, As thou hast promised in thy word—
He cometh quickly! sound it high, Till echoes meet the vo - cal sky!
For Jesus' faithful words shall be Enduring as e - - ter - - nl - ty.
Fill earth with glory like a sea—Oh! speak the word, and it shall be!